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# NEW THOUGHT

EDITED BY

JOHN EMERY McLEAN and CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

L. X.

No. 1.

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**MRS. ANNIE RIX MILITZ.**



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# MIND.

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## IMMORTAL YOUTH.

BY ANNIE RIX MILITZ.

It is a foregone conclusion with most of us that the love of life is innate in every normal creature that inhabits this earth; yet it is not life in the sense of succession of events, a mere existing or vegetating, but that upspringing, joyous, vigorous living expressed in the exuberance of youth as it is merging into the maturity that tones it and preserves its beauty and strength, as wines are kept from century to century. This is the life that does not degenerate through selfishness, disease, and ignorance, but is a perpetual epitome of the best of every epoch—the love and ideals of youth, the wisdom and practicality of middle age, the rest and assurance of advanced age; in short, the life that is happy.

Happiness is life, and only the happy are really alive. Misery is deadness. It is the unhappy who claim that "life is not worth living," a view that carries with it its own fulfilment; for life is what we make it.

If we accept as axiomatic the declaration that all men are born free and equal, and with certain inalienable rights (among them being life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness), then it behooves us to consider what stage or expression of man is the best embodiment of all these. The general verdict is that youth, from adolescence to about the age of thirty, when growing is said to cease, is the happiest time of one's life; and those who have associated joy with time, instead of a state of

consciousness, sigh, with the passing of these years, saying, "Your happiest days are over."

But now we know that youth is not a matter of years but a state of mind, and, more than this, that the young in heart should also manifest youthfulness of body, renewed eyesight and hearing, grace of form, freedom of action, and all the freshness and interest of a mind to whom the world is ever new. "He shall renew thy youth" is no idle promise, as many in the New Thought can testify who have white hairs restored to the color of youth and face and form grow round and firm as their owners drink of the waters of life from the well within them, which springs up into everlasting life. (John iv. 14.)

The fountain of life after which Ponce de Leon so ardently searched does exist; but it is not an external fountain, nor are its waters a chemical combination of oxygen and hydrogen. Man's own inner nature is the fountain, and the living water that issues from it is Truth. The source of his youth lies in his believing—not in the "believing" that arises from sense-observation or mere "opinion" or blind "faith," but a believing that is based upon knowledge of Principle—God.

The first principle or truth for one to accept, in order to demonstrate in himself immortal youth, is that *Youth is God*. This is not difficult if one but meditate upon ideal youth, which has only good in it and from which there is nothing omitted that belongs to the full, free life. It is not inconsistent with youthfulness to have the wisdom that belongs to years or to experience. We have seen young heads stored with the treasures of sages, and hearts still growing whose thoughtfulness and sympathy surpassed many a one old in earthly experiences. The wisdom and the love that proceed from above are no respecters of years, but enter wherever the door is opened to their knock.

One of the happiest points in the great spiritual scheme for the saving of men from their delusions was that of having the God-Man who represented the redeemed race kept in heart

and mind of men as but thirty years of age—ever young, yet wise and loving. His perennial youth counteracts the false impression of our childhood—that the Ancient of Days must necessarily be a gray-haired, gray-bearded old man.

When we can accept the idea that Youth, because universally and eternally good, is God, we are in a fair way to see that in order to be perfect, even as our Father in heaven is perfect, we must attain and perpetuate God-youthfulness in body, mind, and soul. All great and lasting manifestations begin with some one's belief, faithfully adhered to, often in the face of scoffing and discouragement. "All things are possible to him that believes." Mind (thought) is the cause of all that appears. The thought of Youth as the presence and power of God is the beginning of its perpetual demonstration in those who thus believe.

The race outpictures the thoughts it has held about itself—in some people conscious opinions, in others an unconscious agreement with those gone before or their contemporaries. How long the thought has been held that one is young only to a certain number of years, and that soon after he must begin the downward course that ends in death! He begins to provide for old age before he has reached his prime; and, as the mile-posts of birthdays pass, he suggests to himself the different phases of weakness and degeneracy through which his father passed, or to which he observes his fellow-men susceptible, and supinely and unquestioningly succumbs to the dictation of the composite of many mentalities, instead of asserting himself and deciding what shall be his destiny in body as well as in affairs. But now we are changing all that. Already statistics are showing the increase in man's longevity; and the marked distinctions between the old and the young, such as the wearing of caps and bonnets, are a thing of the past. To what can we trace this change but to the transformations that are going on in mind?

As a pebble dropped into a body of water displaces every

molecule of it, even to the furthestmost circumference, so every thought or feeling that vibrates a nerve and increases or diminishes the flow of blood affects every cell, secretion, and tissue of the body. As storms, explosions, earthquakes, and tides influence greatly the masses of matter upon the earth, so habits of thinking, strong emotions, and persistent ideas determine and cause the pronounced expressions of the physical body. Our present conscious thoughts are continually settling into the realm called subconscious, and the composite precipitate we call our personality. It is in our power to think what we please, and the change and expansion of our thoughts produce growth. If we can be so free in our minds as continually to change our imperfect views and conclusions, then we have the secret of constructive growth and can progress as far as we will, until we come "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

According to physical science, the longer we are in maturing the longer our life should be. Then, according to that, the key to perpetual youth will also be the key to an indefinite prolongation of life. Here are some of the observations of Professor Shaler, of Harvard University:

"In a general way the statement seems accurate that the duration of life is determined by the time it takes to attain maturity. Slow growth means long life in most instances. The serpent seems never to reach a time when he really puts an end to his growth, and so lives on indefinitely.

"It is among mammals that the rule receives its best demonstrations, being capable of a more precise statement—to the effect that length of life may be computed by multiplying the years previous to full growth by five. The smaller the mammal the sooner it attains maturity and the sooner it passes away.

"Dogs and cats live ten years in rare cases, but five is a fair estimate in most instances; sheep double that period, and cattle double that of sheep. The elephant, largest of land animals, is also longest lived.

"When man is reached, the rule no longer holds. The most careful investigations show that we all grow until after the thirtieth year, unless something abnormal prevents. This should give us 150 years of life. If we reach our full stature at 20, this would still mean 100 years; but few aspire to such longevity."

Material science is the handmaid of Truth (spiritual science), and her observations may be used most advantageously by the lover of Truth if he will not mistake the handmaid for the mistress. Even though it be a fact that the days of our youth have been thus far only thirty years, can we not extend them, so long as we do not yet feel our bodies to be the best that can be? Why should we not be in a state of unfolding and progression for sixty years, or eighty, or as long as there is any room for improvement? What is it that causes us to become fixed but our own minds? Cannot the body be plastic, free, increasing in beauty, health, and strength through the continual changing of the mind from holding error to receiving Truth? We keep growing by changing our minds.

There is One in us which is the true Self. It is pure and perfect. Nothing can be added to It and nothing taken away. It is changeless. It abides in eternal youth, and yet It is the Ancient of Days. This is the real Self. But there seems to be another in each of us that is undergoing a process of redemption. It is the finite self, whose greatest advantage is to let the great Self be its master and God; for in the measure that it yields to the God-Self, the little self shows forth the qualities of the great One, and is adopted, as Paul expresses it, into the inheritance of the true Heir of our heavenly Father. Thus shall "this corruptible put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." This process is called transmutation, and is the real spiritual growing.

Undesirable fixed conditions are set up in the body because of false habits of thinking—getting into ruts. These picture upon the body as wrinkles and hardening of the bones and tissues. The juices of the body disappear through dwelling upon the past, not receiving new, fresh presentations of life and truth; then the cells collapse and the hair turns gray. Wrongs unforgiven, selfishness, and many other beliefs in "evil," such as anxiety, sorrow, fears, and doubts, contribute to the withering and breaking down of this temple, which

should remain intact as the dwelling of the Holy Spirit. Yet, in case all these mental causes be absent, the simple unconscious consent to think as others do—that death is as real as life, that disease cannot entirely be escaped, that there is no remedy for certain evils—is enough to age one when the years arrive in which the ravages of time are supposed to prevail.

The mentality that is ever ready to take new presentations of Truth is in the divine way of immortal youth. "Change your mind" is the watchword of the dispensation that grows toward the Christ.

It is the changeless One in us that is the rock, our standard, and the cause of our steadfastness, trustworthiness, and the persistence of all those qualities that are beautiful, true, and good. At the same time, in the realm of appearances, we are ever changing; and it is for us to determine that the change shall be for the better, as long as this earth shall continue to appear.

In true youth there is no getting into the rut of unbelief; all is bright and full of hope; faith and truth abide. These we keep, not because of ignorance of the world, which is the reason for callow confidence, but because of our Principle—that Faith and Trust are God (therefore omnipresent and omnipotent), all that can fill our hearts and that we are to recognize in our fellow-beings.

In fearless youth, conservatism does not abound; that which "maketh all things new" is radical—not ahead of the times and thus eccentric, but keeping pace with the age and ever "up to date." It does not fear public opinion, yet it respects it, knowing how spiritually to fulfil the fifth commandment, whose fruit is "that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The genuine youth within each of us does not harbor revenge and hatred, nor is it self-laden with anxiety and regret. The young in years who show these things are old men before their time. The principle, Good, is all there really is, and the

practise of putting away every belief in evil as a reality and power contributes to the demonstration of immortal youth. Sarah Bernhardt attributes her perennial youth to the fact that she never worries or lets her mind dwell upon disagreeable things.

Youth knows no time. It lives in the eternal Now. It does not dwell upon the mistakes and miseries of the past with withering remorse and bruising self-condemnation; neither is it attached to the joys of the past, as if they would never come again. It knows and looks for the good of the present moment constantly, and this is the secret of our quick recuperative ability. The youthful mind in you changes quickly from a sense of evil, as a child stops crying immediately when its thought is diverted. It is because you are ever young that sorrow and sense of loss rest lightly upon your shoulders.

It is not natural to the youth to have anything chronic (which comes from *chronos*, time), and the revival of one's youthful consciousness is the healing of "chronic diseases." "He shall renew thy youth," says the Psalmist, in the same breath with "who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."

It is a mistake to judge of the present by the past. Certain believers in mental healing are deferring their recovery by suggesting to themselves, by thought and speech, a repetition to-day of an experience of yesterday. Thus one will say, "I have continual pain," but when asked, "Have you it now?" will reply, "No; but I have it most of the time," and do not consider how the first inaccurate speech is the means of keeping the false mentality that produces the pain. If one must speak of such evils, let them be put into the past tense, saying, "I have *had* continued pain;" not, "I suffer with headaches," but "I *have* suffered with headaches."

Let us watch that no old-age habits shall attach themselves to us. Truth keeps us young. Refusal to accept new presentations of Truth is degenerating, and he who would ever re-

main young must be tolerant toward all beliefs and not too quick to decide as to whether he shall accept or reject what another believes to be truth. So long as one does not show forth perfection, there is some truth which he is consciously or unconsciously rejecting; yet it will come to him in some form for his conscious acceptance. "God speaketh once, yea twice; yet man perceiveth it not" (Job xxxiii. 14), and it will be disastrous to that man who does not hear it at the third speaking.

It is that truth which you have been rejecting that is the key-stone of the perfect life that you are upbuilding. "The stone that the builders rejected has become the head of the corner." Let us not be slow of heart to believe. If a thing be good it is safe to believe that some time, somewhere, with some one, it is true. If the thing seem evil to us, let us cleanse our eyes until we see no evil; then, if it were altogether error, it will be dissolved with the disappearance of the evil, and if there be truth in it it will shine forth as the sun when the clouds have passed away.

Persistently believing in the Good that is God—that it is everywhere and in every one, the only power working—fills us with the grace of mind that causes the body to be pliable and elastic, well rounded and strong, and the picture of perfect health and life.

There is a greater step in the spiritual life than that which keeps the body young. It is the attainment in which there is such a mastery over the body that we can cause it to appear just what we will, as did Jesus Christ. Even before the last degree of his initiation, he had power to hide his body when they wished to kill him or to make him king. He could fill it with light, make it as light in weight as he pleased, deliver it from the hypnotism of death, and, in short, exercise all those powers called by the Hindus *siddhis* and do many greater things.

As we are willing to accept these privileges that are pre-



sented to us, from year to year, through the discoveries and inspirations that are coming to the thinkers of our time, we shall be given more, until the whole earth shall begin to awaken from its night of unbelief, and men shall loosen their imagination from the chains of fear and ignorance, and through the power of Universal Love enter into the re-creations of the paradise of their youth, wherein there is never known old age nor death, but untold bliss forevermore.



## ANNIE RIX MILITZ: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Mrs. Annie Rix Militz is a native of San Francisco, and, as she expresses it, "it was there also that I was spiritually born, for I first saw the light in the month of November, 1886, through the teachings of Mrs. Lillie, the first one in San Francisco who taught, under the name of Christian Science, the power of the mind to heal the sick. I was not an invalid, and was not attracted to the teachings for the benefits in healing; but it was in response to my mother's desire that I joined with her in receiving these private lessons. I did not get much practical instruction from the lessons, and it was not until six months later that I came into the fulness of the light that has since been the joy of my life."

It was in April, 1887, when Mrs. Emma Curtis Hopkins, accompanied by Mrs. Mary Plunkett, came to San Francisco and taught a class of over two hundred pupils, that the truth in all its power came to Miss Annie Rix. So vividly did she realize the connection between the inner and outer realms that she saw prophetically in the very first lesson what her own life-work was to be; and from that hour she devoted herself to the promulgation of the truth both by word and works. Like a flash she saw in the teachings a rationale of the life of Jesus Christ, and a basis for all his "miracles," as well as for

the dogmas to which the Church has so blindly adhered. From that time she consecrated herself to God daily with Mary's words: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it unto me according to thy word."

With the knowledge she had received, Miss Rix began at once to give treatment, and soon had several proofs of the truth of the teaching, she herself being one of her first patients. Although in the main a very healthy young woman, she had been troubled from the age of sixteen with periodical sick-headaches, and regarding them as an inheritance from her mother Miss Rix expected to suffer, like her, till past middle age. One of these headaches came on while she was receiving instruction from Mrs. Hopkins, and applying what she had learned Miss Rix not only stopped that headache but was completely healed of them from that moment. It was also at this time that she was healed of total deafness in one ear.

In speaking of those first months of her new life, Mrs. Militz says: "After a brief period of waiting there came to me a beautiful soul, one who had been a member of Mrs. Hopkins' class, Mrs. Sadie Gorie, and asked me to join with her in starting a metaphysical bureau in San Francisco, where healing and teaching could be carried on and literature be sold and distributed. The spirit within me responded instantly, and we joined in a most harmonious and profitable ministry, remaining closely associated for three and a half years."

Their work grew from a tiny seed, which was nursed through days and weeks of silent, unknown ministrations until patients and students came to them in such numbers that they were unable personally to meet all the demands. Gradually some of their students were trained so that they could aid in the work, one and another taking Miss Rix's place when she was called away temporarily to preach and teach elsewhere. Mrs. Gorie did not give treatments or teach, but she was the general manager, financially and spiritually, being especially gifted in executive ability.

The work that had been begun in an office of two rooms grew so rapidly that larger quarters became a necessity, and a new store was rented, over which was a commodious flat. The store was converted into a hall and chapel, where over one hundred could be comfortably seated, while some of the rooms in the flat where Mrs. Gorie lived with her husband and little boy were used for meeting patients and students privately in consultation and treatment. The whole was named "The Christian Science Home," and this was the beginning of the Homes of Truth upon the Pacific Coast.

Did time and space permit, much could be told of the work accomplished in those three years; of how these women of faith relied entirely upon the principle of the free-will offering, which was the method espoused both by Mrs. Militz and Mrs. Gorie early in their ministry; of the Christian Science Bazar, which was opened so that all manner of service and goods could be exchanged on the free-will basis; of the Christian Science Kindergarten, which flourished so finely under the same system; of the school where faithful ones tried to bring in a new system of education in which love and trust were the only means of discipline, and nothing was taught that savored of evil or disease; of the charitable branch where goods were dispensed without question, in secret: all of which was the outcome of an unlimited faith in the truth and the free Christ method of living and giving it. Other stores were rented and other rooms secured, and still the leaders were looking for one large house under the roof of which they could bring all these different ministries.

While engaged in her San Francisco work Miss Rix received a call from Mrs. Hopkins to become one of the faculty in the Christian Science Theological Seminary that she had established in Chicago. Miss Rix was urged to accept the call and to make her residence in Chicago. To the latter request she did not respond until two years after its presentation, but became a non-resident teacher in the institution, crossing the

continent to Chicago every six months to fulfil her office at the semi-annual reviews and ordinations. When, in 1891, she left San Francisco to join Mrs. Hopkins in the Chicago work, and when, at about the same time, Mrs. Gorie passed out into the fuller life, their work passed without a break into the hands of their spiritual children, among whom were two sisters of Miss Rix—Miss Harriet Rix and Mrs. Frances Hickok—as well as Miss Eva Fulton and Mrs. Nellie Kemp, all of whom are still engaged in the home work.

Miss Fulton very soon carried out the desire that Miss Rix and Mrs. Gorie had had of gathering all the work under one roof, working to this end with the same devotion and executive ability that had distinguished Mrs. Gorie; and, as Mrs. Militz generously puts it, "Miss Fulton may be looked upon as the mother of the first Home of Truth in San Francisco. The handsome residence it now occupies at 1231 Pine street has been the Home for nearly nine years—the old name, Christian Science Home, being changed only when it came to be limited, in the popular mind, to a sect."

It seems impossible to write even a short sketch of Mrs. Militz's life without speaking somewhat in detail of these Homes of Truth, so closely connected are they with the founder; and no one could tell of her work more interestingly than she does herself. In speaking of this period of her life, Mrs. Militz says:

"I remained in the East (as the Californians name all of the country east of the Rocky Mountains) two years and a half, part of the time in Chicago, part in New York City, and part in Colorado Springs. I met Mr. Paul Militz at the Christian Science Theological Seminary, where he was studying to add to a life already rich in spiritual knowledge and experience, and we were married soon after we met. We traveled and taught together until our return to California.

"The second Home of Truth to be founded was the one in Alameda, which was started by Miss Harriet Rix and is pre-

sided over by her to-day, although she has ministered in almost all the Homes from San Diego to Victoria, British Columbia.

"During the years of '94 and '95 Mr. Militz and I lived in retirement, chiefly in our little cottage in Sierra Madre, which is about sixteen miles from Los Angeles. We taught classes there and at Pasadena until the number of students began to near the two hundred mark; and when I saw them so scattered and longing to know of some place to go for spiritual bread, the spirit began to move me to start a center in Los Angeles similar to the one in San Francisco. With the sum that had accrued from the contributions of a brief season of teaching, one hundred and twelve dollars, I started to find a suitable house in Los Angeles."

After spending six months in getting the work well under way, Mrs. Militz gave her energies for the same purpose in San Diego, Mr. Militz going north about the same time to open a Home in Oakland, sister city to San Francisco and Alameda. Soon after this Mrs. Militz started the Homes in Victoria, B. C., and Walla Walla, Washington, and her students have opened Homes in Vancouver, B. C., San José, Cal., Sacramento, and a second one in San Francisco.

In 1899 Mrs. Militz was led by the Spirit to Chicago, where she started the Truth Center, which is somewhat similar to the Homes, though differing in certain features. Mrs. Militz's influence has radiated as strongly as ever from this new center, and during the last two years her work of teaching and healing has taken her to Kansas City, Minneapolis (where another Home was opened), New York, and other places, such as the summer schools at Lake Geneva and Manitou. At present she is preaching every Sunday morning in Recital Hall at the Auditorium, Chicago, under the auspices of the Prentice Mulford Club, and conducts services Sunday evenings at the Burling Street People's Church. She conducts classes throughout the week on the west and north sides of Chicago,



## A CREEDLESS CITIZENS' UNION:

BASED ON ETHICS.

BY DOCTOR PERSIFOR FRAZER.

A short time ago the attention of the present writer was attracted to the article on "The New Thought of God," from the pen of the Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D., which appeared in *MIND* of June, 1900. It is characterized by that broad philanthropy and poetic reverence for his subject which, added to his unusual grace of expression, invest with interest all that Dr. Newton writes. It is because of the sympathy with his purpose and the admiration for his character which Dr. Newton compels that his disquisitions, and notably this one, form admirable texts for illustrating wherein lie the differences between liberal churchmen and respectful agnostics, whose views on morals and ethics, apart from questions of origin and authority, agree perfectly.

It will not be seriously questioned by any well-informed and fair-minded person that there is a large class of our people whose members acknowledge as sacred duties truth, honesty, and charity, and endeavor as earnestly to ingraft these virtues into their daily lives as any churchmen however devout, and yet, without violating the first of the trinity of virtues above mentioned, are unable to accept any doctrine, creed, or explanation of the existence of the universe that has yet been formulated. Nor are the people composing this class able to offer any explanation of their own on such subjects. Whether they will or not they are conscious of their ignorance and express this by calling themselves agnostics. They accept as a serious truth the words that Bishop Doane (William of Albany) once launched as a biting sarcasm in an address to the

boys at St. Paul's School (N. H.)—that “the Latin for agnostic was *ignoramus*,” but they differ from others only in acknowledging this ignorance.

How does it come that, of two men equally sane, equally truthful, equally well educated, of equal judgment, and similar experience, one will tell you the existence of a personal Creator, with all the noblest attributes, is more certain to him than any demonstration in Euclid; and the other will say not only that he knows nothing of the existence or non-existence of a Creator, personal or pantheistic, but also, unless his reason be at fault, such knowledge is impossible with our present limitations? The first will aver the absolute certainty of a future life, of a character dependent upon his actions in this life, for each living human being, and the second will say, with Omar Khayyam in his “Rubaiyat,” he knows absolutely nothing of a whence or whither. Yet both will agree that it is wrong and degrading to lie, to steal, to oppress the helpless, to refuse aid to the needy, or to injure one's neighbor.

Evidently, whatever theologians may say, the two subjects, cosmogony and personal conduct, revelation and ethics, are totally distinct, and cannot be said to be necessary to each other. For, suppose a revelation had shown us a malignant deity delighting in suffering, inciting to debauchery, murder, theft, and lying—is it possible that human beings would have adopted these principles in their daily lives? It is not possible that, constituted as we are, a race adopting them should perpetuate itself. Unless in some corner of the earth a portion of mankind had revolted from the commands of such a deity the whole race would long ago have been exterminated without having reached even the comity of the tiger and the cobra, for these do not habitually destroy their kind. It will be objected perhaps that such a god is unthinkable, but on the contrary the mythologies, ours included, are all full of such gods.

Self-preservation is the law of communities as well as of



individuals, and this primal instinct in all animals would have developed some laws of compromise and consideration wherever men were associated in families and tribes. These necessities to existence would inevitably lead to higher forms and broader extension of the main idea of reciprocity, until co-operation, and ultimately some form of society, had evolved a crude civilization. This process is still extending. We of the present day are in all probability as savages to those who shall come long after us—when the lesson shall have been learned that everywhere and always honesty is the best policy. And whither is this civilization tending? Toward the consummation of the state which has been infelicitously called “philosophical anarchy,” but which might better be entitled *autarchy*; for, far from being the destruction of law, it is the perfection of the highest law; the law, acknowledged by each, which governs his own conduct; the law implied in self-dominion. It will hardly be denied that, if each individual should follow strictly the highest ethical ideals, courts of law, jails, armies and navies, and government itself would be superfluous. Dr. Newton has also lately elaborated this thought with convincing force, but names his millennium “philosophical [?] anarchy.”

The question propounded, Why should two men of equal education and character differ so widely on vital questions? remains still unanswered. May it not be in part due to their different conceptions of words, and especially of the word “believe?”

Worcester gives for “belief,” under the first of numerous divisions, two definitions so diametrically opposite that if the first were accepted by one class and the second by another this different concept of the same word would of itself be sufficient to answer the above question. The first descriptive definition is “trust in the *certainty* of that which is not positively known.” The other is “conviction of the mind arising from evidence.”

One hardly needs to go further. To many persons, including the present writer, "certainty of that which is not positively known" is an utterly unintelligible sequence of words. How is trust in such "certainty" conceivable? If the thing is not positively known it may be different from the "certainty" (?) trusted in. This definition represents the attitude of the subscriber to creeds. The other, "the conviction of the mind arising from [carefully weighed] evidence," is totally inconsistent with it, and is the rationalist's understanding of "belief."

Upon their respective impressions of the two different sides of this shield "Belief," the two armies, the faithful and the skeptics, discuss without understanding each other. Both use the word, but each side attaches its own meaning.

Exact definition is the destruction of polemics.

The New Thought of God, if I have correctly apprehended Dr. Newton's article, is that He is all and in all. This is very nearly the thought of Augustine, son of Patricius and Monica, who saw "with the flash of one trembling glance" that God is *that which is*; in one word, Pantheism. It is interesting to note that the highest modern thought of pure Natural Science, which the majority of the scientific world will probably admit the right of Ernst Haeckel to speak, is almost exactly this same Pantheism. Speaking of his "Monism," he says:\*

"Unambiguously we express by it our conviction that there lives a Spirit in all things."

After mentioning Empedocles, Spinoza, Giordano Bruno, Lamarck, David Strauss, Goethe, Shakespeare, Lessing, Laplace, and Darwin as among the innumerable thinkers of the past who accepted Pantheism of one kind or another, he closes his address with these words:

"May *God* reign—the Spirit of Goodness, Beauty, and Truth."

\* "Glaubensbekenntniss eines Naturforschers" (Confession of faith of a Naturalist). Address on the 75th anniversary of the Natural History Society of the Osterland in Altenburg, 1892, by Ernst Haeckel.

What, then, is the difference between the devout Pantheistic churchmen and the Agnostics whose most illustrious leader has just been quoted? Mainly this: the former say God is all *that which is*, and the latter, all that which is is God, *i. e.*, Goodness and Beauty and Truth. The difference would seem to be principally grammatical, relating to which of two concepts was subject and which object in a sentence affirming their identity.

Regarding Dr. Newton's article as a whole, I admire its fluent, picturesque imagery; I sympathize with the object he has in view, viz., the unification of the better part of our race in one grand, broad, stimulating declaration of principles which ignores the superfluous official bureau of information concerning matters of which all are wholly ignorant—that kennel of the dogma;—but I am unable to accept as solid ground all the points on which he rests during his brilliant flight.

The statement that will call out the greatest unanimity of dissent is that “the deeper and the further vision in the realm of physical science is that *the character* of the *Infinite Power* indwelling the universe is the character of a *Being* working beneficently, in the long run, and with purposes of goodness.”

This assumption is simply impossible because an infinite power cannot be judged as to character. Neither adjective nor adverb may be applied to infinity, for they limit it; therefore, whether such a power be working “beneficently” or not is absolutely unknown to us, as well as what constitutes a “long run” for infinity.

But, if the statements alluded to cannot be accepted by one who holds to the second definition of “belief” cited above, is this not because we are looking on different sides of the shield? For one who holds belief to be “trust in the certainty of things not positively known,” oratory is unchained, rhetoric is logic, emotion is judgment, and words are things—as with the pseudo-Aristotelians.

After all, admitting for the sake of argument the Christian's faith to be true, it probably does not matter much in the eyes of an Omnipotent, All-merciful Father whether we have correctly solved the riddle of the Universe or not, so that our hearts, hands, and records are clean. On this plane the sturdiest disciple of Reason may meet men of the ilk of the Rev. Bishop Potter, Dr. Newton, and churchmen like them of all creeds. Men who hold the same views on ethics, however unorthodox as to Revelation, will gladly join hands and forces with the believers in keeping our homes pure and our ideals high.

There are many things dogmatic and ritualistic less important than this great object, which all sane and healthy thinkers have in common.

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I REMEMBER once, some three or four years ago, I stood on a lonely beach just at sunset. The last of the red rays was setting all the waves on fire and crimsoning the side of the sand hills behind me. There was hardly a breath of wind to disturb the waters of the bay, and everything but the gun on my shoulder spoke only of peace and quiet. I stood resting, looking out over the water to the other side of the bay, where the hills were fast changing from a sober brown to a rich purple. I was completely absorbed in the beauty of the scene, when all at once a tern sailed slowly in range. I raised the gun and fired, and the poor tern, with a broken wing, fell, whirling through the air to the water. Wishing to end its misery, I fired another charge, but that fell short, and then, my ammunition being gone, I shouldered my gun and went slowly back over the sand hills, leaving the poor tern to float back and forth on the dark water and utter its mournful cry. In the morning I went to the beach again and found the poor creature, half alive, half dead, dragging itself up the sand, covered with blood, and its poor broken wing hanging from its body. In mercy I wrung its neck. Never shall I forget the look of those deep, shining black eyes, that seemed to ask only for death and relief from suffering; eyes that soon glazed over in death, as its pretty head dropped and the body became limp in my hand. It was murder! From that moment I quit gunning forever.—*J. E. M.*

## THE WILL IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

BY SHELDON LEAVITT, M.D.

Health may be said to represent the sum of coördinated organic adjustment to varying requirements. So long as each organ, and every part, is kept evenly balanced, doing its full share of the vital work, and not going beyond the physiological limit, there is a sense of physical comfort and strength; as soon as one part ceases to act in unison with every other part, and fails to perform its distinct service in its accustomed way, disorder ensues and discomfort is felt. The altered action may be in the direction of oversupply or of undersupply of vital energy, yet the effect is equally unsettling, for the various functions are so adjusted that each part has a share of the whole work to do that cannot be so well done by another. The result is, that, when an organ becomes abnormally excited, it elaborates rapidly; and, in order to maintain its activity, the supplies that belong to other organs are drawn upon, so that not only do other organs suffer in relative degree, but the abnormally-acting part turns out a defective product. Such cyclonic activity is destructive in its effect.

When the organic functions are working harmoniously, both nervous and sanguineous fluids are evenly distributed among the parts according to their several requirements. Of these fluids there is usually an ample supply, and in truth there is commonly a certain amount of reserve that can be drawn upon for a time without serious detriment. Nature acts intelligently and endeavors to compensate loss and modify abnormalities as far as possible, rarely becoming so completely demoralized as to lose its powers of surveillance and discreet direction. But increased activity of a part means an unusual demand for supplies, both nervous and sanguineous, and if this

demand be inordinate or long continued disorder is sure to ensue.

The problem, then, is to maintain a perfect balance among the vital activities. This, of course, cannot always be done, even under the exercise of consummate wisdom and unremitting attention; but very much can be accomplished by careful conservation and regulation of the several parts that go to make up a harmonious whole.

The delicate machinery of a watch will not run smoothly if we throw dust among its cogs, or even expose its works to the action of the atmosphere, which floats a fine silt that will clog the wheels. But the fact is, we bestow far more care on our watches than on ourselves, not because we love ourselves less but because we find that proper care of the human mechanism lies in the direction of self-denial, which we have neither the fortitude nor the patience to practise. Accordingly, in thoughtlessness we throw handful after handful of grit among the wheels of this vital machinery, and then manifest surprise at the discovery of imperfect action. If we will but ponder our conduct with respect to the interests that lie closest to our real comfort, and review our inane acts of violence to the functions of life, we will become amazed, not at the many but at the relatively few physical and mental wrecks.

The delicate balance of the nervous and vascular system is disturbed by a variety of causes, operating upon particular parts with undue or protracted energy. There is, for example, an incidental occurrence in some section of the body requiring an unusual supply of sanguineous or nervous fluids, or there may be temporarily brought to bear upon the same part an influence to diminish the supply, and still no serious harm results. It is only when the attack is powerful, prolonged, or frequently repeated, that the disturbance makes the whole physical being to suffer a sense of illness.

Among the causes of disturbance that we are able to recognize, I may mention those of a mechanical nature. Indi-

gestible food, undue pressure, and contact of floating pollen may be cited as examples of these. Indigestible food taken into the stomach is rolled about with energy, and a strenuous effort is made by Nature at disintegration and absorption, with the sole effect of producing lameness of muscular structure and irritation of mucous surfaces. Compression of certain parts, such as the waist, interferes with normal functions and disfigures and displaces organs upon which the force of it is spent. Again, it is said that microscopic pollen, wafted on the wings of the wind until brought into contact with the sensitive nerve filaments in the mucous lining of the nasal cavity in subjects presenting an unfortunate idiosyncrasy, is sufficient to excite an inflammation that makes the subject of it as unhappy as a romantic girl without a lover. The unwary pedestrian as he moves along the thoroughfare catches a fragment of irritant dust in his eye, and soon the orb of vision is bathed in tears excited by the pain and vascular injection that are speedily set up.

Certain drugs in common use, not so much as a means for health preservation as for the purpose of gratifying carnal appetites, are a prolific source of distressing physical ailments. Prominently among them stands that baneful weed, tobacco. Not being addicted to the use of this seductive stimulant, I am in a position sharply to denounce it, as I now do. By its use lives are being shortened, intellects are being clouded, nervous systems are being wrecked, and a state of chronic disease is being established. Few persons who have used the drug continuously for a lengthy period have wholly escaped pathogenetic symptoms fairly attributable to its use. With special affinity for the nervous centers, the deleterious properties of tobacco may entirely prostrate sensitive organizations and render harmonious action of their several parts quite impossible.

Alcohol, as it is found in the various beverages of the day—a stimulant of considerable power, falsely reckoned by some as a food—while preventing decomposition in dead tissue is

a veritable destroyer of living structures. Not only does it excite the nervous centers, perverting the moral sense and modifying nutritive processes, but it is prolific of structural change in vital organs and constitutes a powerfully depressing influence in the direction of lowered constitutional tone—a condition that renders the subject of it an easy prey to disease.

I shall mention only a few more drugs that may justly be regarded as common elements of disorder in the physical economy. Most prominent among these are tea and coffee, though flavoring extracts, when used immoderately, and cathartics and “spring medicines” are deserving of notice. Many persons that shrink with horror from the suggestion of a lengthy course of simple medicine through fear of permanent ill effects complacently indulge in their morning coffee and evening tea, seemingly without a thought that these are drugs. People willingly admit the baneful effects of nicotine, but they forget that caffeine and theine are equally pernicious. I have seen most distressful symptoms vanish as the evident result of prolonged abstinence from the use of the popular drinks that contain them.

There is a prevalent notion that there exists a physiological demand for the imbibition of blood purifiers in the spring, which notion, it may be superfluous to add, is a mere delusion. Those who ignore the practise of drugging, so much indulged in on the strength of current report, are always the gainers. The doctor does not know, and much less does the patient, in what respect the blood is impure, since impurities are not revealed under such examination as we are able to make, save in exceptional instances; hence, we have no intelligent basis for a purifying prescription.

Abrupt changes of temperature are charged with being the prolific cause of physical disturbances, and justly so, I have no doubt. Sudden check of perspiration is dangerous, yet less so when the action is general than when it involves limited areas. What one should seek to avoid above everything else



is a disturbance of the even balance and harmonious action of *parts*. I am fully convinced, however, as the result of repeated observation during a practise of many years, that symptoms that we commonly attribute to "cold" are often the results of digestive disturbances or of atmospheric conditions not yet understood.

Muscular exertion, when properly performed and kept within physiological bounds, is health producing; but when unwisely put forth, or when carried to the degree of exhaustion, either general or local, it is health-destroying. There is so wide variation between the powers of endurance in people who may be accounted well, that precise physiological bounds for guidance in the matter of muscular exercise cannot be set. Nor can the individual always make his sensations a safe guide in the matter, for the reason that those of a nervous temperament do not always experience a gradual development of fatigue as do those of an opposite temperament, but may be suddenly overtaken by complete exhaustion of which they have had little or no warning. I have seen girls, delicate yet well, who walked and played and danced and practised music many hours daily, greatly surprised to find themselves, after a few months, utterly broken down in body and profoundly dejected in mind. What could they have expected? On their own confession they had found themselves, day after day, too tired to eat or sleep, and yet day after day they have renewed their physical dissipations. Nature is of patient mood, and of fertile resource; but under protracted misuse she at last falls in syncope.

In this our day, and among this our people, the delicate balance between the various organic systems and individual functions of the body is often lost through overstimulation of the intellectual energies. These are times of intense activity and little sleep. It is business, business, business from the moment our eyes open upon the light of morning until they close upon the darkness of night. People work no harder with

their hands than they did a century ago; but they toil far more laboriously with their minds. The mental strain of the average man is greater now than it has ever been. He is laying new plans and developing fresh methods. But there finally comes exhaustion. The bow that is continually bent loses its spring, and the brain that is on a continual strain loses its resiliency. We meet many cases of what is known as "nervous prostration." The jaded horse may wince at punishment, but it cannot run. Stimulation may excite a ripple of energy, but it is soon lost. The body may be as bulky, and sometimes the natural appetites and passions as strong as ever; but the processes that ordinarily follow faithfully upon moderate indulgence of these, and cause them to minister to health and comfort, do not operate in a vigorous and orderly way. There is grit among the cogs, and the machinery of life runs heavily.

The harmonious action of *all* parts, as we have seen, constitutes health. Every faculty must be brought into action, but no violence should be done and no exhaustive burdens imposed. These simple rules of health are, in the main, easily applied; but sometimes incidental contingencies arise that oppress and disorder the physical forces, without consulting the judgment or being subjected to the control of the individual object of the attack. Still, these latter occurrences are exceptions that serve only to establish the rule. *It certainly is true that our manner of life is subject to our own wills, and hence should be wisely ordered. If we allow environment and the dictates of mere inclination to control us, we shall never attain to continued physical health and the wealth of comfort that it brings.*

In reviewing this subject we are to recollect that there is both an objective (or conscious) and a subjective (or subconscious) mind or will characterizing every human being. The subconscious will acts mainly through the medium of the sympathetic nervous system, serving as a motor of organic action and a wise conservator of individual interests. Its action is

automatic. . If some one pricks my finger, this *will*, acting with electric speed and energy, orders the hand withdrawn—and the voluntary muscles act with celerity. All this is done before *conscious* will has time to act. If a thrust is made at the face, the eyelids, in obedience to the command of the sub-conscious will, wisely close. Indeed, so watchful, so prompt, and so resolute is the subjective mind that the most powerful efforts of the conscious will are sometimes unable to bring it under control. Furthermore, so efficient and trustworthy is it that, over vital organs, it has been granted automatic sway. *But it is important to remember that the conscious mind is capable of reenforcing or modifying subconscious action as occasion may require.*

The conscious will is the dominant power in the realm of voluntary action, though the effect of the subjective mind in the matter of hereditary tendencies and acquired habits is observed even there. Discretion should teach us, then, to do no part of our physical being harm. But we shall soon learn that in taking such a position we make ourselves conspicuous, for the mass of mankind is guilty every day of sins against the physical self. Persistently to refrain from committing such transgressions makes one an exception to the rule.

But we can do more for the health of our bodies than merely to lay restraint on the impetuosity of passion and appetite. We can bring to bear the reenforcement of our objective will to establish and maintain harmony and physiological activity among the various organs that constitute the perfect whole that we call self. By a quiet but forcible exercise of will a thrill of energy can be projected to the very tips of one's extremities. I have repeatedly demonstrated the power of mental concentration over the various vital functions. The will is supreme, and he who keeps it vigorous through proper use is the one whom disease seldom attacks and at last finds it hard to overthrow.

Choose a quiet hour and, for thirty or sixty minutes daily,

let the will rest with energy upon one and another of the vital organs and upon the nervous system, urging them to steady, faithful action, and you will not fail soon to discover evidence of unwonted strength and activity. In this physical organism of ours conscious will ought to be on the throne, giving general and specific direction, subduing overaction, augmenting underaction, and harmonizing all the forces. If we thus dignify it we shall be astonished but happy witnesses of its marvelous powers.



THE Infinite Goodness is not far off, but near us. The evening shade, the guarded sleep, the morning resurrection, every bounty that falls from heaven, every bounty that springs from earth, every loving heart that blesses us, every sacred example that wins us—all these are the revelation, the manifested love of the One, all-holy, all-perfect, whom to know is life.—*Dr. Dewey.*



TRUE greatness, first of all, is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind its age nor too far before it. It is up with its age, and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead its march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain.—*Roswell D. Hitchcock.*



NO TRUE work since the world began was ever wasted; no true life since the world began has ever failed.—*Samuel Smith Harris.*



HE who for love has undergone  
The worse that can befall  
Is happier thousand-fold than one  
Who never loved at all.  
A grace within his soul has reigned  
Which nothing else can bring.  
Thank God for all that I have gained  
By that high suffering!

—*Lord Houghton.*

## DOMINION AND POWER.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

The two great words that head this article must be clearly defined before we can logically proceed to elaborate a system of philosophy based upon the fundamental declaration of all advanced anthropologists, who maintain that human nature is divine in essence. Let us first consider what we mean by "power," and then proceed to suggest means for such evolution of power as must inevitably lead to practical dominion over the often trying circumstances of daily life.

Power must be realized as potential before it can actually be made manifest. It therefore follows that we must gain some definite conception of our true nature before we can carry our ideals into expression. Many valuable faculties distinguish us as human beings from all other expressions of life that multiply upon this planet. Power must be involved before it can be evolved; therefore, it is always necessary to make the silent mental affirmation *I can* before going still further and declaring *I will*.

Will may be truly termed power asserting itself with a view to action. This definition of will justifies an improved translation of the Greek word *Logos*, which means the creative force going forth into expression—seeking manifestation in an objective universe. Word, Will, and Thought are three chief definitions of *Logos*.

Swedenborg has made a valuable contribution to clear philosophy by using the expression, "love or the will," making love and will identical in his treatise on "Divine Love and Wisdom." No sooner is the significance of this identity clearly grasped than we are ready to improve our terminology to the extent of redeeming *wilful* and all kindred words from

the misconceptions that have long enshrouded them. There can be no power apart from love, nor can there be love apart from will.

When we clearly discern this aspect of truth we shall no longer complain of wilfulness in a child or adult. On the contrary, we shall know that we are paying the highest compliment when we say of an individual that he or she is very wilful, for it will be equivalent to declaring that such a one is very loving—and we certainly all admit that without love there can be no energy or enthusiasm.

When we utter the half truth, "God is Love," and fail to add the other half truth, "God is Wisdom," we evolve not a false but an imperfect theology; for we fail to acknowledge *Theosophia*, the divine feminine that eternally coöperates with the divine masculine in the work of creation, which is continuous, not spasmodic or intermittent. The Hebrew word *Ruach*, signifying pure reason or intelligence, means very much the same as the Greek *logos*, which is commonly translated *word*. Thus the Biblical concept in both Testaments is that divine intelligence is constantly at work organizing and preserving the infinite universe.

Though the one Supreme Being who is the sole Deity is the only Creator in the highest sense of the word, human beings as divine offspring possess the power to create in a secondary manner. This is obvious to all students of human activity, for it is clearly to be seen that whatever we do must be done through obedience to universal law or unchanging order. The greatest electrician has no more power to dictate to electricity how it shall act than has the dog in the street; but the vast difference between Marconi and the finest dog that has ever been exhibited consists in this—that the inventor can discover the law of electrical action and then set to work to make practical use of his discovery, while his four-footed friend has apparently no desire even to inquire into the mysteries of the world of which he is an inhabitant.

The materialistic philosopher Haeckel, in his much discussed book, "The Riddle of the Universe," says that if we grant immortality to human life we must also admit the immortality of the higher animals, because, forsooth, they have an anatomical structure practically identical with our own. The anthropoid ape has the same number of bones and muscles as the human being; therefore, materialists are wont to suppose that if one is capable of enjoying immortality the other must be. Without attempting to deny a possible future existence for animals, we often find it necessary to repeat that we do not conceive of the immortality of bones and muscles, but of conscious, individualized intelligence; therefore, man is man, not by reason of his physical organism but on account of his psychical or spiritual nature.

Before we can expect to exercise dominion over the world around us we must come into a conscious realization of our inherent power to dominate our own thoughts as well as animal propensities. Dominion unmistakably results far more from control of thought than from simple regulation of speech and action. It is precisely at this inward point that Mental Scientists rise into a higher region of philosophy than that occupied by practical agnostics and all those good ethical people who are much concerned about conduct but seemingly ignore the roots of that very tree of behavior in whose leaves and fruit they take so great an interest. No less a scholar than Matthew Arnold was pleased to say that conduct is four-fifths of life. But even if this be so, what is the remaining fifth, which constitutes the secret spring whence external action flows?

During the nineteenth century the great protest was made in favor of deed against creed. The Ethical Culture movement practically originated with just this protest. The twentieth century must witness the *union* of deed and creed, so that we shall witness noble conduct unmistakably united with equally noble philosophy. The interest in philosophy has

greatly waned of late, largely on account of the highly speculative and unpractical character of the philosophy expounded in academic halls. Popular interest in theology has also lessened from the same cause—so much so indeed that we often hear in presumably learned quarters that we have now entered upon an era of practical science and turned our backs upon all theological and philosophical speculations.

Granted the old views concerning God, Man, and the Universe are practically defunct, new conceptions of Deity, of humanity, and of the encircling cosmos are now rapidly coming to the front; and, not strange to relate, when these newest, most advanced ideas are examined and analyzed we find them precisely the same as those expounded during centuries and millenniums long departed by all the greatest seers and sages whose wise insight into universal causation has richly blessed the human race. The “new woman” of to-day at her highest and best was perfectly photographed by the author of the thirty-first chapter of the book of Proverbs. In like manner the leading doctrines of modern Christian Scientists can all be found scattered through the most ancient religious and philosophical documents. This admission, which must be made with all frankness, does not serve to underrate the glories of this progressive twentieth century, but it does call upon us to study the *nature* of progress and to consider what constitutes the advancement of human society.

We are nothing in these days if not democratic, and democracy is impossible without general enlightenment. The democratic ideal can therefore only be realized in a state of society in which the great majority of the units composing the social organism are highly developed in conscious realization of their innate grandeur and sublime possibilities.

We may love individualism and hate anarchy, and we may love socialism while abhorring all unfair restriction placed on personal liberty. The best two words to employ are not individualism and socialism, but *mutualism* and *philanthropy*.



We need not be altruists, but we must be mutualists; we need not deny self for the sake of others, but we must lovingly and intelligently work *with* others for the evolution of a higher social condition. Self-denial is largely a sentimental expression that evaporates on close examination, but coöperation is a majestic term that looms continually larger upon our mental horizon the more we contemplate it.

The democratic spirit can never tolerate a domineering temper; therefore, it cannot affiliate with any such conception as that usually associated with the word *hypnotism*, but it agrees with all true definitions of mental or suggestive therapeutics. What right can I have to dominate your will, and what right can another have to dominate mine? We are properly equals—coöperating units in the great human body: one having precisely the same right to the “pursuit of happiness” as the other. We all have the will to be well, but we may not all at present possess knowledge adequate to carry this good will into effect. We should never seek to exercise dominion over our neighbors, but we should learn to dominate our circumstances, which is a very different matter. An eminent physician who has recently traveled around the world, and who is hale and hearty though over eighty years of age, recently told a large audience in New Zealand that, when he was crossing the ocean in a storm, the ocean might be sick but not Dr. Peebles! This remark, coming from a veteran in the medical profession, is suggestive. Any man who can prove in his own experience the truth of such a statement is of great help to his less developed neighbors who come to him for help in time of need. The true doctor, regardless of his school of practise, must be a teacher, or his life denies his title. The only genuine doctors are they who transform, by their instructive methods of practise, their patients into *pupils*, whom they assist to graduate from a school in which the Law of Nature is the principal teacher.

That excellent work by Charles Brodie Patterson bearing

the title, "Dominion and Power," is accomplishing a beneficent result on account of its reiterating and constantly insisting upon the fundamental doctrine of man's ability to make all things his servants.

We must be ever on our guard against confounding righteous *egoism* with unrighteous *egotism*. These two words are widely different in meaning. A true egoist is a man like Ralph Waldo Emerson, who gloriously insists upon the claims of individuality but never exalts himself to the degradation of his neighbor. The typical egotist, on the other hand, is one who admits to the utmost his own power but denies the equal ability of his comrades. There can be no real acknowledgment or utilization of power until we are as ready to grant freedom to our neighbors as to claim and maintain it for ourselves. Herein lies a chief obstacle on the path to dominion over environment. We are all far too apt to seek to coerce our neighbors (presumably for their good), when *we* particularly object to being coerced by anybody. This mental attitude necessarily involves the production of discord in families, and on a larger scale keeps alive the spirit of warfare between nations.

Genuine dominion is not the exercise of power without but *within* our proper domain. That individual is greatest who stays most at home, in the philosophic sense, and makes things obey him because they are too weak to overpower him. Consider the weather as an illustration of what lies beyond our present power to change, and consider next the temperature of our own bodies and our own dwellings, regardless of how the thermometer reads or what the barometer indicates. Snow or rain may constitute a part of our present environment; therefore, it is useless for us to fight against it or seek to change it. We must go out into it and very likely work all day with snowflakes flying thickly around us. This circumstance in itself is neither pleasurable nor painful; some persons greatly enjoy a snowstorm, while others complain when exposed to it.

When we build houses and introduce modern conveniences we invariably provide heating apparatus for winter, but we usually omit cooling apparatus for summer. This fact alone goes far to prove how one-sided and unevenly developed is our present civilization. We often hear it said that man displays his great superiority over all animals by his control of fire; but it must surely be only a half-way control that enables us to raise temperature to any limit we desire while we can seldom lower it to suit our comfort.

There is a deep esoteric meaning entirely apart from historical anecdote in the book of Daniel, which informs us not only that Daniel himself was a complete master of the lions—which is easily credited when we witness the obedience rendered to expert animal trainers by the lords of the forest in these modern days—but that the three young men associated with Daniel when they had been thrown into a fiery furnace came out of it not only unscathed but ready for promotion to the highest stations in the gift of the reigning monarch. These apocalyptic stories are written in a cabalistic or hieroglyphic manner, so that they may preserve their interior meaning through all time, seeing that they are preserved in the universal symbol-language of Nature.

Modern discovery includes liquid air, and modern inventors are determined to navigate the atmosphere. One of the chief uses of liquid air will be to give us in all our dwellings a delightfully cool temperature during the hottest summer weather, so that when indoors we shall have no more cause to complain of heat in July than we now have to feel the cold in January. But when all these discoveries and appliances have been brought to perfection the human race will not rest upon its oars or wear its limited laurels contentedly; the next great step will be to surpass the *need* for external contrivances, for humanity can never remain satisfied short of attaining what has long been called a magical or miraculous control over the unorganized forces of the universe. Treating the words

*magic* and *miracle* from the scientific standpoint, the old word *supernatural* gains a new meaning; for that which is above Nature is not against or contrary thereto but simply superior, and therefore capable of exercising dominion over it.

The two English words *spiritual* and *natural*, derived from the Latin, originally meant the same as those other two great words, *psychical* and *physical*, which we have derived from the Greek. *Spiritual* (or *psychical*) means that which originates or gives birth; that which breathes and supplies the breath of life. *Natural* (or *physical*) signifies that which is born or breathed into, and is therefore not living in itself but is the recipient of life from the Source of life.

There can be no further evolution of power or increase of dominion on the part of humanity so long as we continue to believe that our power is arbitrarily limited by heredity; and it is one of the surest signs of modern scientific progress that old views of heredity are being laid aside rapidly in favor of an entirely new doctrine concerning environment. By the term *environment* we mean vastly more and something immeasurably more subtle than the sum of outward conditions. It is to the silent action of influence more than to the outward force of example that we must turn in order to find the most potential factor in human education. Many backward children may be quickly brought forward by silent mental suggestion, after all ordinary pedagogic methods have been proved futile and sometimes worse than useless. We can all bear witness to the truth of the old saying, "Enthusiasm in one begets still more enthusiasm in others." Thus does courage developed in the teacher inspire his scholars to courageousness, and thus do all noble qualities when evolved in any one contribute toward the evolution of like qualities in many others. Herein lies the whole gist of healing philosophy. We often dwell too much upon the simple conservation of energy, forgetful of the fact that the harmonious expenditure of force is quite as necessary as its generation.

Exclusively sedentary occupations are never helpful unless a person thus employed takes a considerable amount of exercise outside of business hours; and it is equally true that continued physical exertion, even in the open air, will not develop the healthiest human conditions unless it be alternated with or accompanied by agreeable mental exercise. What we must strive after is symmetry, or all-roundness. Our ailments are outpicturings of our angularities. We dwarf one element in our nature and overcultivate another, and thus bring about disorder or inharmony, which is equivalent to disease.

Experience abundantly teaches that all abiding or real progress is gradual, while reason positively affirms that there can be no evolving or unrolling of aught that is not involved. The reasonable teacher and healer must therefore study diligently the constitution of humanity, and set faithfully to work to unfold from within his own ego those special excellencies which are largely unmanifest in the persons and careers of those who apply to him for healing ministrations.

Be encouraged, ye who are making a little progress, even though it be but little, in any desirable direction. *Slow* but *sure*, rather than "hurry up," is Nature's continual counsel. Nature neither hastes nor rests, but works continually without anxiety and without cessation. The grand old hymn that contains the following statements, in its improved translation from the German, may well afford us a fruitful topic for constant meditation:

"Without haste and without rest—  
Bind this motto to thy breast;  
Bear it with thee as a spell;  
Storm or sunshine, guard it well.

"Haste not; rest not; calmly wait;  
Triumph o'er the storms of fate;  
Duty be thy polar guide—  
Love will blossom at thy side.

"Haste not; rest not; conflict's past—  
God will crown thy work at last."

## THE CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

BY FRANCIS G. HANCHETT.

Behold the second coming of the Christ!  
Not with the pride and pomp of worldly power,  
But like the gentle falling of the dew,  
Or blooming of a sweet and tender flower.

The Christ is not one godlike man alone:  
It is the godlike part of every man;  
It is the Spirit manifest in flesh,  
In most men latent, since the world began.

How sacred is that little spot of earth  
Where one man lived a pure and perfect life;  
Where peace and love and service took the place  
Of all the ugly brood of selfish strife!

How hallowed will the whole round world become  
When peace and love shall reign in every clime;  
When Christ shall come in all the hearts of men,  
Transforming life 'til it becomes sublime!

Nor need we think the pace will be as slow  
As in past ages it has seemed to be;  
The seers and sages of our century  
A greatly quickened step can clearly see.

The cumulated force of ages past  
Is pressing forward fast, these latter days;

The time of man's redemption draweth nigh,  
"When all shall know the Lord" and learn His ways.

The knowledge of the One, the Life of all;  
The science of religion, old and new;  
The purpose, or "the ways of God to man,"  
Are growing clear from the new point of view.

O happy men of this enlightened age,  
Send out the healing waves of truth and love;  
And you shall see upon this lovely earth  
"Peace and good will" descending like a dove!

Behold the second coming of the Christ!  
The lives of men shall be as beautiful  
As landscapes that surround them; and as tranquil  
As the stars that shine serene and dutiful.

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THERE was no bitterness in her poverty; she met, looked at it, often even laughed at it; for it bound all the family together hand in hand. It taught endurance, self-dependence, and, best of all lessons, self-renunciation.—*Dinah Maria Mulock.*

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"AT some time each day send out a thought of perfect good will to all mankind—especially to those who have been cruel or unkind to you. Always wish for the good of ALL."

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NATURE arms each man with some faculty which enables him to do easily some feat impossible to any other.—*Emerson.*

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"THINK for thyself; one good idea,  
But known to be thine own,  
Is better far than a thousand gleaned  
From fields by others sown."

## HINDRANCES TO WORLD-BETTERMENT.

### V. CONCERNING WOMAN.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

"The Eternal Womanly leadeth us on."—*Goethe*.

Science speaks of an "infinite and eternal energy" of which the whole universe of Man and Nature is one varied manifestation. Similarly, we may say of the human world that it is carried on by one grand human force,—humanity,—made up, as in Nature, of two elements, the masculine and feminine, but with this difference: that in Nature the two work together, mutually free from interference, while in our human world the feminine half has been under masculine repression. Indeed, it was long supposed that this half required only intelligence enough to contribute to the daily needs and comforts of the other—the culture or even the possession of the higher faculties being out of the question.

Obviously, we have here one of the most obstructive of our "hindrances," inasmuch as this long-continued repression of womanly possibilities has deprived the world of just about half of its effective running force; and, we may almost say, a half of the other half—by reason of heredity. For sons of past generations of uncultured mothers must have become men minus just about that much of those higher capacities which control events, and which should have been theirs by heritage.

The records, all the way back to Genesis, show that man has been to woman her lawmaker, judge, jury, and executioner; has had the ordering of her life as to what were her needs, how much knowledge he would allow her to acquire, and how best she could please him; has constructed the creeds for her to



believe in this world and told her what would become of her in the next—thus fulfilling, from the beginning, his whole declared duty as authority and guide. *From*, not *in*, the beginning; for the records show that then, in the “garden,” at the “tree,” with the momentous interests of time and eternity hanging in the balance—as we are told—then and there, by failure in his duty as authority and guide, did Man change the whole divinely created order of things, and so bring upon the world sin, death, damnation, and the triumph of Satan in thwarting the plans of the Almighty.

True, the blame of this from the very first has been laid upon Eve, Adam offering as his excuse, “The woman: she gave me of the tree and I did eat.” Her defense for eating of this tree of knowledge was, “The serpent beguiled me.” But when the serpent came round beguiling, where was Adam, not to be ready with counsel and expostulation, and, these failing, to assert his authority—as his descendants have done in similar cases? But no—not a word even of persuasion; on the contrary, instant readiness to partake.

“And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and *to be desired to make one wise*, she took of the fruit thereof, and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat.” Note the words, “with her;” for Milton, seeing the necessity of shielding Adam from reproach for his neglect of duty, places Eve alone with the serpent, actually *inventing* the needful incident that she had begged her husband’s permission to wander off in the garden by herself! The brief Scriptural statement is replaced by descriptive imaginary scenes and long-drawn-out conversations—persuasive pleadings on Eve’s part—the whole extended and embellished after the manner of dramatists. For years “Paradise Lost” was an established text-book in academies, as well as standard family reading; so that the author’s personal genius told strongly for the long-continued repression of woman—and, it should be added, for making the devil a real person and hell a real place.

It seems to have escaped the multitude of commentators that the declared command forbidding to eat of the tree was not laid upon woman at all. The account states that "God put *man* in the garden," and that upon him was placed the injunction before woman was created. It is singular, too, that the devil has been credited with such activity in the garden, and with accomplishing there results disastrous beyond all conception, when in the whole narration he is not even mentioned, either by his own name or by his other name—Satan. "Now the serpent was the most subtile of the beasts of the field, and he said unto the woman," etc. As the serpent was the ancient symbol of wisdom, this symbolism was naturally made use of in writing the account.

Plainly, then, the woman's craving was for knowledge; and but for her, it appears, the world would have been without this blessing. Thus the "eternal womanly" so early leading on was creditable, to say the least. Yet our other half, instead of showing gratitude for the benefits afforded them by woman's enterprise, have loftily appropriated the whole to themselves, though at the same time denouncing her for the act—as witness some of the early church fathers, St. Bernard, Tertullian, St. Chrysostom, and many others:

"Do you not know that each one of you is an *Eve*? *You* are she who persuaded him whom the devil himself was not valiant enough to attack! *You* destroyed so easily God's image, *Man*!"

"Woman, the devil's gateway; unsealer of the forbidden tree; first deserter of Divine Law, and destroyer of God's image in Man!"

"Woman is the organ of the devil."

"Woman is the daughter of falsehood, a sentinel of hell, the enemy of peace, and through Adam lost Paradise."

"What is woman but an enemy of friendship, an unavoidable punishment, a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable affliction, a wicked work of Nature covered over with a shining varnish—a painted mischief?"

From the ancient Hebrew records we learn that a father was bound "to instruct his sons, but not his daughters;" also that the statement of the creation of Man in God's own image

is not to be understood of man *and woman*, but only of Man, her declared lord and master; "God *thy* law, thou mine."

That the Scriptural subjection thus worded by Milton held good in Paul's time we have full evidence. "Let the woman hear in silence with all subjection." "The head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is the man." "Submit in everything as unto the Lord." Numerous other texts are set aside, or explained away, as, for instance, "Let every man seek another's and not his own good;" but those relating to the subjection of woman must be obeyed.

And man, taking warning from Adam, has kept watch and valiantly guarded the tree of knowledge. Whenever woman in her craving of the fruit has claimed added opportunities, the claim has been contested at every point. It was only a little more than a hundred years ago that old Plymouth town was greatly exercised over a new ordering that allowed girls to attend the public school one hour daily—after the boys had left. At that period, before our brave suffrage women had opened up opportunities, very little education was supposed enough for a woman. In his "Ten Qualifications for a Wife," a prominent English writer of those times tells how much: "Good temper, four; good sense, two; wit, one; beauty, one; the remaining two to be divided among other qualities, as fortune, connections, education or accomplishments, family, and so on. These minor proportions must always be expressed by fractions. Not one among them is entitled to the value of an integer." The proportionate number set off for *good temper* admits the need of a good deal of it for being the wife of any one of our General Board of Management.

No, this naming is not a misnomer; for, as the Pauline texts and Milton's poesy and our reigning Church and State still hold us in subjection, it may be said that thus far Man has had chief management of our common world—this very world requiring so much "betterment."

Now, management implies responsibility of success: a

fact true of any of our worldly undertakings—of a contractor, we will say, a builder, or a culturist. From the latter, for instance, success would demand a great deal more than that his plants should come up, have a period of existence, and pass out with no more of accomplishment. It would demand from trees full extension of branches and a goodly show of leaves, blossoms, fruit; from shrubs, flowers after their kind; from flowers, fragrance and beauty of form and color, as called for by the pattern—the full pattern of the creative design. Thus for success in plant culture—and here is our point—the management would have to aim at bringing out the highest individual possibilities, furnishing whatever this might require.

Surely no less should be demanded in the human world! Yet up to date, through all the centuries, the management has devised no methods of bringing into general service the highest individual possibilities, or even recognized the necessity of doing so. On the contrary, prevailing conditions have largely worked for the repression of these. And this is true not only of the poverty-stricken classes, but of the wealth-stricken as well; for a continual scheming for riches and high worldly position does by no means demand, neither does it bring out, the noblest of the human capacities. The same is true of the employment of the great mass of wage-earners, and of the grinding toils of the day-laborer. All the way up and down the line between drudgery and affluence, and including these, millions simply exist for a time and then pass out, without so much as even a consciousness of their higher powers, much less using them. What these might have accomplished is a dead loss to our world.

This lack of good management accounts for the need of so much world-betterment, whole cityfuls of associations, leagues, conferences, etc., being constantly at work, as has been shown, trying to adjust, to reform, to palliate, to alleviate, aiming at effects rather than at causes—at supplying needs rather than preventing them; while thoughtful helpers and

lookers-on say: "Oh, if the management had but studied human culture—then the highest and best of each would now be developed and at work for the general good, and to the disbanding of these overtaxed 'betterment' legions—in which, by the way, woman's aid is found needful and is warmly welcomed!"

Perhaps, after all, the word "alone"—in the reason given for the creation of Eve, "it is not good for man to be alone"—does not mean "lonesome," as has been supposed; it may have the significance of "only." It was not good that man *only* should be in charge; successful management would demand also the feminine traits and temperament: this, as has been stated, being the Divine creative design as revealed to us in Nature.

Indeed, but for one unaccountable reason, it would seem that Man himself had arrived at this meaning—as witness his high valuation of woman's influence and responsibilities:

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

"The mother of to-day is the queen of to-morrow."

"Woman forms the citizen and guides the republic."

"In the dwelling-house must the true character and hope of the time be consulted."

"On that imperishable tablet where Fame inscribes the names of the good and the brave, the highest and fairest among them is only *mother*, written large."

"No office can compare in importance with that of training a child."

"It is woman's vocation to train up the children."

The unaccountable thing is that, while from his vantage-ground of press, platform, and pulpit, man has thus declared woman's solemn and far-reaching responsibilities, requiring the utmost of wisdom and knowledge, he has persistently barred her way to these—*because* her province is the home; whereas if any situation on earth demands all possible enlightenment it is there, where human life begins and gets its first direction.

A brief article like this cannot point out just how the long

period of woman-repression has made hindrances to world-betterment, and also helped to make the need of it. But this can easily be thought out; also how, with requisite wisdom, her home-opportunities, declared so well improved, can be made to work out still larger results: the immense gain, we will say, of a much higher standard in every department of worldly affairs, and ultimately a truly successful General Management—since each manager must bear deep impress of home influences. A little more thinking will show that beyond all others the home interests should have in some way direct representation in the making of our laws; and that, as none other than the home-maker can properly effect this, the legal ownership of woman that forbids it should cease.

The true way is for man and woman to stand, equals, on the common ground of humanity; equally free to decide and to act. Both are needed, not because they are alike, but because they are different. In the conduct of affairs they would complement each other. Now, in this conduct of affairs, what are our standards? Have we any? Have we *one*? The search-light must be turned on; for truly a lack here would in time prove fatal.



OUR praises are the stairway up which our spirits mount in their contemplation of the Divine perfection. They are symbols, poor and weak, which reveal to us more clearly and make us feel more deeply the perfect goodness of God.—*C. C. Everett.*



PHILEMON had gone forth to see the world, and he had seen it; and he learned that God's kingdom was not a kingdom of fanatics yelling for a doctrine, but of willing, loving, obedient hearts.—*Charles Kingsley.*



HE that finds God a sweet enveloping thought to him never counts his company. When I sit in that Presence, who shall dare to come in?—*Emerson.*

## OUR CONCEPTION OF GOD.

BY LIVINGSTON C. ASHWORTH.

As man advances in civilization he realizes more and more the difficulty of keeping his conceptions in line with the words that are invented as signs for them. To learn a word from the dictionary is easy, but to have a definite conception of what it stands for is another matter. In the infancy of civilization this difficulty would not be felt. Ideas were simple and the signs corresponded. Words such as *tree, horse, eat, kill*, produced definite enough conceptions, because what they denoted was ever present and manifest. So also with the pictorial representations of ideas—the first rude attempts at writing. A picture of a man with his hands raised in the attitude of prayer, or of bodies of men marching with arms and war accoutrements, would be unmistakable, not only to those for whom it was immediately intended but for posterity as well. Anything indeed that came under the cognizance of the senses was clear enough; but as soon as knowledge increased, and the operations of the mind began to be designated by words, the difficulty began, and has been increasing slowly and surely up to our own day.

Now we find ourselves with a mass of words of this kind, such as *reason, will, judgment, intuition, concept, precept*, and even more purely abstract conceptions, such as *absolute, infinite, perfection*, etc., which express no material object or fact appealing to the senses, and for the elucidation of which no hieroglyphics could possibly avail. This difficulty is beginning to be felt pretty keenly in these days of scientific definition, but in the palmy days of the theologians and old-school metaphysicians, say in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it was not realized to the same extent; and in their formidable

volumes we find the worthy writers fairly reveling in words of "learned length and thundering sound," and seemingly quite confident that we should rise from their perusal greatly edified and with vast acquisitions to our knowledge.

Probably, however, of all the words to which we find it impossible to bring any adequate conception, the word *God* stands preëminent—one of the simplest and shortest words, as we are told, in all languages, and yet the one that taxes our intellectual faculties more than any other term. Man has always striven with a special interest to find something in Nature corresponding to this primitive conception; and with the increase of his knowledge he has added to, modified, and in so many ways transformed it that, as is often said, man's idea of God has become the index of his mind—the test of the degree of civilization he has reached.

In the Bible there is a comparatively complete conception of God that has satisfied many millions of beings, and that probably contains more truth than is yet realized by any one; yet it is proper in these days, when so many will no longer endure the yoke of tradition and inherited prejudices, to consider what view we can take of this subject outside of the Hebrew or other scriptures and in the light of twentieth-century science and development.

How, then, will an earnest seeker after truth get light on this subject? How must he search for God, as it were? Evidently on so serious a quest the evidence of the senses will, at all events at the outset, keep him on the surest ground—in the region of the most definite concepts. He will return to primitive methods. He will look and feel for what is in Nature herself, which is God's revelation to man, and he will keep fast hold of those truths which he gets by direct contact with God's works. He will proceed carefully, line upon line, precept upon precept, gleaning such items from the fields of knowledge as he is able to understand and assimilate—content if, from time to time, some glimpses are vouchsafed to him of



the Intelligence underlying the operations of Nature: of the Divinity that is shaping the ends of the Universe.

So far, then, he would be on safe ground; but he would be compelled by his very organization to do more. Man has subjective faculties that can never lie dormant. He must think, wonder, reason, postulate, theorize. He sees a leaf and finds that symmetry in it which he strives after in his own art-work. In the structure of plants and animals he discovers what he recognizes at once as marvelous adaptations to the particular needs of each species. Then he finds himself variously influenced by natural phenomena. The moaning of the wind in the trees inclines him to melancholy; the morning sun brings joy and exaltation; the ocean's roar terror, and so on. He ponders these things; and here begins the danger to the ordinary observer. Too frequently he leaves the difficult path of actual knowledge for the pleasant fields of imagination. The objective and the subjective (in metaphysical language) become confused with him, and he begins to ascribe all sorts of attributes to Nature—or, rather, to the God whom he considers as the Author of Nature. He talks and writes readily about God, and those words which he has invented as signs for his own feelings and actions are used in connection with Deity. Whether he be student or savage, the tendency to the anthropomorphic conception is almost irresistible. As a result of this propensity there are accumulated in our day libraries written about God. To many men of science, even, the subject possesses a strong fascination.

This is indeed where the opposite pole is reached from pure science, which is apt to be atheistic. There was an illustration of this about the middle of the last century, when the influence of Darwin and Haeckel and the earlier evolutionists was in the ascendant. At that time many thinking men, disgusted with the arrogance of those claiming to know so much about God, came out boldly with the denial of any God at all, so far as they knew; they could not at all events get beyond the Un-

knowable, which with most men amounts practically to the same thing. This position was excusable as a reaction from the other extreme, but it could not be maintained; and the recent tendency of scientific thought is to occupy more of a middle ground. The greatest scientists are finding room in their Universe for a God, and for the possible realization of those ever-pressing longings of our spiritual nature.

But the point we wish to urge here is that more of the Christian virtue of humility is needed in our attempts at any rational conception of God. First indeed and before all things we need a definite persuasion that God exists—that there is a beneficent design in the Universe. That glorious intuition which gives us perfect confidence that God lives and understands should be more to us than all knowledge; yet even this intuition comes partly as the result of a reverent investigation of Nature (for we must remember intuitions are a part of the process of development). But the investigation should be carried on reverently—less assumption and more genuine humility.

True, if there were no other life but this—if man must find the Be-all and the End-all here, he might be excused, in his continual searchings after the Infinite, on the principle that, like the student in a modern college, he must get at least a smattering of everything while he has the chance. But this life is *not* all. The science of the early Darwinian period above referred to, which depicted the operations of Nature as a cold, selfish, and (as far as our human interests are concerned) aimless struggle, is gradually being replaced by a view in which an altruistic or *love* element finds place. Man, instead of being regarded as a mere product of conditions, is discovered to be the grand consummation of Nature's effort—the fruit of the great tree of life: the crowning glory of evolution; and from such a conception it is easy to go a step further and say that Nature has endowed her last and perfect type with the germs of a higher life—that, as we have passed through

a material and an intellectual, so shall we also have a spiritual, evolution, and in a spiritual sphere.

Instead, then, of trying to comprehend God by abstraction, we should seek him through his direct manifestations. In these days a genuine scientific thinker is of more value even in this pursuit than the most devout Brahman, not only because his mind is stored with more definite conceptions, but because he is without presumption—at all events of the theological kind. He cannot perhaps soar as high as the mystic, but he will certainly feel, whatever height he does attain, that it is the reward of earnest, patient effort, and that he is not building in the air.

This is the spirit in which the search for any rational conception of God should be made: in the spirit of deepest humility, acquainting one's self with the operations of Nature—deductively as regards the primary conception of a beneficent design, but with the strictest induction in our attempts to comprehend the chain of causes and effects which that design has left as the great riddle for our solution. Science is indeed already proving the truth of Bacon's well-known aphorism. She has found that a little science may incline us toward atheism, but a deeper knowledge brings us back to religion; and if indeed she can claim, besides her own brilliant torch, to have something of that inner Divine glow, that Promethean fire which will bring her in touch with the poetry and inspiration of the Universe, we can indeed have no safer guide in our searchings into the nature of God, as well as into the mysterious operations of our every-day life. We shall then cease to presume too much, we shall only expect such a conception of God as our efforts and aspirations deserve, and shall be happy and contented, borne along in the sweep of those eternal principles of Love and Wisdom whose operations, though often unrecognized, are everywhere manifest, and the reality of which a true rational development will make more and more evident to our consciousness.

## TRUTH—POTENTIAL AND DYNAMIC.

BY ADELLE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

There is in every soul a divine principle that must be aroused into activity before conscious perception of truth can take place. From this principle the mind receives its impulses and translates them into active thought. Even what we are accustomed to call "impressions," and to look upon as coming from an external source, really arise from within ourselves, in the sense that unless they existed as potentialities in the soul itself no outside power could bring them to our consciousness.

It is this principle that constitutes our oneness with God and that enables us to grasp with more or less accuracy the idea of the unity of all, though a perfect comprehension of this sublime fact is undoubtedly beyond attainment upon the limited plane of our present consciousness. It is the divine Selfhood revealed in the individual, and when fully realized must preclude the possibility of a limited idea of self—a self held separate and apart from others. Spiritual development, or soul growth, is the manifestation of this God-principle, and the ability to perceive spiritual truth is in direct proportion to such development. All truth exists in this potential form in every soul, but until that soul reaches the stage when a certain truth rises to the level of active consciousness, or is changed from the potential to the dynamic form, it cannot perceive that particular truth, although it may be presented in a forcible manner by those who have perceived it.

It is to this fact in spiritual development that we refer when we say that persons are not "ready" for certain truths that we ourselves have grasped. It by no means follows, necessarily,

that their development is less advanced than our own; it may be merely that it has proceeded along different lines, and that other things have been revealed to them that may come to us later on. From this difference in development arise the various doctrines and creeds that prevail, and have prevailed, among mankind. A recognition of this fact must do away entirely with everything that savors of intolerance, since different religious beliefs mark either different stages or different lines of spiritual development, and are as necessary and as inevitable as all other evolutionary processes.

Every soul is a law unto itself, and would outrage its own sacred birthright should it accept the criterion of another instead of its own. Know no law but conscience; but be sure it is conscience, unswayed by ulterior motives, that dictate your actions or your opinions. When all men shall do this, we will have no further use for jails or courts of criminal law. As soon as men are able to perceive the sacredness of Self in its proper light and its full significance, all penal institutions will be abolished and educational ones will take their places. That this time will come, no one who has noted the wonderful spread of the New Thought principles and true Socialism can well doubt.

We should not, however, infer that because there is no higher law than Self there can be no need for teachers: that we must leave each soul to work out its own salvation unaided and alone. This is a mistake that a few even of our advanced thinkers have made, and it cannot fail to be a barrier to the world's advancement. There is a true and there is a false method of instruction; for many centuries the false has prevailed—that which seeks to *force* the truth, as we see it, upon others. The true method is that which seeks to bring out the truth within—to lead people to think for themselves, to form their own judgments, and to stand by the Truth, as it appears to them, regardless of all other authority. Although every soul is tending toward perfection, yet the time allotted to us

upon this earth is so short that our development, however rapid, must still be comparatively slight, and the highest good and the greatest happiness to all can only be obtained when all are laboring to their utmost ability for the universal good. A word in season may be the very power required to change the Truth potential into the Truth dynamic—the water that shall cause some slumbering seed, some germ of thought, to spring into active life.

It is true that when we consider the undeveloped condition of the masses, the apparently helpless state of some, and the fewness of those who are able to labor to the best advantage in this cause,—which is really the cause of Christian Socialism in its broadest sense,—the work would be appalling did we not realize that there is no such thing as retrogression in God's eternal plan. Progress is inevitable, though its march depends much upon human instruments. And we can feel no sense of superiority or pride from the fact that we may have been led by the light within to a perception of some things that are still hidden from those around us; for we know that we can only advance in reality as the world advances with us. We can never far outstrip others in the race, for our unfoldment is the world's unfoldment, and we are always held back by whatever retards the rest. Viewed with the all-seeing Eye, from that infinite realm where cycles are but moments, Progress and Evolution have never halted and can never cease.

When the teachers in our public schools, who have in charge the education and development of our children, shall come to realize that the foundation of all true manhood and womanhood is the individual's regard for his own selfhood, then will the meaning of true discipline become manifest, while integrity and honor will take the place of deceit and cowardice. Our much-boasted educational system is sadly in need of reconstruction along this line; and many of the methods in vogue, even in this enlightened age, would be justly

denominated criminal did we not know that they were employed with the best intentions, and that everything must be evolved slowly and in accordance with fixed laws.

Of all the Divine injunctions, we have been accustomed to consider "Love thy neighbor as thyself" the most exalted. But far more important even than this, and of greater significance, is that which says "Know thyself." There is nothing in the universe that man so much needs as to become acquainted with himself. In knowing ourselves, we know all others; and this implies a knowledge of God. Although in this small part of life but a very meager portion of such knowledge can be acquired, yet the seeking it, the striving toward it, is within reach of all; and this constitutes true living. Not even death can interrupt the effort to acquire such knowledge; neither shall we find that by death alone we have attained it. Wider opportunities, clearer vision, freedom from those things which trammel effort and warp the judgment—these no doubt will help us much; but there must still be, as now, earnest effort, strong aspiration, high endeavor, patience, and perhaps sacrifice.

It is pitiful to think how many go through life utter strangers to themselves—doubting, condemning, misjudging themselves, filled with sorrow for wasted hours, grieving over sins and errors, and ever striving by companionship to drown the cry of the spirit clamoring vainly for recognition. What are all the pleasures that wealth can bestow in comparison with those which must attend the steps of one who is able to act as a mediator between such despairing ones and their own souls—to show them the actual loveliness of their own divine Selfhood? There can be no attribute of divinity that is not also an attribute of man, who was made "in the image of God." Wisdom, power, beneficence, and the peace that passeth all understanding—these come not from above, but from *within*. The words of Jesus, "My peace I give unto you," do not imply the bestowing of something before unpossessed, but simply an

opening of the spiritual vision to a perception of that "peace." Virtue, beauty, music, poetry—all these must exist as possibilities in the inner being, or they could not appeal to us as realities. One could not feel a sympathetic throb when listening to a tale of heroism were he not himself capable of such heroism. It may be that under like circumstances he would act in a totally different manner—perhaps even be guilty of apparent cowardice; yet it would only be on account of physical weakness over which the spirit was unable at the time to predominate. Nor may we conclude because one is not stirred by such a tale that he is devoid of the attributes it implies, or because he is not moved by a concord of sweet sounds that he has no music in his soul. These may yet be undeveloped, but they exist in *every* human breast.

Not only in the case of individuals, but in that of races and nations, must true evolution proceed from within; and this explains why the well-meant efforts to Christianize and civilize the so-called heathen races have been to a great extent failures. These peoples are not yet ready for our lines of truth, and when the proper time comes they will need no forcing of the truth upon them. In God's own way and in His good time will it be revealed so plainly that they will accept it readily and gladly. Our missionary efforts should be directed to the *education* of the people and the unfoldment of their spiritual natures. Let special doctrines and religious creeds be worked out by the divine principle within, and they will be such as are best suited to the needs of each people. If a Christ be required to act as their messenger, such a Christ as their natures demand will not fail to arise among them.

When Jesus of Nazareth came to teach the then most enlightened people of the globe, but few were able to receive his teachings, and those were far from appreciating them. Even now, after nearly two thousand years, the truths that he gave to the world are only beginning to be felt in their true significance. How, then, can we expect that nations still sunk



in the depths of ignorance can grasp them in all their loveliness and perfection? God's time is not man's time; and, though we should not stand idly waiting, neither should we become impatient for the coming of the millennium, but remember, rather, that the pendulum of Eternity beats centuries instead of seconds.

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LET US, then, be of good cheer. From the great law of progress we may derive at once our duties and our encouragements. Humanity has ever advanced, urged by the instincts and necessities implanted by God, thwarted sometimes by obstacles that have caused it for a time—a moment only in the immensity of ages—to deviate from its true lines or to seem to retreat, but still ever onward.—*Charles Sumner.*

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THE pressure of a hand, a kiss, the caress of a child, will do more to save, sometimes, than the wisest argument, even rightly understood. Love alone is wisdom, love alone is power; and, where love seems to fail, it is where self has stepped between, and dulled the potency of its rays.—*George MacDonald.*

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RELIGION is the consciousness of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, manifested in peace and good will and all work for human welfare.—*Rev. George E. Littlefield.*

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HE who sits down in a dungeon which another has made has not such cause to bewail himself as he who sits down in the dungeon which he has made for himself.—*Dewey.*

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GOD is all to thee: if thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirsty, he is water; if in darkness, he is light; if naked, he is a robe of immortality:—*Saint Augustine.*

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FOR whatever happens to me each day is *my* daily bread, provided I do not refuse to take it from Thy hand, and so feed upon it.—*Fénelon.*

## THOUGHT AND BREATH.

BY MARY ROBBINS MEAD.

An important cord to loosen in the attempt to become free is that formed by indifference and ingratitude. We do not realize what a privilege it is to live and breathe the breath of life. We do not realize that every breath we draw is freighted with blessings innumerable. In the study of mathematics every day brings a new problem to solve. We expect this—it is the work of the hour. So, in solving our life problem, we should hold ourselves ready, in each line of accomplishment, and measure the wealth of our being by the amount of gladness, energy, and enthusiasm that we can use in practising the art of living close to our ideals. Unfoldment comes by means of every experience that life yields.

Through the unity of thought and breath we can make better progress toward attaining health and happiness than can be realized in any other way. Breath should be brought into every state of consciousness through an effort of the will at first. Form the habit of taking a long breath in meeting any inharmonious situation, and you will develop such physical and mental power that the old conditions of life will fade away like a dream. Draw the breath slowly through the nostrils from lungs to abdomen, and let the breath go as slowly as it was drawn. Keep the mouth closed and hold the breath a short time after the in-breathing. During the out-breathing let your thought be one of relaxation and rest. Take these long breaths when you find yourself in the midst of discordant vibrations. Withdraw from heated arguments or conversations when your words are hurting others, or those of others are hurting you, and breathe until the waves of your mind are controlled. Upon all occasions when you are stirred by the

discords of life, take the long breath and retire mentally from vibrations that shatter your power to establish physical or mental harmony.

This form of breathing and the discipline of remembering how to think and breathe together will become a shield wherever you go, so that you may have power over every condition, without any thought of running away from experiences. You may gradually take this power into the midst of strife and produce peace. You may lift yourself out of depressing states of mind by deep breathing. Whenever you feel discouraged or helpless, meet these states of consciousness with deep breathing. Take long, deep breaths when meeting persons that you dread, or in meeting experiences from which you shrink. Finally, yield grief and worry to your desire to realize that life is a blessed privilege. Stand facing the sun in the morning and breathe into your being the vitality, the energy, and the joy poured forth by the sun. Make yourself feel a new sense of gratitude in breathing. Let your thought meet the deep breath you are taking and touch it with the consciousness that the glory of the morning gives you power to live all day expressing the highest attributes of being just as the sun radiates warmth and energy.

At noon again turn your thoughts toward the sun, and breathe great deep breaths of inspiration, courage, rest. This is the hour of fulness of activity in Nature—everything is teeming with life and vitality. Drink freely of the great currents of healing potencies as they flow to you while you try to unite your consciousness with the Breath of Life, which is so powerfully expressed in the mid-day sun. Breathe and think of the Great Breath of the Universe until you feel a new consciousness of happiness and freedom.

In the evening, while the sun is going down, turn your thoughts again toward its beauty and power. Breathe long, deep breaths of gratitude for the beauty that tinges earth and sky. Make yourself conscious of the rest and stillness that

are born of this hour. Breathe until you seem in touch with the colors of heaven revealed by the sun, and with each outgoing breath lay aside your grief—if this band holds you from a splendid consciousness of immutable Love. Breathe until your heart is singing the true anthem of life, "Thy Will be Done." Breathe until the fire of an absolute knowledge that God is *all* quivers and stirs through your being with a happy power. Breathe in the thought of imperishable Life; breathe out the thought of gratitude, and let your being surge with a royal determination to manifest health and happiness. Breathe until you have laid aside all sense of loneliness, discouragement, helplessness, or pain. You may not be able to accomplish all that you desire at first, but continual practise will bring glad results.

"*Self* is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;  
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll."

Through breathing and thinking together we place ourselves in touch with forces that take us out of our prison of self-consciousness; and, lo! the breath of the morning, the noon, and the evening becomes that Love which heals and vivifies.



THERE is nothing that so persuades us of the great realities of moral and spiritual being as the man in whom God is manifest, the type of our human nature at its best, and the indorsement of the sublime faith that God in humanity is the supreme revelation of himself!—*Horatio Stebbins*.



WHEN men shall ask where and how is your little achievement going into God's plan, point them to your Master, who keeps the plans, and then go on doing your little service as faithfully as if the whole temple were yours to build.—*Phillips Brooks*.



HE that is selfish and cuts off his own soul from the universal soul of all rational beings is a kind of voluntary outlaw.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### "MIND" AND THE MOVEMENT.

**I**N beginning our Tenth Volume, with this issue, a brief review of the progress of the magazine and of the present status of the great cause it represents seems opportune. The growth of the New Thought as a vital force in the affairs of men is more or less accurately registered in the expanding circulation and influence of this periodical; for MIND is a creation of the Metaphysical movement, as expressed in the thoughts of its contributors. In this list of writers and thinkers, from time to time, has appeared the name of almost every man and woman whose researches in the realm of Spiritual Science entitle him or her to a hearing. We are engaged, therefore, in a coöperative undertaking—in the conduct of an institution whose basis of mutualism differentiates it from the host of personal organs that have attached themselves to this propaganda. While many of these journals are doing excellent work in their restricted spheres, the preëminence of MIND among New Thought publications is conceded by all who are familiar with its pages. Its leadership of the movement at large has been achieved by its strict adherence to a definite program of impersonal teaching and hospitality to divergent views, by neglecting no phase of metaphysical study that interests honest minds, and by keeping well in view its original aim, which, as set forth by the present writer in our first number, was "to encourage the higher thinking, the evolving of profounder motives of action, and the bringing up through the lower and external nature of better concepts of life, truth, duty, and real knowledge."

In the development of this enterprise, nothing has afforded us more encouragement than to note the interest in the teachings that has been awakened among the readers of *general literature*, in much of which are to be found essays pertaining to the New Thought and its best known representatives; while modern fiction writers seem to find at least a thread of mysticism or of psychical research indispensable to the success of their work. Our poets, too, win most applause when their conceptions are based upon one or more of the ideals that constitute the groundwork of metaphysical instruction; while newspaper references to the new gospel are being characterized by more tolerance and less ignorance.

In the *therapeutic* realm, of course, the progress of the movement is most pronounced and definite. Yet its effects are not seen in the ministry of healing alone: it has wrought a considerable modification in the conclusions of "medical science" and been adopted in large part by many progressive physicians. The allopath is giving fewer drugs and smaller doses to his patients; the homeopathist is diluting his remedies to a microscopic tenuity; the eclectic practitioner is sounding the praises of sanitation and hygiene—while, with all schools, "mental suggestion" is becoming a medical fad. The very "isms," fetishes, and superstitions of medicine that succeed in attracting a respectable following owe their success to the mind-quality of enthusiasm that endows them with apparent efficacy.

The fruits of the New Thought are scarcely less conspicuous and beneficent in the field of *religion*, in which theology plays a part of rapidly diminishing importance. Despite the fact that one numerous division of the metaphysical fraternity has crystallized itself into a "church," the trend of spiritual thought is undoubtedly toward rationalism and away from institutionalism. The attempt of superstition to cope with science is growing daily more feeble. The brethren of the Calvinistic faith are on the eve of declaring officially against the doctrine of infant damna-

tion, and the venerable Pope is said to have appointed a commission to determine just what portions of the Bible are "inspired." Sixty per cent. of the current donations to foreign missions are the result of hysteria; for the philanthropic public is losing faith in the civilizing effects of this form of proselytism. Referring to a recent international incident, a New York daily was moved to ask, some months ago: "What is the psychological explanation of the remarkable apathy of the American people over the captivity of Miss Stone, the missionary?" Secular straws often show the direction of theological wind. Organized religion, like organized charity, is a business rather than a benevolence. Such genuine Christianity as is manifested in our day is the work of unattached individuals, not of institutions. While the inner councils of the Church are recasting its dogmas, splitting hairs over Biblical interpretation, and seeking to abate the criticism of its own thinking members, the New Thought is striving to develop a spiritual *humanity*, to promote the health and happiness of the living, to *prove* immortality, and thus to remold the lives of men.

Perhaps the most hopeful feature of this great movement's recent activities is its participation in the work of *social betterment*. Questions of sociology are enlisting the attention of its most enlightened leaders, who have no difficulty in pointing out the importance of a spiritual basis as the first step in all measures that look toward the alleviation of even temporal ills. The New Thought is unique among religious endeavors in that it is able to present a scientific reason for each of its claims. In demonstrating the universality of Law, there lies in its hands a great power for good—when it shall be enabled more widely to show that the appalling inequalities of human life are not the work of a neglectful God, nor yet are altogether purposeless, but that *all* mistakes are educational and that no condition of "evil" has within it the element of reality or perma-

nence. In its unveiling of the occult principles of Nature, the New Thought is the handmaid of modern science and the leaven of true political and social economy.

In fidelity to its mission as a conscience force in modern life, MIND will in future issues devote more space to the ethical and spiritual aspects of these vitally practical questions of public discussion—to the end that it may become a more effective instrument in upbuilding the human race, in educating the people out of their superstitions and their fears, and in promoting the coming of the kingdom of divine justice upon the earth.

J. E. M.



#### WRITTEN OR UNWRITTEN DISCOURSE?

The speeches that are quoted most frequently and linger longest in the memories of the people are those that have been *written*, and either recited from memory or read from the manuscript. Among the most notable of recent times are one by ex-President Harrison, at Carnegie Hall, New York, in the fall of 1896; that of United States Senator Hoar, January, 1898; that of ex-President Cleveland, April, 1900, and that of W. Jennings Bryan at Indianapolis, Ind., and afterward repeated at Topeka, Kansas, during a Presidential campaign. These speeches were carefully written out, and as carefully read and delivered. Their delivery from the manuscript was as effective as it could have been without the manuscript, and their value as documents for reference and frequent perusal was greatly enhanced.

William H. Seward, Secretary of State during the civil war, was in the habit of writing the speeches prepared for important occasions, and then reciting them from memory. This was also the custom of the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, who, in a speech of more than three hours at the Academy of Music in New York City, spoke every word of it as it had been memorized.

On great occasions, like the Schley Court of Inquiry, or the impeachment of an officer of high rank, we get an insight into the preparation that is needed by those conducting the case. In



the trial of Warren Hastings, we are told, Burke wrote part of his closing speech sixteen times; and in the defense of Queen Caroline Lord Brougham wrote parts of his speech twenty times. These written parts were the most effective in their delivery, and are recited by many a schoolboy throughout the land.

A careful analysis of the speeches of Demosthenes gives evidence that he wrote and rewrote, polished and repolished his sentences before they were delivered. This carefulness in preparation made them capable of bearing the study and criticism of centuries.

The Rev. Dr. Storrs, of our own land, was regarded as a prince among preachers. He had wonderful power in expressing thought extemporaneously. But, while we are amazed at the facility of his concise and transparent utterances, we must remember that he spent twenty-five years of his ministry in carefully preparing written sermons.

Seventy-five years ago Bascom was the great preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this country. At the age of forty-two he began to write his sermons. In doing so, many of his friends thought he had lost his power as a speaker. So good a judge as Henry Clay said: "Bascom should never be allowed to read his sermons; preaching is his forte—but he cannot read. He can preach, and he *must* preach."

Mr. Gladstone speaks as follows of Cardinal Newman: "There was not very much change in the inflection of the voice; action there was none. His sermons were read, and his eyes were always on his book; all that, you will say, is against efficiency in preaching. Yes; but you take the man as a whole, and there was a stamp and seal about him; there was a solemn music and sweetness in the tone; there was a completeness in the figure, taken altogether with the tone and the manner, that made even his delivery, such as I have described it, and though exclusively with written sermons, singularly attractive."

Dr. Nott, of Union College, used to say: "Teach men to think and feel, and, when they have anything to the purpose to say, they can say it." Let them have their way of saying it,—extemporaneously or with the manuscript,—and, we think, this is true.

(Rev.) ROBERT H. WILLIAMS.

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

*Conducted by*

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

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FOR THE PARENTS.

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## THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

Very few persons realize the susceptibility of the child mind to the inadvertent suggestions in what he sees and hears, nor how important it is that only that which is lovely should surround him. The child in his earliest years has not the judgment-capacity to reject or change mental images, and being eager for knowledge will grasp with avidity and become wholly absorbed in whatever idea engages his attention. If it is good, its fruits will be manifest; if evil, manifest also.

This was strikingly illustrated by an incident related by Dr. Sherman Davis at the Mothers' Congress recently held in Washington. Dr. Davis referred to the children's page of the Sunday paper as being the regular Sunday morning amusement provided his little nephew of four. On one occasion, the picture that greatly attracted and absorbed the child's attention was that of a most grotesque and remarkable dwarf, who was the central and only figure in a large field where he was doing a variety of astonishing things. It was noticed that the child seemed spellbound and was loath to leave the pictures. The next morning the family remarked that the little boy was going about like a hump-back. On the second morning it was still more evident, and on the third morning the child could not straighten his back. A physician was called in, and, as no physical reason was found by which to account for this peculiar condition, light was shed upon the matter

by the conclusion that it was wholly the suggestion received from the picture in the Sunday paper. A vigorous effort to displace that image with one of an opposite character resulted in the child's emancipation.

Obviously this is not the only child who suffered because of his vivid imagination. All children are more or less sensitive and should be protected from everything that might lead to such dire results. To have a little child in the presence of a person whose facial expression is unpleasant or ugly, or who gives way to fits of temper and thus displays the worst side of human nature, is very harmful. Many a child has formed habits wholly foreign to his nature because of such associations. Nurse-girls or governesses (if a mother is obliged to have such) should be chosen with reference to their looks and manners, as much as to their professional qualifications. I heard recently of a family of four children who acquired the habit of stuttering from a stuttering nurse.

Not a sight, sound, or condition escapes the watchful eye of a bright, active child; and to put into expression every new thought or fascinating mental picture, whether good or bad, is an irresistible instinct. This is why stories, amusements, pictures, and everything that feeds a child's mind should be suggestive of only that which would place beautiful and happy pictures before his mental vision.

"Oh, you are the sweetest darling in the world!" exclaimed a fond grandmother, when entering the room where her little six-year-old grandchild sat playing. "No, Grandmama; I don't think I am," replied the boy, gravely, as he left his play and offered his lips for a kiss. "*Why*, darling?" questioned Grandmama, pained by the expression on the sad little face. "Oh, because — (mentioning a male relative who frequently got angry with the child) says I'm very bad, and that when I get to be fourteen probably I'll be hung!" Grandmama related this with tears, and added that it

nearly broke her heart to have such things said to him, for he "took them so to heart."

Yes; that is just the trouble. The children take things *to heart*. They become so absorbed, so *possessed* by an idea, that it is of vital importance what the idea is.

There are so many beautiful pictures now, so many story-books that are all we could wish, so many nature-secrets revealed in such attractive and interesting form, that it does not seem possible any mother could make a mistake, if she took the time to find these things for her children and gave herself to enjoying with them all the inspiration to be gained in these ways. Instead of those pernicious, outrageous pictures in the Sunday papers, why not have such volumes as Hamilton Gibson's "Sharp Eyes," Earnest Seton Thompson's "Animals I Have Known," and scores of other true and beautiful books and pictures? Why not take this hint on the power of suggestion with children and radically change, if need be, our whole household and its habits for the sake of the little children whose welfare should be considered first of all?

Apropos of this discussion, a mother told me a sweet experience she had after talking with her little boy about love. She had never tried to teach him the relation between feeling and action, but on this occasion sought to make plain the relation by appealing to his own experience. He had listened eagerly and apparently grasped the idea that when his heart was full of love his lips would be filled with love-words. She must have drawn a beautiful picture of love and its expressions. At any rate, the child was wonderfully happy, and all the next day he would frequently leave his play, run to his mother, put his arms about her neck and ecstatically exclaim: "I love you *so much*, Mama! What *can* I do?"

"To think," said the mother, in speaking with me afterward, "that he could understand and feel so much of what I thought

was beyond him! And ever since he has been so thoughtful, so loving and obedient! I never had such an experience. I had loved him, of course, and suffered his expressions of love; but to teach him that he could be governed by love, and that it would teach him how to be a helper in the home-making by letting love possess him, had never occurred to me. Now a mere hint, a suggestion of the love idea, wins his interest at once."

Beautiful pictures on the walls, flowers, pets—all the splendid suggestiveness of real Nature—should so far as possible be in the environment of the child.

As children grow older and go to school, the learning of fine poetry is one of the best accomplishments and also one of the greatest aids to character-building. The suggestiveness of a simile from Nature, a reproduction in words of beauty of sacred memories, moments of unselfish zeal to share something with somebody—all these can be imprinted upon the plastic memory with a hundred-fold more power if clothed in language that in itself is a suggestion of the deeper feelings of the soul. And what child does not know, even if he cannot express, the impressiveness of a never-to-be-forgotten moment when for an instant he became conscious of a higher self within him?

Study carefully the temperament and tastes of your children, that you may put before each the suggestions that will best arouse within him his own constructive, beauty-making powers. Let nothing be said before the little one that will not bear repeating, and nothing done that may not be imitated. "The greatest characteristic of early childhood is the power of imitation," says Prof. Elmer Gates.

Of the grandeur, beauty, and joy in the world, seek in some simple manner to make the little children conscious, and that they too, in a way, are inlets, great or small, of what they see, hear, taste, or feel.

(REV.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

"April hath come on,  
 And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain  
 Falls in the beaded drops of summer-time.  
 You may hear birds at morning, and at eve  
 The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,  
 Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in  
 His beautiful, bright neck; and, from the hills,  
 A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea  
 Tells the release of waters, and the earth  
 Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves  
 Are lifted by the grass; and so I know  
 That Nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard  
 The dropping of the velvet foot of Spring."

—N. P. Willis.

## CHERRY-BLOSSOM TIME.

How many want to sit down on my magic carpet and take a journey with me? It will hold all who wish to go, for it has always room for one more.

Now we're off! Isn't this fun? See! we're flying over the tops of the houses, even away above the "sky-scrapers," and we're going west faster than a swallow flies. . . .

We've left the great city of New York far behind us, and we look down on the hills and meadows and rivers and lakes. It makes one dizzy to look down, doesn't it? But don't be afraid; you won't fall. No one was ever known to fall from a magic carpet. . . .

Now we're flying over another city. It is Buffalo, I think. . . .

Yes, it was; for we hear a tremendous roar that can come only from Niagara Falls. We'll lower the carpet so that we can have a good view of them. At this rate of flying we'll be in Chicago before night. . . .

The very last edge of the sun has disappeared. We are up so high that the stars seem near us, and oh—how bright they are!

Cuddle up, youngsters, and go to sleep. When you want something to eat or drink, or more pillows, or anything at

all, just say what you want in a loud whisper three times. For instance, if you want bread and jam, say, "Bread and jam, bread and jam, bread and jam!" And almost before you've finished saying it you'll find in your hands the prettiest box, with flowers painted on it. Untie the silver cord about it, take off the cover, and you'll behold the most delicious jam sandwiches you ever laid your eyes on or set your teeth in!

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Two whole weeks have gone by. We've flown over the Rocky Mountains, peered down into the great Yosemite Valley, and now the Pacific Ocean lies beneath us. It seems a long time since we've seen anything but water and sky; but to-day we see, away above the clouds, the silvery peak of Fuji-yama, the sacred mountain of Japan. Do you know, the Japanese say that on this mountain lives the Goddess who causes the Flowers to Blossom? We'll be in Japan soon. . . .

Ah! here we are. Let us go to Tokyo; for it is cherry-blossom time. . . .

We are hovering over Tokyo now; so we will descend.

Do you see that river that appears to flow through fleecy pink clouds? Well, those "clouds" are cherry-trees in blossom. We will stop on the river-drive, so that we can walk beneath the glorious canopy of flowers.

Our magic carpet has conveniently shrunk so that I can put it in my pocket, and, when we need money for jinriksha rides or for food, all I have to do is to shake the tiny carpet, and down will fall all the money we want—Japanese coin, very conveniently.

How many people are walking by the river-bank, and how pretty and quaint their costumes! This is a holiday. What are they celebrating? Why, the fact that the cherry-trees are in bloom! The schools are closed that all the girls and boys may go to enjoy the sight, and even the Emperor will go to see the wonderful flowers. The newspapers announce where the cherry-trees are in blossom, or where the petals are falling, just as our newspapers announce the progress of a war, or a flood, or a yacht-race.

How happy the people look, as, with uplifted faces, they drink in the wondrous beauty overhead! Only here and there can we catch a glimpse of the blue sky between the great pink-and-white

blossoms. The river is covered with fallen petals. A Japanese poet once sang how he would not cross the river in his boat, because he did not like to cut its beautiful brocade. Surely, it does look like a wondrous length of silken brocade.

How many jinrikshas go spinning by! They are like great baby-carriages; and how odd it seems to have men drawing them instead of horses!

Let us go to Uweno Park—five miles away. Hi, there, jinriksha-men! We want enough jinrikshas to take us all to the Park. . . .

We make quite a procession, don't we? Isn't this fun, bowling along so fast?

Wouldn't it be fine if everybody at home turned out in the Spring to see the apple-blossoms?—if we had apple-orchards in our parks and we could go and sit under the sweet-smelling, blossom-laden branches?

See how crowded the streets are that lead to the great avenue that slopes gradually up until it reaches the plateau on which the Park is situated! The avenue is lined with cherry-trees so tall that they meet overhead—a snowy, fragrant roof! See the many little booths, with all sorts of things for sale in them! Here are the most remarkable kites you ever saw, and there are the daintiest, loveliest fans and parasols. Look at this man modeling all sorts of things out of candy—fish, mice, flowers—and how wonderful his work is!

This is the Park, made many hundred years ago. The exquisite temples here are built in memory of famous people.

Let us find a place to sit down on the clean straw mats in one of the tea-houses; for we all want something to eat, I'm sure.

How fortunate we are to find, in spite of the great crowd, room enough for us all to be together in one tea-house! Let us have some of that unsweetened custard, full of queer-shaped beans and pieces of fish, and served in dainty China bowls; and some omelette, and boiled rice with a delicious brown sauce poured over it. For dessert we'll have tea and sugar wafers. Each wafer has a dainty picture on it. They are almost too pretty to eat. There is a slender vase full of orange-colored chopsticks; but we never can manage to eat with them. Oh, here comes



a pretty little Japanese tea-girl, with knives and forks. She knew we couldn't do without them.

Are you all through? How good everything tasted!

Now let us go and walk through the Park. See the crowd surging to and fro! Under a cherry-tree over there sits an old man. He seems very happy. He has some paper and a funny writing-brush. He looks up at the lovely blossoms overhead and then writes something on his paper. What is he going to do now? Why, he is fastening the paper on a branch of the tree he has been admiring! He has been writing a poem about its beauty. There are many of these papers hanging from these trees, each with a poem about the cherry-blossoms. People read the poems, but are careful to leave them hanging where they found them; and they seem to enjoy the poetry very much.

What a happy, good-natured crowd, and how they do love the flowers! Do you suppose that is the reason they are so gentle? . . .

The sun is going down. We've been in Tokyo since early morning, and in all that time not a quarrel have we seen—not a frown; neither have we heard a harsh word, nor would we were we to stay here weeks. I think it must be that the people are so full of the love of the beautiful that there is no room in their minds for ugly tempers and bad thoughts. Beauty is a reflection of God Himself. And those who think about beautiful things—who take a little time every day to watch the fleecy clouds floating across the blue sky, or the silver glinting of the rain, or the loveliness of trees and grass and flowers—are getting closer to God; for we cannot look upon His fair handiwork and think about it without having some of His spirit enter into our souls to shine out in the voice, the glance, the actions.

See! it is dusk. The pretty lanterns in the tea and summer houses are lighted, and they sway in the gentle breeze. The moon is shining down upon us, and her silver touches the fluttering cherry-blossoms and makes them look like crowds upon crowds of white butterflies. Shall we have some more of the delicious Japanese food, and then spread our magic carpet and fly homeward—over the breast of the great ocean and underneath the moonlight?

F. P. P.

## REJOICE!

Rejoice for life that quickeneth,  
 For every living, breathing thing!  
 For bud, and chrysalis, long asleep,  
 Awakening beauteous—'tis Spring!

Rejoice that Nature ever lives!  
 Behold her resurrecting power,  
 The gladsome twill of merry birds,  
 The bursting blade of grass, and flower!

Rejoice that mortals sigh far less  
 For joys and ecstasies above,  
 But that they strive for heaven here  
 With kindness and Christian love!

Rejoice that love dwells in the heart,  
 Its precious power *all*, pray, increase;  
 For *love's the lever to move the world*—  
 Its righteous rule will bring blest peace.

FANNY L. FANCHER.



## THE MASTERY OF ONE'S SELF.

It is a great thing to become a master of anything. Boys and girls have an idea that if they are not already a master of something they have the power to become so—some time.

Only this morning I saw a troop of boys rushing after a small boy who, for some reason, was trying to get out of their reach.

I overheard one say: "You bet I can lick him!" And then another, a little more boastful, shouted: "Oh, pshaw! Just you wait till I get after him!"

Thus these two boys were trying to get the advantage of a boy smaller than themselves, which is not becoming a master in the sense I mean.

We all want power and we all have it. Some boys in particu-

lar seem to have all they need, for they are very certain that they can do whatever they put their hands to.

I heard Will Markham say only this morning: "I just know what *I'd* do if I had a hundred dollars. You wouldn't find me hanging around *here!*"

So, in all likelihood, the boy has some big scheme ahead, and he has probably planned just how he will use a hundred dollars, when he has earned it, to do some great thing—some good thing, I hope.

What do boys and girls amount to that think they cannot do what others have already done—and even something greater? By-and-by some one of these very boys will become the captain of some great ocean steamer, simply because this was just what he wanted to be, and he has applied all his energies and has learned how to control every least part of the ship's machinery. If a sea in the fury of the storm sweeps great masses of water against the ship's sides with a force like that of a cannon firing on a battle-field, the captain knows that his vessel is strong enough to meet these shocks without any harm. So he is really the master of the ship.

Another becomes the master of his violin, and he will hold people spellbound with delight, because of the perfect control he has of the instrument.

So in a thousand ways boys and girls have made themselves masters of many things. Yet there are those—I wish I did not have to say it—that have never learned to master anything, and act as if they had come into the world simply to eat and drink and "enjoy themselves," as they would call it. You've probably seen just such boys and girls, and they never make half so much of themselves as they might have done.

If Mary aspires to be a wonderful artist, like Rosa Bonheur—who was one of the greatest animal painters the world has known—or if John would like to be a famous bridge-builder, they will need to plan accordingly, while they themselves and their powers are developing. Thus the flower builds itself, as leaf by leaf it unfolds until some bright day you see the full-blown perfect rose.

Let me tell you of Charles Darwin, the scientist, one of the greatest masters of the world, who made for himself a fame that

was never made by any man before him. And this he did by his wonderful will-power. As he himself said, he was considered a very ordinary boy, both by his teachers and by his own father. But the boy *knew* that he could do something that would be of value to the world, and he determined that he would persistently give himself to his work. Of course, he had to exercise tremendous will-power, for he had aimed very high indeed. He wanted to get scientific knowledge that would benefit all people, and he looked for knowledge concerning the least growing thing as well as the great things.

The captain of "The Beagle" was going on a voyage round the world, and he asked Darwin to accompany him, which he gladly did. Darwin was to look for facts and report them, for the world needed more information about the many strange, unknown things in Nature. Darwin was a great seeker into the mysteries of life, for which he looked from the dust that was borne on the winds to the ship's deck to the great mastodon, an animal that we know existed many thousand years ago, because we sometimes find his bones or an impression of him in the rocks.

Darwin loved to search into the mysteries of plant life and to look for hidden treasures in rocks. He studied the strange people from the treeless plains of South America—those that lived in the tropics, or in the cold regions of Patagonia. He found in distant countries trees and flowers and fruits that were strangely like our own. In fact, he found that all growing things and all human beings were related. Now, through this long voyage of five years he suffered from sea-sickness; but he would not yield to it, and continually worked with his microscope, though he was often obliged to work while lying down, for in a horizontal position he found relief from sea-sickness.

By the time the vessel reached England Darwin had an immense amount of information, and he became the foremost scientist in all the world, because he had exercised the strongest power over his will during that long journey. Indeed he seemed to have perfect mastery of himself in all directions. Think what it meant to be so long wearied by sea-sickness, and yet "never for once in those five years" was he known "to be out of temper, or to say one unkind or harsh word of or to any one!"

Thus, we see, Darwin used his great will-power to subdue all that was unworthy of the noblest in his nature.

We may have power of intellect, power of money, power of heart, power of soul; but to get the best of our power we must direct it in such a way that the world will be made better because of it. We must master *ourselves*, first of all, and so we become masters indeed.

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

-----  
THE OIL-CAN.

Do not say that there is nothing  
In the world that you can do  
For the help of anybody,  
Since God gives, dear child, to you  
An unfailing little oil-can,  
Full of love for you to use  
In the comforting of others  
Just wherever you shall choose.

If you take your oil-can  
With you everywhere you go,  
You will find all jar and friction  
Disappearing sure though slow;  
For no anger can withstand it,  
And no selfish thought can stay,  
When the oil of loving-kindness  
Falls upon them day by day.

It is but a little service,  
Yet if all the children try  
To pour oil on troubled waters  
They are bringing by-and-by,  
By their constant ministration,  
Peace on earth from Heaven above,  
Till this world shall be transfigured  
By the gentle might of Love.

HELEN CHAUNCEY.

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

**WORDS THAT BURN.** By Lida Briggs Browne. 366 pp. Cloth, \$1.25.  
Published by the author, 34 Columbia street, Utica, N. Y.

This is a stirring romance of fifty chapters in which the teachings of the New Thought are ingeniously embodied. The laws of psychic action and development are utilized in the narrative in a way that cannot fail to charm even those readers whose interest in the deeper philosophy of Mental Science is slight. The importance of bridling the tongue and the ill effects that may result from misuse of that "unruly member" are so portrayed as to convey valuable lessons, especially to the young; and the act of *forgiveness* is here shown to have a scientific basis, as attested by a child clairvoyant, and to be a necessary factor in racial evolution. The story is eminently wholesome and is written in very simple language, thus supplying an undoubted educational need of the New Thought movement. The volume is beautifully printed and bound and has a frontispiece portrait of the author, and we heartily commend it to all fiction-lovers who read for instruction as well as entertainment.

**SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENT.** By Swami Abhedananda. 60 pp.  
Cloth, 40 cents; paper, 25 cents. Published by the Vedanta Society of New York.

This attractive little volume comprises three lectures on the Vedanta philosophy, entitled, respectively, "Self-control," "Concentration and Meditation," and "God-consciousness." The discourses will be found vitally helpful even by those who know little and care less about the spiritual and ethical teachings of which the Swami is an able and popular exponent. As the Vedanta itself is largely a doctrine of universals and ultimates, so also this book is of common utility and significance among all races of believers. Its precepts are susceptible of application by any rational thinker, regardless of religious predilections and inherited prejudices. The principles set forth by this teacher are an excellent corrective of spiritual bias or narrowness, and as such

the present work is to be commended. It has already awakened an interest in Oriental literature that augurs well for the cause of human brotherhood, and it merits a wide circulation among all who cherish advanced ideals.

J. E. M.

\* \* \*

THE WILL TO BE WELL. By Charles Brodie Patterson. 205 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. The Alliance Publishing Company, New York.

[*A Critique by W. J. Colville.*]

The above title serves sufficiently to explain the scope and object of a new book by C. B. Patterson, whose recent treatise entitled "Dominion and Power," is proving a great help to multitudes. "The Will to be Well," as its name implies, lays great stress on the attitude of will in relation to health, in all its phases. But the author by no means contents himself with discussing the potent efficacy of will power. He goes deeply into a consideration of the right mental attitude that must be taken in copartnership with will. Like all of The Alliance Publishing Company's publications, this new candidate for public favor is beautifully bound, its handsome green and gold cover rendering its outward appearance well in keeping with its inner contents. Students of chromopathy inform us that green signifies repose, and gold wisdom. Wisdom to be attained through repose is well suggested throughout the volume; indeed, the author has much to say on rest—the veritable antithesis of idleness—as a condition singularly conducive to spiritual, mental, physical, and business welfare. The book is made up of nineteen forceful essays, each a beautiful sermon from an inspiring text taken from some great master of prose or song. From Socrates to Browning and Sir Humphry Davy is a long historic journey; but to Mr. Patterson's understanding of the New Thought, which is his favorite expression when defining his own philosophy, ancient and modern teachers are equally inspired and luminous. There is much broad religious doctrine but no theological exclusiveness in this attractive set of essays, which often suggest deep familiarity with the genius of Emerson, though they are all strikingly original. This is a book that will commend itself very largely to

persons who are not favorable to the tenets peculiar to Christian Science, and who are not willing to eliminate the religious element from treatises on healing, after the manner of some Mental Scientists. There is a refreshing breadth of view and tone of deep sincerity pervading every chapter, and the style is so practical and easily followed that the reader is carried almost unconsciously from ordinary affairs to deep philosophic questions by almost imperceptible transit.



### OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE DIVINE LANGUAGE OF CELESTIAL CORRESPONDENCES. By Coulson Turnbull, Ph.D. 230 pp. Cloth, \$2.00. Published by the author, Berkeley, Cal.

THE WOMAN'S BIBLE. Part I.: The Pentateuch. 152 pp. Paper, 50 cents. European Publishing Co., New York.

DUALITY OF VOICE. By Emil Sutro. 224 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York.

STUDIES IN SPIRITUAL HARMONY. By "Ione." Cloth, 134 pp. The Reed Publishing Co., Denver, Col.

THE KEY TO EXPRESSION. By Francis Joseph Brown and Miriam Williams Brown. Cloth, 311 pp. Gospel Advocate Publishing Co., Nashville, Tenn.

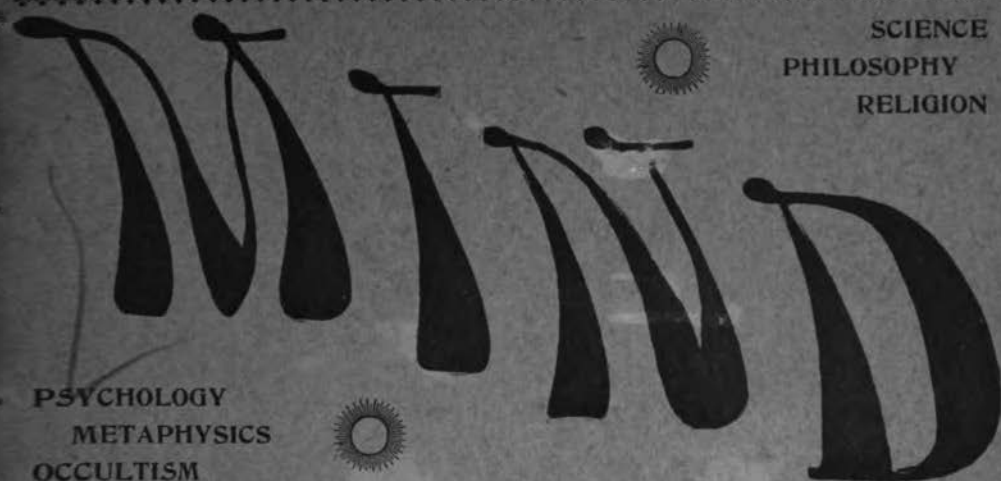
BIOPNEUMA. A Complete Course of Instruction. By Levi d'Guru, illuminate. 70 pp. Paper, \$2.00. The Christopathian Brotherhood, publishers, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE TEMPLE OF THE ROSY CROSS. 4th edition. By F. B. Dowd. 323 pp. Cloth, \$2.00. Eulian Publishing Co., Salem, Mass.

POSITIVE PREVENTION AND CURE OF TUBERCULOSIS. By Aug. F. Reinhold, Ph.D., M.D. 465 pp. Cloth, \$3.00. Published by the author, New York.

GOOD CHEER NUGGETS. Gathered by Jeanne G. Pennington. 112 pp. Cloth, 45 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, publishers, New York.





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# NEW THOUGHT

EDITED BY

JOHN EMERY McLEAN and CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

VOL. X.

No. 2.

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CHARLES FILLMORE,

# MIND.

VOL. X.

MAY, 1902.

No. 2.

## CHARLES FILLMORE: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

"It is your mission to express all that you can imagine God to be. Let this be your standard of achievement, and never lower it, nor allow yourself to be belittled by the cry of sacrilegiousness. You may attain to everything you can imagine."

The writer of these inspiring words, Mr. Charles Fillmore, was born August 23, 1854, on the Indian Reservation in northern Minnesota. His early life was outwardly uneventful, with possibly one exception. When about ten years old he so seriously injured his right hip while skating that it resulted in hip disease, from which he suffered throughout his youth and early manhood. In regard to this affliction he says: "The gradual healing of this diseased limb, and its growth to nearly normal size during the last ten years, has been to me, at least, one of the strongest proofs of the power of metaphysical treatment, especially in view of the fact that the physicians who had attended me as a boy prophesied that when I reached the age of forty I would undoubtedly be a helpless cripple in a wheelchair."

One who has had Mr. Fillmore's experience can speak with authority; and when we read such words as—"Man is the builder, and to him is given all the material out of which to construct the temple in which he lives; he builds in wisdom or in ignorance according to his obedience, his receptivity, to the sphere of intelligence within him," we value them accordingly, knowing as we do that they are the outcome of his own life.

Mr. Fillmore's school privileges were limited to the com-

mon school of border civilization, but his early environment was conducive to a gradual opening of native power in patience, self-reliance, and poise; so that his real educational advantages were, as they are in each case, sufficient.

When quite a young man Mr. Fillmore went to Texas, and the year 1879 found him in Leadville, Colorado, the following years being occupied in mining and real-estate speculation.

In 1881 he was married, at Clinton, Missouri, to Miss Myrtle Page, a young woman of spiritual power whom he had first met in Denison, Texas. Mrs. Fillmore is a native of Ohio, where she had formerly taught school, and through her early experience and because of her natural gifts she has proved a real helpmeet in her husband's life work. We hope to have a sketch of her life in a future issue of MIND.

In 1884 a change was made from the mountain home to Kansas City, Missouri, where Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore have since lived. It was here that the soil, so well prepared by Mr. Fillmore's early experience, received the seed that has developed into such a blessing to many hungry souls.

About the year 1886 Mrs. Fillmore's health became a source of great anxiety, the physicians having declared that they could do nothing for her. She was led to take magnetic treatment from one who was rather an advanced thinker along spiritual lines, through whom she learned that a new doctrine, called Christian Science, was about to make its advent in Kansas City through the formation of a class by a Dr. Thatcher of Chicago. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore joined that first class, and Mrs. Fillmore began at once to apply the principles of which she learned. In the first few months her health was restored, and she also did remarkable work for others in the neighborhood and among friends.

Mr. Fillmore, being so closely occupied with his real-estate interests and mining, did not grasp the truths so quickly; but observing the wonderful transformation that had taken place in his wife, and noting her suddenly developed power to heal

others, the whole matter was forced upon his consideration. Gradually he began to apply the principles in his own case, treating himself for catarrh, indigestion, and other ailments; and, being able to reap good results, he became more confident and was soon able to help others.

Following closely upon this new consciousness came the great collapse in the real-estate boom, which had been rising higher and higher for years. Like many others, Mr. Fillmore lost everything, and was left in debt to the amount of a thousand dollars. But it was right at this point that he was enabled to realize that underneath are the "everlasting arms," and he learned at last to trust in the Power that alone supports and protects us. "Man's adversity is God's opportunity," and Mr. Fillmore, like many another, found his trouble a blessing in disguise. Referring to this period of his life, he says: "It was then that I turned to God for help. The way seemed very dark, and it was hard for me to depend upon the promises of Divine aid when all seemed so vague and indefinite. I do not even now understand how I came to abandon my real-estate business and give my whole effort to the work of the Lord."

Such, however, was the outcome of his sore trial, and in 1889 Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore published the first number of *Modern Thought*, which was devoted to the "spiritualization of humanity." This magazine was issued under that title for several years, but the name has since been changed to its present one of *Unity*. It is an unpretentious but exceedingly effective magazine, awakening as it does the deepest instincts in its readers and standing always for the kingdom of Love, which is our common inheritance. *Wee Wisdom*, a magazine for children, edited by Mrs. Fillmore, meets a want of which many mothers are becoming conscious.

Like all pioneers in the Science of Life, Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore have met many obstacles, and for years their work seemed, to indifferent observers, quite feeble. Yet they were able to demonstrate, as has been so often done in the world's

history, that it is "not by might nor by power, but by Spirit"—and their work of faith is now bearing abundant fruit.

Mr. Fillmore bears testimony to his wife's courage and power, saying: "Encouraged by my wife, I persevered when almost at the point of failure; and if there comes any universal success out of this continuous effort she should have the greater share of the credit. Had I been alone I would more than once have thrown the whole thing over and gone back to my real-estate business."

In 1890 the Society for Silent Unity was started, its object being to bring many into silent touch with God in such a way as to enlarge their consciousness of the Spirit's essential oneness. Each month the key-note for the silent meditation is published in *Unity*, and at nine o'clock every night the members dwell on the common thought. Who can say what good this may not do? Certainly it must lift the world to the realization that we are, in very truth, citizens of a great Commonwealth of Love, and that literally all things are ours. It only remains for us all to receive the gifts of the Spirit, and exercise ourselves unto godliness for the Great State, which is a spiritual communism, to be made manifest. This Society for Silent Unity has a large membership and is doing fine work.

Mr. Fillmore has founded and maintains a School of Practical Christianity in which classes are taught regularly, and he also holds Sunday and week-day meetings in Kansas City at which there is always a good attendance. The work is absolutely independent in character and stands solely for the Science of Being revealed to every enlightened mind. There is no organization, nor is any effort made to bind, in the slightest degree, those who take the lessons. The impersonal character of Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore's work is shown by the thought that is their key-note: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Mr. Fillmore has written voluminously during the last thirteen years, generally under the pen name of "Leo Virgo,"



and each copy of *Unity* carries with it the fruit of the editor's thought. But as yet he has not published any books, as he is so conscious of the change that is taking place both in mind and body that he wishes to allow time for development before giving a systematic statement of the good news he is daily proclaiming.

The writings of both Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore are gaining a large circle of readers every year, which is shown by a steady increase in *Unity's* circulation. A few of the articles have demanded republishing in pamphlet form, but otherwise no books or lessons have been published separately.

Mr. Fillmore has lectured and taught almost without cessation in Kansas City and in various parts of the West, but has never done any platform work east of the Missouri River. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore are very effective agents in healing, and have all the patients they can attend. They make no charges for their work either in teaching or healing, depending instead on free-will offerings.

Speaking of the matter of bringing out a book, Mr. Fillmore says, in substance:

"Before attempting to put my experiences into more permanent form, I wish to reach a clearer perception of the truth than I have as yet attained, and also such command of my organism that I can demonstrate what I write. I am transforming, through mental dynamics, the cells of my whole body, the ultimate of which will be immortality in the flesh. I have discovered that all the ganglion centers in the organism are in reality brains, thinking thoughts in a measure independent of the central thinker, whose seat of action is usually confined to the head. In order to control these various brains I have found it necessary to project into them my conscious thought and fill them so full of true ideas that there is no room for the false. This task has not been a light one, and I have spent years in silent willing, denying and affirming, actually rebuilding, every cell in my organism from center to circumference. I would say that in this work I have been guided by an invisible intelligence, which I call the Holy Spirit. I have also found that the whole process is symbolically outlined in the life of Jesus Christ, and is what is technically called *regeneration*. I shall in due season write out my experiences for the benefit of those who wish to take up the same development. Just when I shall be equal to this I cannot say, but doubtless not far in the future."

## MENTAL ECHOES OF THE FOREWORLD.

### I. OUR ANIMAL CHARACTERISTICS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M.D.

The human body has been called a depository of physiological heritages, including bequests of a time far antedating the era of civilization and reaching back to unsuspected and undreamt-of distances of primeval evolution. Some of our rudimentary organs whisper mementos of an amphibious ancestry.

The range of mental "atavism" is almost equally apt to be underrated. There are propensities of the human mind that were developed before intelligence had found an ally in Science—millenniums before man had begun to assert his claim to the supremacy of the animal kingdom. An instinctive dread of darkness, for instance, was impressed upon our mental organism during the long ages of existence in the wilderness of the tropics, where our anthropoid forefathers were exposed to the attacks of giant cats and other night-prowling enemies. In daytime the agility of tree-climbing four-handers enables them to solve the problem of survival with comparative ease, but after sunset the owl-eyes of the stealthy carnivora give them a fatal advantage; and nightly alarms, repeated for an infinite series of generations, have indelibly imprinted our brains with the "types of which night-phantoms are the antitypes," as Charles Lamb expressed it. A young orang starts at the swaying of a moonlit branch like a child at a movement of its bed-curtains—"die nacht schuf tausend ungeheuer." Forest-prowlers continued to haunt darkness in the form of the cat-like lamias, and "Old Scratch" himself may have been evolved from a feline germ. The Mephistopheles of the Zulu Kaffirs hides his identity under the striped hide of a hyena, but cannot sup-

press his laughter at the completeness of his disguise if traveling foreigners try to scare him with imprecations. His Grecian name, as spelled in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," betrays his preference for darkness (*Mephostophilus*: one who does not love light).

A panther, crossing a monkey-haunted forest in daytime, risks becoming the object of an ear-splitting hue and cry; swarms of our Darwinian cousins escort the intruder by leaping from branch to branch, with shrieks that attract reinforcements of sensation-mongers till the woods echo a pandemonium of cat-calls. And long after the cause of the fright has vanished, little pot-bellied wretches revive the alarm with a persistence indicating their enjoyment of the fun or of the opportunity for asserting their importance. Sensations of that sort have developed a penchant that might be called the bugbear-making propensity of the human animal—the inveterate passion for shriek-and-cackle panics.

The appearance of a Caucasian in a Chinese country town at once awakens the whoops of a werewolf alarm. Superstition-crazed viragos rush from house to house; children scuttle into cellar-holes or swarm up the wayside trees; gossips huddle together, screeching and gesticulating. "The foreign devils are upon us!" they cry. "This emissary of theirs has poisoned the wells—is going to murder women and children—will ruin us all if we do not rally without a moment's loss of time!" The traveler in vain exhibits his passports. Mormon missionaries in Dixie cannot save themselves by distributing copies of the resolutions renouncing the practise of polygamy; they cannot reconcile public opinion by offering to engage board and lodging at twice the usual rate; the natives would rather lose a dozen liberal customers than a chance for an ogre sensation.

In default of available outlanders, gossip-maniacs fall upon a local victim, like the poor Texas blacksmith who a few months ago was driven almost to despair by the disappearance of his eldest boy and the consequent outbreak of a suspicion

epidemic. His son Fred, a scapegrace of fifteen or sixteen years, had absconded under cover of darkness, and before the end of the week mysterious assemblies gathered about the street-corners and taverns of the little hamlet. Fred's spirit had appeared to several trustworthy witnesses and pointed to a shallow grave. Strange shrieks had been heard on the night of the tragedy. Mrs. Tittletat had twice been awakened by cries for help. Mr. Prye's hired man had seen the flicker of a lantern in the weed-patch behind the smithy. Tom Prowler had passed the same corner shortly after midnight and seen—he hesitated to specify, but if he would he could, etc.

Life had suddenly become worth living in the little bayou village. No circus was scheduled for that part of the country, but Fate had provided a compensation. A ceaseless round of sensation-cackle and insinuations reconciled the natives to the bereavements of country life. Superannuated fish-story peddlers had discovered a way to attract an audience. Hysterical spinsters had found a pretext for fainting in public. Every dark night the windows of the smithy were bombarded from ambush, and the owner had more than half resolved to seek peace in exile when a galloping messenger one day arrived with the news that Master Fred had been seen alive and hale on a wharf of Galveston Harbor. The presence of a United States cruiser had attracted a crowd of visitors, and in a group of young men on the coal wharf former acquaintances had recognized the scapegrace, who frankly admitted his identity, and, in exchange for home news, volunteered the confession that he had absconded in quest of adventures and worked the last few months in the fishermen's settlement of Gregor's Landing.

The wander mania of our tramps and Gipsies may likewise be a survival of elder instincts than those of nomadic herders. The shepherds of Turkestan stick to their camps as long as they can keep their herds alive, and leave a pleasant pasture-ground with regrets; but our simian kinsmen change their

quarters every morning. They build no nests; their new-born young cling to their mothers' necks and are carried from tree to tree, from forest to forest, in never-ending migrations. Compared with a Brazilian spider-monkey, the "Wandering Jew" is a "Rip Van Winkle." Ahasuerus, according to his German biographer, once tarried for a week in Cologne, and in 1342 even got married in Antwerp and effected several deals in real estate before his peripatetic propensity reasserted itself. But, with the single exception of the Abyssinian cave-baboon, no ape volunteers to pass two successive nights in the same place. The Gipsy penchant, in fact, may be only a more complete revival of an "atavism" that now and then manifests its influence in every human life and supports the proprietors of innumerable moving-wagons. Trollope, superannuated skipper, had established his headquarters in a shanty-boat, but rubbed his hands at the prospect of every flood that gave him an excuse for shifting his moorings.

Still, the migrations of our Darwinian ancestors were generally limited to the forest-region of the lower latitudes—fruit-bearing forests preferred; and a tree-garden is still the ideal of our paradise conceptions. "Avalon," the Eden of the Celtic Druids, means simply "apple-orchard;" and the poor Siberian exiles consider it a favor to be transferred to some district not wholly destitute of trees.

"My heart's in the woodlands—my heart is not here," would be a popular modification of the Scotch anthem. The old forest instinct is still alive in the depths of every human mind, and would suffice to explain a large part of that delight in "romantic scenery" which Herbert Spencer attributes to transmissions from an ancestry of pot-hunters. There is nothing specially attractive about a treeless hill, and a fringe of pine woods would do more to improve its picturesque qualities than a garland of venison steaks.

"Say, is that heaven?" asked Tegner's Eskimo at first sight of a mountain forest; and he declined to avert his eyes when his

pious friends were shocked at his mistake. "The other place cannot be prettier, I am sure," said he, after a pause of silent contemplation. And such echoes of the foreworld are apt to revive in the most orthodox human soul.

"Let us cross the river and rest in the shade of the trees." And four thousand years of fairly victorious struggles against the power of the Frost Giants have not yet weaned the human race from its homesickness after the Eden of the sunny South. Life is a sun-child, and at the threshold of the tropics traveling Northlanders are apt to experience emotions akin to those of a wanderer revisiting the scenes of his boyhood sports. I have more than once watched the crowds on the forecandle of a troopship approaching the coast of a southern forest-land, and did not need the assistance of a physiognomist to notice that most of the younger faces betrayed a temptation to land and begin the enterprises of a Robinson-Crusoeade without loss of time.

This earth of ours, it is true, has witnessed many triumphs of northern nations over their southern neighbors, and some fur-clad philosophers have assured us that not only valor but civilization and science are plants that can thrive only in the snow. It would be more correct to say that science and culture, which flourished in the open air during the golden age of the Mediterranean nations, have become hot-house plants in the twentieth century. The ripening of their fruits still depends upon a certain amount of caloric, only with this difference—that the maturative warmth which once emanated from the central body of the solar system has now to be paid for in the form of coal and kindling wood.

But happiness and that physical beatitude of which health is only the principal condition have never altogether prospered in the atmosphere of the conservatory. Sunlight cannot be wholly superseded by coal gas; and, like the shell that still murmurs its dreams of the sea, the spirit of the exiled human race has never ceased to yearn for its lost garden-home in the tropics.

We may never know if the cradle of primogenitor stood on the banks of the Indus or in Southern America, or, as Maupertius tells us, in the mountain-gardens of Arabia Felix; but all historic and mythologic indications point to the South, as well as all *a priori* tenable theories.

"Take me from this icy desert  
Up to thee, Eternal One!"

prays Lermontoff's exile to the sun, and sun-worship imparted the same charm to the crusades of the Knights Templar as to the adventurous expeditions of the Conquistadors; the migrations of the wild Asiatic hordes carried them to the southwest; European tourists depart for the southeast, and the *chateaux d'Espagne* of French romancers, like the Italian hegiras of British poets, are not inspired by a predilection for any special country as much as by an undefined southern homesickness.

It is the witchery of outdoor life in a region of evergreen woodlands. St. Augustine's "New Zion," with all its pomp of architectural marvels, has never become specially popular. Even dying city-dwellers do not hanker after an eternity of wall prisons, but long for a return to the playgrounds of their first mother's home—a reunion in Summerland.



## II. CUSTOMS AND PEOPLES.

BY GEORGE S. SEYMOUR.

In a certain sense, man is a creature of circumstances that act upon him as the potter molds the clay. He is the product of all past history. Borrowing the words of Richard A. Proctor, we may say that society would not be as it is to-day had any past event, however insignificant, been other than as it was. Bryant's vanished millions are a poetic dream, for nothing really perishes, and the most obscure tribe of the remotest age

is perpetuated in the institutions of the present day. We live the lives and think the thoughts of hosts of barbarous ancestors whose identity was lost far back upon the highway of human progress.

The sociologist has gone back over this road, and, with the aid of the living savage, has been able to reconstruct the life of the uncivilized past. He has revealed the founder of society as a simple-minded barbarian, swayed by his emotions and concerned only in the satisfaction of his immediate needs. From this truly unsocial condition he is traced to the region where food is plenty and where numbers of his kind have congregated. He is now a tribesman, but not yet a member of society. The feeding-ground is discovered by a hostile tribe and the necessity for a common defense arises; it is then that he first learns to act in concert with his kind, and the foundation of all "customs" is then established.

Out of this military necessity sprang the first chief—the veritable king of kings. It is quite certain that there was one in the tribe stronger than any of his fellows, and this one would have been foremost in battle; for who could slay more enemies than he? He led by virtue of his good right arm, and history abounds with the record of such giant leaders, of whom Nimrod and Goliath are familiar examples. After a time the function of leadership developed into the office, and it came to be occupied on other considerations than physical fitness; but the fiction of personal greatness has never departed. The ruler is universally addressed in terms expressive of it. Some nations limit succession to the male line, and in others the female rulers are called by masculine names and by the title of king. Egyptian inscriptions tell of a queen who wore the garments of the sterner sex. If a male ruler fell short of the conventional standards he would resort to art to supply the deficiency. The tall head-dress adopted in some such emergency became the royal crown of Egypt, and has its modern counterpart in the papal tiara. It has been part of the equipment of many armies;



and, although royalty has now generally discarded this device, the gentleman of fashion does not consider his costume complete without a tall silk hat.

The savage knows no distinction between sleep and death. In his dreams he visits strange lands and slays hosts of imaginary enemies, and when his friends tell him that he has all the time been among them he concludes that it must have been his other self or shadow that went forth from his body. All literature and tradition is permeated with this dream-spirit, and it is no less a part of modern life; for when we yawn do we not cover our mouths to keep it from escaping? From the strong chief who sleeps with his fathers these tribesmen get their first idea of divinity. It is the shadow-soul of the chief that still dwells among them and fights their battles. His return to earth is not a possibility, but a reality—as the legends of Castor and Pollux, of Romulus and Remus, of King Arthur, all testify. The Greek myths tell of many a victorious mortal chief who was enrolled among the gods and continued after his death to exercise dominion over his earthly kingdom; and, in a similar spirit, fathers of the Church are canonized by the Pope. Many an ancient dynasty traced its origin to a divine founder. Roman emperors did not hesitate to add divinity to their attributes, and the Russian Czar is still the head of the Greek Church.

The romanticism of the savage character has thus fashioned for him a world of great and minor genii that watch over and preserve him through life; but it has also conjured up a legion of spirits whose purpose is the very opposite of this—and, as we have found a material basis for the one class, so will we for the other. From time immemorial the demons of the tribe have been its sick members, especially the deformed and distorted; and the statues of demons that we find are always of this character. The treatment of these unfortunates is in keeping with this view. The nomads leave their sick member to perish by the roadside, and as his tribesmen move away their

ears are filled with the imprecations that he hurls after them. Many tribes regard the sick man as possessed by evil spirits, as the Hebrews of the Bible looked upon the leper. In India to-day the leper is visited with the severest of possible punishments—loss of caste; while in Japan and China he is often put to death by fire, and religion has not a ray of hope for him in the next world. His spirit after death is invoked to work the evil purposes of his fellow-men, and the profane oath is in our society the counterpart of this savage practise.

When and where the first garment was worn we cannot conjecture, but it is more than probable that it was an ornament—perhaps a texture of woven leaves. When this became a fabric it was draped lightly around the body, and the dress of both sexes was alike. This device was not adapted for fighting, however; and, at the stern instance of war, man's skirt has gradually receded. The modern Greek costume and that of the Roman legions show this transition. As soldiery was confined to the male sex, and as at one time practically all men were soldiers, the soldier's dress became a sex-costume, and so it is to-day except among a few non-combatant professions. Woman's dress, however, is the lineal descendant of the toga and the alb.

We still celebrate the religious ceremonies of the departed races in our games and dances. The chase for a wife has become the game of tag; the human sacrifice at the building of bridges is represented by another play. The spinning fire-machine is the universal top; while the time-honored kite, which was an offering to the gods, still soars in the wind. We still offer up our hat as a sign of submission to a superior, and, on meeting a comrade, do homage to the venerable custom of kissing the hand; but, although professing this affection, we still protect ourselves against him by carrying a cane. We still write with the ancient pictures that stood for things and speak the primitive sounds that expressed love, anger, and fear. Our military men still fire their sun-down guns to warn away evil

spirits and tattoo their bodies to imitate the scars of battle; while our potters still decorate their wares with lines of the prehistoric basket in which they were first cast.

These are a few of the innumerable links binding us to an imperishable past. We recognize them readily enough in other societies, but are prone to overlook those that we ourselves are perpetuating until our attention is called to them by an occasional incident such as the remark of the Japanese gentleman who said that he could never appreciate the advantage of wearing hat-bands.

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TO BE misunderstood even by those whom one loves is the cross and bitterness of life. It is the secret of that sad and melancholy smile on the lips of great men which so few understand. It is what must have oftenest wrung the heart of the Son of Man.—*Amiel*.

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HAPPINESS, content, and right satisfaction, all doubts answered, all dark places lighted up, heaven begun here,—this is the reward of loving God. In this world, tribulation; yes, but good cheer in spite of that.—*George Hodges, D.D.*

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UNLESS truth come to you, not in word only, but in power besides,—authoritative because true, not true because authoritative,—there has been no real revelation made to you from God.—*F. W. Robertson*.

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“WITHOUT doubt the best missionary is not the one who hates idolatry most, but the one who is most ready to recognize the good that may lurk within it.”

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It is the touch of heart with heart that gives the surest sense of one supreme Heart of all.—*George S. Merriam*.

## THE WILL TO BE WELL.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

It has been frequently remarked that the *will* to be well is the chief factor in the accomplishment of self-healing, and by "healing" is rightly meant all that conduces to a state of perfect welfare both within and without the individual. We are equally justified when we speak of financial as of bodily health; and indeed the body *politic* is often rightly referred to as an individual on a larger scale, and therefore amenable to the same treatment as that reasonably meted out to a private person.

That we all possess the will to be well is an admitted truism that allows of no denial even in view of the unhappy experiences of those reckless individuals who squander their vitality in harmful dissipations; for such misguided units in the social mass, though they injure themselves and others, desire to promote at least their own well-being. The greatest contribution to sound philosophy now being made by avowed Mental Scientists is the doctrine that all misbehavior has its root in ignorance, not in wilful immorality—a declaration that immediately renders possible a complete reconstruction of all penal measures. Human will must be conceived of as good in essence before we can rationally undertake to reform an individual or regenerate a society. By assuming all will to be essentially good, we acknowledge a sufficient foundation for all philanthropic activity, and we also find it easy to establish a solid basis for such phases of mental healing as have chiefly to deal with the conquest of moral infirmities.

The twentieth century is certainly outgrowing many of the false theories circulated during the nineteenth. Among these errors, which are being rapidly discarded, the exceedingly false belief that health and goodness have no logical connection is

one of the first to disappear. Until recently many people blindly accepted the doctrine that virtuous and highly religious young people were peculiarly apt to suffer from some disease of the lungs, or other distressing ailment that made them interesting because pathetic heroes of romance. This literary mistake was in no instance confined to illiterate scribblers, but occupied prominent place in the writings of authors of repute. It can scarcely be said that a "Dairyman's Daughter" or a "Robert Elsmere" desired to be consumptive, or that either objected to the possession of a healthy pair of lungs; but the pious girl in the older story believed in resignation to what she falsely conceived to be Divine Will, while the young clergyman in the later volume was too ignorant of suggestive therapeutics to apply his intellectual rationalism to the improvement of his physical condition.

The foregoing types are happily disappearing from modern literature, and in their place we are called to contemplate far more heroic figures in the persons of men and women who in recent romance have identified virtuous character with physical well-being. Nothing could be more unjust, however, than to assert that all invalids are sinners in the theological sense; yet in thousands of instances the well-meaning invalid is one who lacks righteous self-assertion, which is usually more necessary to general welfare than the much vaunted virtue of resignation. Resignation implies denial of will, not its righteous direction and wise employment. This remark applies almost equally to two distinctly opposite phases of resignation—which may be respectively called the religious and fatalistic varieties. The religious variety assumes to know the will of God and to submit to it with patient obedience, but there is no logical reason for believing that it is the Divine will that we should be ill or in any sense other than healthy, happy, prosperous, and harmonious. The fatalistic phase is even less commendable than the religious, for it lacks the element of piety which the other contains and lands its victims in a veritable pit of despair.

We often speak of "resignation to the inevitable," but what in truth is inevitable but the unalterable outworking of universal order? Surely the law of the universe is changeless; we may therefore rely upon the steadfastness of Nature. But this immutable law or changeless order guarantees our ability to reap as we sow; consequently, we are able to carry our desires into effect whenever and wherever we possess necessary knowledge, though not otherwise.

We may take it for granted that all rational people are in possession of a fourfold will. On the four sides of this square of will, we may inscribe the words *health, happiness, prosperity, and usefulness*. We all will, provided we are normal, to be healthy, happy, prosperous, and useful; and unless we have *all* these qualities we are not completely well. Successful mental treatment no more aims at overcoming bodily infirmities than it seeks to bring about a perfect condition of success in domestic and business life, and bodily illness quite as frequently results from domestic infelicity—or from business anxiety, even according to medical diagnosis—as from any derangement of physical function or degeneracy of bodily organs.

Were it possible to carry will directly into effect by simple willing without the employment of the medium of the intellect, we should all be well at once; but we cannot afford to ignore the place occupied by intellect in carrying the purposes of will into the realm of final accomplishment. The will to be well is the first half of the philosophy of healing, but without the coöperation of the second half the first remains practically inoperative.

In that very valuable book, "The Will to be Well," by C. B. Patterson, a most important chapter is entitled "The Law of Attraction," in the course of which the author comments upon the saying, "Like attracts like," in a manner calculated to enlarge the average application of that famous aphorism. Like *does* attract like in two ways—consciously and unconsciously, deliberately and will-lessly; and while we all admit,

at least to a considerable extent, the potency of deliberate willing, we often lamentably fail to attach the requisite sense of importance to unconscious and undeliberative attraction. We know that every magnet attracts steel because of the nature of all magnets; we also know that a large and powerful magnet attracts a much greater quantity of steel than is attracted by a smaller one. We are magnets, but, unlike any inanimate object obliged to remain where it is placed and continue as small as it was originally fashioned, we are constantly growing and expanding entities, capable of outgrowing the state of the small magnet by rising into the condition of the larger one; hence, while the law of attraction works universally and changelessly, with godlike disrespect of times, persons, and places, by its very nature it is bound to respect conditions. Law cannot therefore continue to treat us as formerly when we are no longer in the same condition.

Will and action together generate ability to control circumstances to an illimitable degree, for, though we are never absolutely unlimited, our limits are continually changing; consequently, it is ridiculous to assert that an environment that formerly was too strong for us to modify will be beyond our power to control in days to come. Circumstances are far more elastic than we generally suppose, and the old saying, "Facts are stubborn things," needs revision. Truth is unchangeable, but truth and fact are by no means identical. We speak logically when we say that all statements in multiplication tables are true—by which we mean that we may always rely upon them. There are no exceptions to a rule in mathematics; but when we enter the domain of facts we need to remember that exceptions do not prove the truth of a rule: they try it, probe it, test it—and if they prevail against it they prove it to be unsound.

The word *fact* is the abbreviated form of *facet*, meaning "that which is made." We are the authors and changers of facts, but we have no power to alter truth. Truth can only

be applied and put to practical human uses by the operation of human intelligence. We may learn so to know truth that we are no longer misled by error masquerading as truth; what we formerly believed to be true we may discover to be false, but truth itself can never be varied. When our "facts" agree with *truth* our portraits are likenesses, instead of unlikenesses, of whatever they are intended to represent.

Will is an architect; Intellect is a builder. Whatever is produced by intellect is a building. Our will can be just the same when we are ill as when we are well—just the same when we are blundering as when we are succeeding in our work. Not so our intellect. Not every mistake is a wilful error; it may indeed be doubted whether wilful error exists at all, in a final analysis of the question—for even the worst mistakes may have proceeded from fallacious judgment, not from intention to act erroneously.

We frequently attribute illness to what we call "bad habits," and the name of these is legion. Not every bad habit is bad in the moral sense, unless we use the word *moral* in the widest application possible—in which case it embraces all kinds of behavior, seeing that it owes its origin to the Latin *morales*, meaning "manners." We speak intelligibly of manners of thought as well as of manners of speech; and it is extremely difficult to conceive of the latter apart from the former, seeing that we are accustomed to think before we speak and to employ language to express our thoughts and feelings. If we lay claim to any degree of self-control, we claim to act and speak in accordance with our idea of wisdom; therefore, if we believe that a certain course of action will prove injurious we abstain from it, though it might otherwise prove enticing.

Our chief difficulty lies not with our will but with our understanding, though simple force of will or resolute determination accomplishes much. There are two kinds of will—one quiescent, the other active. The quiescent kind is good in a mild (almost ineffectual) way, but the active variety is good



in a strong, energetic, emphatic manner. We often say that we are willing to do what our friends ask us to do, but together with this passive willingness we often display indifference—so much so that unless our friends are more interested in a matter than we ourselves are we often let an important opportunity slip through simple lack of earnestness or enthusiasm. Positive willingness, or, more correctly, wilfulness, displays determination to overcome obstacles and fulfil our purposes, even though it prove no easy task to carry our designs into effect. It is this latter kind of will power that alone suffices to accomplish a work of healing whenever a case is difficult or complicated.

Experience abundantly proves that every mental state is contagious; it therefore follows that, though many people may entertain precisely the same theories concerning what is necessary for manifesting health, only a few become proficient healers, while all the others can do but little when they attempt to translate theory into practise—because theories held quiescently possess little vital power. We are all agreed in our wish to be well, but we do not all set to work to evolve will on its active side; therefore, in our present condition, we are by no means equally capable of demonstrating the vigorous health we unitedly admire.

Will should never be looked upon as an aggressive or belligerent force, for in essence it is one with *love*, which is universally the great attractive power. Divine Will is perfect love in action; human will is likewise love in action. It therefore follows that it is the province of will to attract and *propel*, but not strictly speaking to *repel* anything. Scientific reasoning leads necessarily to a revised terminology. We can well afford to drop the word *repulsion* from our vocabulary when we have substituted *propulsion*, a term that all astronomers employ in discussing the process of world-formation. Modern astronomy, as interpreted by Flammarion and other great scientists now living, inclines us to indorse the theory of the solar parentage

of all planets. The sun is the parent of the earth and of all the other orbs of this solar system; therefore, at some time or other the sun must have parted with a portion of its own life, or substance, and thrown this out into space to form its progeny.

Love always seeks to bestow; a lover is invariably a donor as well as a receiver. Love is reciprocal in its action, giving and receiving continually; for where there is no reception there can be no continuous donation, and where there is no perpetual giving forth there is no continued capacity to receive.

This brings us to a very vital question concerning that attitude of will which inevitably results in health. Though many people in these days squander energy foolishly, thereby rendering themselves unequal to the performance of needed work, many others are far too prone to save themselves from nearly all exertion—on the plea that they must conserve force, or husband energy. The spendthrift is not an ideal character—neither is the miser; and on the mental plane, just as on the financial, niggardliness and overcaution may be placed in a catalogue of vices that also includes undue extravagance. *Fear* of exhaustion is often more fatiguing than a large amount of arduous toil performed with some rational end in view. Many persons get more tired when abstaining from work, because they are afraid it would “break them down” did they perform it, than from the effects of hard work actually accomplished. When a child has played vigorously, or when an adult laborer has worked hard all day, sleep naturally follows and continues unbroken as long as necessary. Healthful appetite for food also asserts itself; and, though hours be long and tasks be arduous, persons that engage in the hardest of them attain to ripe old age and are rarely incapacitated from exertion even by an hour’s illness.

Modern society already owes much to the prevailing fashion that makes walking and various athletic exercises intensely popular. The average Englishwoman has been for several generations stronger in some respects than her American sister—

largely on account of her inborn inclination for pedestrian exercise. The woman that walks must always be the physical superior of the woman that rides; for this reason, many diseases are "aristocratic" and "genteel" but not current among the lower classes of society in a monarchy or the working multitude in a republic. We have often heard that the ranks of a nobility have been recruited from the peasantry, because the indolent, self-indulgent habits of the upper classes have caused them to refrain from rendering the will to be well active in healthy exercise. The working masses cannot afford to indulge a sense of weakness, their livelihood depending upon constant activity; consequently, while they have no greater innate love of life than have their social superiors, they feel the necessity pressing upon them continually to exert themselves to carry their will into effect.

Will, like all other human endowments, becomes strong through active employment and seemingly grows atrophied when permitted to remain in the retirement of disuse. The very great service rendered to humanity at large by all curious and novel modes of mental and hygienic treatment can be traced to a single root—the arousal of latent will to activity. Many people place implicit confidence in what some doctor tells them, though they know nothing of the ingredients of his prescription, be it mental or material: their *faith* helps them.

Orientalists visit America and England and quickly recommend various kinds of breathing exercises, together with the employment of Sanskrit mantrams, the exact meaning of which the average Englishman or American fails to comprehend; but, though in such cases intellect usually remains dormant, will is confidently aroused and soon becomes active. Let any average person reiterate, day after day for a month, the simple phrase, "*I will be well*," and he or she will soon discover a marked improvement in health and an immense enlargement of courage. This affirmation, though couched in simplest English, possesses all the merit of the most elaborate Oriental formula; and it con-

tains an added virtue because it can be understood and appreciated by the average speaker when he uses it. It has a twofold significance, for it not only expresses the determination of whoever utters it, but it also clearly prophesies the complete realization of the speaker's desire and hope, of which it is the precise verbal embodiment.

The will to be well cannot mean anything less than determination united with dauntless expectation that perfect harmony will necessarily appear in all our surroundings, provided we so regulate the conduct of our lives, inwardly as well as outwardly, as to bring about a complete fulfilment of our desires. Though it is necessary that we should know what to think and how to behave so that health may be made manifest by us and in us, will is ever the gateway to knowledge; for the will *to know* is quite as definable as the will *to do*. When we have become aware of our *need* of knowledge we will *to obtain* knowledge; therefore, by our fixed mental attitude, we constitute ourselves unwavering magnets to attract the knowledge we desire.

A very useful formula reads: *I will know whatever I need to know, and I will do whatever is best for me to do, now and always.* This recipe has been proved effective thousands of times by thousands of people; and, when persisted in, the salutary exercise of repeating the affirmation proves an unfailing remedy for that piteous disease of doubt and chronic incertitude which is the mother of countless specific ailments.

We all will to be well. Let us righteously determine that this good will shall be carried into effect. Divine Will and human will must be completely unified, so that our at-one-ment with Divinity shall become complete. Let us rise in thought to the grandest possible realization that *our* will is essentially one with the Will of the Eternal. Then we shall never falter or stumble on life's way.



WHO importunes the gods gets a beggar's deserts.—*Muriel Strode.*

## REVELATIONS OF THE HAND.

BY MAYNE RAVENSCROFT.

When, as the result of thirty years' research and actual experience, D'Arpentigny gave to the world "La Science de la Main" (The Science of the Hand), he rendered man an inestimable service; a service that, however, man has been very slow to appreciate. This wonderful work did much toward reinstating a science that for years had been—and to an extent continues to be—dragged through the mire of quackery and imposture.

There can be little doubt that *chiroscopy* was understood by the ancients, and it is even probable that Moses possessed some knowledge of its mysteries, having been initiated by the Egyptian priests. In the hands of the Gipsies, however, who disseminated throughout Europe what little they knew of it, *chiroscopy* degenerated into mere fortune-telling.

The theory upon which it is based is simple yet scientific. From the ancient East comes the teaching that man has, besides the physical, a finer, more ethereal part called the astral. Of the same fluid as this part—the astral fluid—are composed the souls of the stars and of our earth. Thus the changes in the heavenly orbs, which, as is well known, affect development on the earth, react upon the human body, particularly affecting the head and hands.

Chiroscopy is divided into two branches: *chirogony*, dealing chiefly with character as delineated by the size, shape, color, length, and consistency of hands, and *chiromancy*, which concerns events past, present, and to come, as shown by the formation of the palm, its lines and marks, and the "mounts."

When, as a science, it is better understood, it will prove one of the greatest gifts to humanity. We shall know our fellow

men and women, not only by the "works of their hands," but, primarily, by the hands themselves. Parents need no longer grope in darkness regarding the tendencies of their offspring; forced and unnatural education will cease, for its cause—lack of self-knowledge—will no longer exist.

From the age of eight years, the hands of a human being present certain developments, which, properly interpreted, reveal his strength, his weakness, his talents. The expression of the physiognomy may to an extent be controlled, but over that of the hand the most powerful will exerts no influence. The bent of the mind, whether good or evil—that which is, that which may be—is written there regardless of the desire of the possessor.

Has doubt of the veracity of a person thrust itself upon you at unwelcome moments? Observe the tips of his fingers—they turn backward; be satisfied, "the truth is not in him." Has it sometimes occurred to you that your affectionate friend is not exactly sincere? Look carefully at her fingers—they are tapering and smooth, entirely free from knots; alas! she is selfish, or, to use a less harsh expression, self-absorbed.

To the critical examiner of a hand the first point of observation should be the thumb. It is to this member that one must look for affirmation or negation concerning the qualities shown by other portions of the hand. While the possessor of an otherwise good hand is capable of being led into ways of error if his thumb be weak in development, so a person whose hand displays marked evil tendencies has every chance of partaking of the reward divinely promised "to him that overcometh," should there be shown by his thumb a large amount of will-power. This member consists of two phalanges (divisions), the first or nailed phalanx being the seat of will, and the second that of logic—reason. In the ideal thumb, these divisions are equal in length, and its possessor is not weak nor stubborn; neither is he rash nor prudent to excess. In other words, he is evenly balanced.

Excess, wherever found, is bad. Thus, abnormal development of the phalanx that represents will is undesirable, being the mark not only of stubbornness and tyranny but of a tendency to "go ahead" regardless of consequences, whatever they may be. Should the outer division be too short, the person is apt to be easily led—to conform to the opinions of every one so far as possible. Should this hand display unusual talent, there is even then a chance that neither the possessor nor the world will benefit by it because of lack of concentration. Fortunately for such cases, the will-power can be strengthened; and in most instances it would require only the kindly warning of some student of chiromny to produce marvelous results. With the phalanx of reason too long, one will be apt, because of excessive caution, to permit opportunities to pass. With the phalanx too short, there is action without reason—impulsiveness. The owner of this type of thumb seldom looks before he leaps; consequently, unless favored by fortune, he is usually in trouble.

Wherever an easily aroused and violent temper exists, it is accompanied by a thumb turning aggressively backward. This formation indicates extravagance also—an utter inability to retain that which may be acquired. Conservative, prudent, and inclined to avarice is he whose thumb is held inward—toward the palm of the hand. To this class belong those who neither forgive nor forget. Wherever the second phalanx curves in on each side, giving the appearance of a "waist," diplomacy, ease of manner, and tact—qualities sometimes leading to deceit—will be found. Brutality, a nature belonging to the lower order of humanity, is indicated by a club-shaped outer phalanx. The large thumb is the thumb of ideas, of self-reliance, of action; it is the thumb of a leader. The small thumb belongs to the dreamer; it is the thumb of him who is led.

To mankind in general, a hand is merely a hand—in some cases useful, in others ornamental. To the keen observer, the hand is a diary wherein many things are written—many secrets

told. He who laughs that the world may laugh with him, while laboring under a great nervous or mental strain, would be astonished to learn that the tale of trouble is told by the swollen veins and corded, knotted appearance of his hands. If your acquaintance with him be such as to warrant the liberty, you may with safety assure the person whose habit it is to hold his hands tightly clenched that he has a secret that engrosses much thought. Its existence is plainly indicated by this position of the hands. When the space between the fingers is abnormally wide, the person is generous almost to a fault. He is incapable of secrecy—a weakness that, while he may be aware of its existence, seems utterly beyond control. To him, system is unknown and concentration is a hardship.

While a hand, generally, may present certain indications that cannot be classified under any particular type, the fingers will have phalanges bearing nails of such form as to admit of their classification under the head of spatulated, square, conical, or pointed. Among the younger generation, the purely spatulate type is seldom encountered. It resembles in form the spatula used by the apothecary, the tip being slightly wider than the other portion of the finger. The possessors of spatulate fingers usually have large and well-shaped thumbs. They have confidence in their ability to overcome obstacles and obtain desired results, but are frequently afflicted with bashfulness arising from a morbid self-consciousness, which is not, in their case, conceit. They are fond of outdoor sports and of music well executed. In religion, they are seldom orthodox, having views peculiarly their own, and with these views the "courage of their convictions." They are energetic and systematic, pleased with nothing that does not reach a high degree of excellence. For them success will be found in the exact sciences, such as statics, dynamics, navigation, military and naval architecture.

Persons the tips of whose fingers are square, while possessing many characteristics in common with those in whom the



spatulate type predominates, are more polite and not so prone to speak the "unvarnished truth." Having much respect for public opinion, they are conventional in the extreme. Their views are just, but not liberal. In consequence of their instinctive respect for authority, they make excellent citizens. They possess great commercial talent and excel in moral, philosophic, and social sciences, grammar, language, logic, and geometry, and in exact literature. The fingers of Aristotle were square.

Conic fingers belong to those who, while not fanatics, are enthusiasts. Their possessors are worshipers of beauty; indeed, so strong is this instinct within them that constant association with ugliness, whether in persons or things, will frequently reduce them to a state of nervous irritability. This type of finger is found among sculptors, artists, monumental architects, and poets of the imagination and senses.

Pointed fingers are the fingers of idealism. Among the matter-of-fact people of America and England this formation of the finger tips is comparatively rare, but in southern Asia it is found in large majority. Sculptors and artists have united in giving pointed fingers to those works of art which represented the highest degree of human perfection. D'Arpentigny, in his work on *chirognomy*, attributes qualities more divine than human to the possessors of these fingers. (This attitude on his part can perhaps be accounted for in a measure when it is understood that D'Arpentigny himself possessed them.) Essentially religious, they will willingly die for their religion; but of bearing daily one another's burdens, of the small and ever-recurring sacrifices, they are utterly incapable. These fingers belong to the dreamer, the poet, the composer; and among their possessors will be found some of the most unhappy people in the world.

Of the finger nails Balzac said: "The line where flesh ends and the nail begins contains the inexplicable mystery of the constant transformation of fluids into horn, showing that noth-

ing is impossible in the wonderful modification of the human substance." By the shape and formation of the nails, certain characteristics are indicated, and by their quality the state of health is told. Large, hard, and pink, they are the signs of a sanguine temperament, strength, and energy; pale and very brittle, they tell of debility and weak lungs, and when extremely thin and "fluted" there is danger of consumption. With nails long, thin, and curved, the possessor will be cruel, besides having a nature that, morally, leaves much to be desired. In general, long nails usually indicate physical weakness, short ones self-possession and quickness of intellect. It has been said that if a woman have long and very white nails she is treacherous. In ascertaining the length, only the portion of the nail from its beginning to the tip of the finger should be considered, as beyond that the length is regulated by individual taste. The nail of refinement, good temperament, and correct taste is of normal length, transparent, slightly pink, and has a natural polish.

While the sense of sight in the domain of hands tells us many things, the sense of touch also has an important part to play. Thus, when a hand that you touch gives the impression of extreme softness, you may correctly conclude that indolence is its owner's besetting sin. If the finger tips be of the pointed or conic order, the artistic or poetic tendencies will be satisfied in admiring the works of others and possibly in building castles in the air regarding the time—always coming—when the possessor himself will be famous. When, with a soft hand, the finger tips are spatulate or square, the desire for activity thus denoted will spend itself in watching others move and in reading of travels, adventures, etc., instead of actually experiencing them. Unless the soft-handed person acquire the habit of putting his shoulder to the wheel, his life will be a most unsuccessful one, its best hours having been slept and dreamed away. Of tenderness this type of hand is capable, but true and lasting affection is with it a rare virtue.

Energy, endurance, and great activity are characteristics of people with hard hands. Abrupt in speech and never demonstrative, they are, nevertheless, capable of sincere and ardent affection. To this class belong those who are "faithful unto death."

The hand that forms the happy medium between the extremely soft and extremely hard is firm and supple. The possessor of such a hand will have an active mind and be well provided with common sense; he will have the quality of combativeness to a degree that will enable him to triumph over adverse circumstances, and will love—with heart and head combined—tenderly and truly. Indicating alertness, adaptability, and concentration, this is the hand of him who, by his own efforts, makes of life a success.

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IF we cannot find God in your house and mine, upon the roadside or the margin of the sea, in the bursting seed or opening flower, in the day duty and the night musing, I do not think we should discern him any more on the grass of Eden or beneath the moonlight of Gethsemane.—*James Martineau.*

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LET us make the best of our friends while we have them. He that has lost a friend has more cause of joy, that he once had him, than of grief that he is taken away. That which is past we are sure of. It is impossible to make it not to have been.—*Seneca.*

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ALL virtue and all goodness are workmen upon that invisible temple which every man is. It shall be a temple built in the darkness to reveal light, built in sorrow to produce joy which shall never die.—*H. W. Beecher.*

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I CAN never be alone in the world, for the world itself is the presence of God to my mind and heart. Wherever I turn my feet, wherever I turn my thought, I encounter the besetting God.—*F. H. Hedge.*

## THE GOSPEL OF LOVE.

BY EMILY WRIGHT HOOD.

Life may be likened to a sheet of white paper, on which we are to make a record of thought, word, and deed. Shall we make a good, clear record that will bear inspection, or a blotched and soiled record, full of stain and uncleanness? It matters not what our past has been, we must suffer for the evil of it; we must reap remorse if we have sown dishonor—but we can henceforth avoid error, and go on recording only the good: thus insuring the future fair.

Science and religion have been at odds long enough. They have finally become reconciled, and in their union we have the grandest system of ethics the world has ever known. Mind, always the great middleman betwixt the spiritual and the material, is to play a still more important rôle in the great drama of existence—the shaping of our lives through a *science* of thought.

There is much in the New Thought that was inculcated in the old thought, but, whereas we were once given to glittering generalities, we now undertake to go into a detail so minute that unthinking minds refuse to accept our diagnoses and prognostications as to certain causes and effects. By “unthinking minds” we mean minds that think at random on the so-called mysteries of life, preferring to attribute the manifest manipulation of affairs—their own and other people’s—to Providence: that general term for what is now conceded to be Universal Law, with immortal souls as its sole manipulators.

It has always been known, of course, that Mind was a mighty factor in the infinite equation, and *concentration* has been the watchword of every successful man, for without it force is dissipated; yet how many have failed to believe that the

germ of success lay within them—its unfoldment subject to the same great law that governed the other, but retarded by the lack of motor power (Will) to put it in operation! How few children are taught to conserve the force that works in and through them, and is consequently wasted on utter trivialities! The rudiments of religion, so called, are taught to children; but for the most part their instruction partakes of theology and its concepts, which, after weighing heavily upon the conscience of mankind for many centuries,—in the belief that we are but distorted images of our Creator, with sin and the devil more than likely finally to triumph in their eternal battle against the hosts of Heaven,—have now been weighed in the balance and found sadly wanting. Who can dispute that the theologies of the past have fathered the very atheists and infidels they have spurned with such deadly hate? They are illegitimate children, perhaps,—unloved and unwelcomed as such always are, but children, nevertheless, with hearts and souls and minds of a caliber, it may be, to comprehend life's meaning better than their persecutors.

Physical stature is reckoned by its length and breadth and thickness. Mental and spiritual stature must be likewise reckoned: not by the narrow groove of the bigot's creed; not by a stigmatic side-glance at that Truth which is universal, and cannot be measured by the limited vision of one plane of consciousness, but by the broader view that comes within our range of vision when we have lived on the heights long enough to be established there, with no shadow of turning to the depths again.

There are higher intelligences manifesting on this terrestrial ball, whose knowledge far exceeds that of the ordinary mortal, asleep on the physical plane yet thinking himself wide awake; but it is hard to tell where to look for these higher minds. Like the adepts they are, they are not telling what they know to the multitude, who "having eyes, see not, and ears, yet hear not." It is easier for the born psychic to see beyond

the physical plane; yet the psychic realm is open to all, if all would but aspire to its knowledge. There are so many grades of intelligence, however, that it is well the unfoldment of our powers is restricted by law, lest a little learning prove dangerous. Hence the declaration, "Thou hast revealed thyself unto babes," and the injunction, "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." The one condition exacts the other. Until man has cast out of his nature all the devils, or evils, great and small, it is not safe for him to be intrusted with godlike power. Many people in good standing as Christians— theological Christians they might be called, since they have reduced Christianity to a mere matter of form and belief—continually transgress the law in what are termed "little things." They would be surprised to know that it is the *great* Law that is bound up in the little things of every-day life—the Law of Love.

Affairs do not go to suit us. We are fretted and provoked, and we blame others. Behind B's back, we are continually telling C how B acted in certain more or less important transactions. We expect the sympathy of C, whom we have interested in our version of the occurrence, and—in polite society—we usually get it. This is seeing the evil when we should take cognizance of only the good, and it reflects the shadow of evil upon B, who probably has a similar grievance against us, if he is as lacking in practical Christianity as we are. We should discuss books and Nature more, and our neighbors less. The study of the various human types is interesting and instructive, and it is all right to generalize; but to furnish concrete examples at the expense of love and fellowship is detrimental to soul growth. The peculiarities of personality are too painfully evident to most people. We must learn to penetrate below the surface to the depths of Being, where God reigns supreme—where the Eternal Good ever waits to be brought to the threshold of consciousness. It is the privilege of those who have evolved to the realization of Eternal Goodness to

recognize *this only* in those who have not, thus raising them to the conscious plane, whence they, in turn, may influence others. Christ's injunction, "Feed my lambs," referred to spiritual food no less—but probably more—than to material food.

God is Love, and Love is the fulfilling of the Law. This is the whole thing in a nutshell. God in us is our love nature. We cannot love too much. The more we love, the more of the living God there is in us. We should love all mankind, seeing in these human forms an approach to the Divine—souls in their upward march to glorious freedom on higher planes. We should love the animals, for they are spirits too, and are responsive to kindly treatment. They are our brothers of the wilderness, and are part of the Universal Intelligence. Who knows but they are advancing to human estate by some unseen working of the same law to which we owe our evolution?

We are told to "preach the gospel to every living creature." We are to preach the gospel of love to everything that breathes. This includes that part of the Great Breath known as the Universal Consciousness. We must love the trees and flowers. And it will pay us to love the so-called inanimate things too. Even a machine will give better service if you love it.

The Great Spirit is everywhere. It pervades all things. Matter is an outer crust, a crystallization of Mind. The trees and solids of which our earthly furniture is made were once full of sap, which is life. They came out of the invisible by a process of growth, and we utilized them. They will disintegrate again, and be worked up into other forms by the permeating Spirit—the resistless Energy of the universe that is constantly changing all things. Perpetual motion is the riddle of the universe. It is eternal vibration. Different rates of vibration give us different planes of consciousness. On the physical plane one rate gives us sight, another hearing, etc. We are as gods, knowing good and evil. If we choose and abide by the good, ignoring the evil, we set in operation a law that gives us a higher and finer rate of vibration, which will

in time open up our inner and still greater powers of clairvoyance and clairaudience, bringing us still nearer to the Holy of Holies—the Divinity at the center of our being. The undesirable qualities of our nature—the anger, hatred, envy, malice, and all selfishness—are like so many dense wrappings that keep us from manifesting or expressing our higher natures: our real selves. They are the tares; the chaff that is being burned up by the unquenchable fire; the rate of vibration that gives pain and misery.

The religion of the future will owe a great debt to science. Those faithful plodders, the scientists, have delved into the mysteries of life and given us golden grains of knowledge. Theologians have not dared to delve, but have thought to do their duty by standing in their pulpits, doling out the terrors of ancient interpretations and denouncing any deviation from their particular version—thus breaking the very law of love they are supposed to preach; for intolerant prejudice and hatred are near relatives, and hatred is no part of God. Will they not awake to find that their supposed mortgage on Truth is covered by a prior lien in favor of Infinity itself, which stretches far beyond their narrow ken? If heretics were treated to capital punishment now as in the olden time, the world's population would soon be depleted. It would more likely be a question to be settled by a "religious war," if so absurdly impossible a combination of words is allowable in the modern acceptance of the meaning of *religion*.

The hosts that in such an event would be pitted against their persecutors on the physical plane have called into their service the invincible weapons of mental and spiritual Truth, and the revolution will doubtless be brought about silently and without senseless slaughter: for they have put on the armor of light; they have found the Christ within; they are lifted up, and will draw all men unto them.



Do not pray for crutches, but for wings.—*Phillips Brooks*.



## THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

BY W. S. WHITACRE.

Whate'er the hand of man hath wrought  
In this material world  
At first existed in his thought  
Before it was unfurled  
To meet the outer vision. First  
A thought, and then a plan,  
Then by degrees—by thought coerced—  
Comes forth each work of Man.

The thought builds castles in the air  
All finished and complete,  
Then supervises each with care  
While mind and matter meet.  
The thought directs the skilful hand  
To grasp the instrument  
With which to fashion what is planned,  
Fulfilling each intent.

The world of thought is greater far  
Than this material sphere,  
Embracing distant sun and star  
Within its realm—the peer  
Of all creations here below  
That mortal man hath wrought:  
Transcendent is the fiery glow  
Of Man's immortal thought.

Immortal? Yes, our thoughts are part  
Of God's eternal scheme,  
That into life and being start  
Whene'er the Mind Supreme  
Creates and launches forth a soul  
Upon life's surging sea.  
Our thoughts with His will onward roll  
Through all eternity.

## HINDRANCES TO WORLD-BETTERMENT.

### VI. THE LACK OF A WORKING PRINCIPLE.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

Marcus Antoninus said something like this: As a physician, or artisan, has his implements ready for sudden needs, so dost thou have principles for instant reference in any question of procedure.

Truly, a saving of discussion! For Principle is Law. There is no appeal. In our common human activities, as architecture, railroading, bridge-building, we have the law of gravitation. Think what disastrous conditions, what endless labors at betterment, would come of departures from this law!

Christendom's declared law for daily life is the Decalogue, supplemented by the Golden Rule—which really includes the Commandments. It is in one respect unfortunate that a standard which if lived up to would save the need of our multiplied labors in the way of world-betterment should have become so specially identified with religion, using the term in its common acceptation. For in Christendom, more even than elsewhere, religion has been regarded chiefly as a future concern—and still is, to a large degree. Thus for the sinner there was always time *ahead* in which to become "religious." A person could sin and repent, sin and reform, sin and "confess," and even at the last moment of a long existence escape the future penalty of any amount and any degree of sinfulness.

"Life is the time which God has given  
To 'scape from Hell and flee to Heaven;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return."

—the much quoted “thief on the cross” serving as encouragement to delay.

The aim of this present writing is to show that the Golden Rule of Human Brotherhood, Decalogue included, is not something imposed on humanity from outside, but is a necessity of humanity—absolute Law, our departures from which have brought and are bringing penalties in the shape of those very conditions so many are striving to remedy.

If a small colony of people were to establish themselves on some uninhabited island, never having heard of a Bible, God, or religion, their collective prosperity would absolutely compel an agreement not to injure one another, not to speak falsely to one another, and not to take wrongfully from one another. This agreement would be their law, or standard of reference. Furthermore, it would be for the best interests of all that the desirable capacities of each one be developed by culture; *each one*, bear in mind, none being favored above others. The constructive and productive abilities could by no means be spared, and the methods of securing the largest gain from these would demand the utmost development of mind power, wherever existing. Also, conformity to their accepted standard would require that the moral forces inherent in each individual—and constituting the very treasure-house of the colony—be brought into full activity. Truly, a treasure-house, and, we may say, a natural one; for the moral forces are just as *natural* as any we have applied in our industries or in the overcoming of distance, and, like those, when once recognized as motor powers and applied as such, will act of themselves.

Can we *teach* electricity, or heat, how to act? No more can we teach love, honor, justice, kindness, beneficence—all that is included in the Golden Rule of Human Brotherhood, that great moral law of *oneness* which, as Emerson declares, “lies at the heart of Nature and radiates to the circumference, . . . and so penetrates the bone and marrow of Nature as to seem the end for which it is created. The great day of the

feast of life is when our eyes are opened to the unity of things, to the omnipresence of *Law*. Let us build altars to the blessed Unity—the *Beautiful Necessity*.”

Our religion has different interpretations, and our morality adjustable standards; sentiment is ridiculed, but law is held in respect. It implies penalty. Now, it is plain that when a profound thinker like Emerson—devoted apostle of humanity—dwells so continually on Nature’s works and ways, it is not chiefly on Nature’s account; not to store up her facts in assorted packages, nor even because of her beauties and uses: but on humanity’s account. For humanity, as a part of the universe, *must* come under the laws of the universe; and these laws, blurred by the confusedness of our human world, show plainly in Nature, where we see Life acting directly from the one Source back of all manifestation.

The great creative Plan, as thus surely revealed, works everywhere by united effort—a concert of purpose. In combinations—as air and water—each composite part, by its own completeness as such, goes to make the Whole. This same law is shown still more plainly by the scheme of vegetation. In a tree, the roots, getting water for themselves, give strength to trunk and branches, thereby helping them to put forth leaves, which, thus aided, are enabled to perform their service for both general and individual prosperity. The blossoms being duly nurtured can preserve the fruit, which by this general coöperation is helped to protect the seeds, and these, perfected as such, insure the continuance of life for a succeeding form of growth.

Thus, from the humblest little plant to the century-living giant of the forest, we see how the prosperity of a whole *depends* on that of each separate activity, and the prosperity of each *makes* that of the whole, as a whole and as several, every individual part doing as it would be done by; not in order to be good, or in obedience to arbitrary command, but from necessity. For should undue self-appropriation cause lack to others, that lack would react upon self and bring damage upon

all. To whatever extent the branches, for instance, could deprive the leaves of needful light, heat, moisture, chemical forces, just to that extent would the leaves fail in their needful service, the branches suffering with the rest. Thus would ensue general disaster, whereby, if continuous, the whole tree would pass into the stage of decay.

Mutualness, then, or coöperation, is the great creative Plan, as shown in planetary systems and all the way to the humblest flower of the field and the insect of a day. The lesson for humanity is plain, for the human world, being included in that Plan, cannot escape its requirements.

The reason why Nature and our world of Humanity are under one and the same law, or necessity, is furnished by science and by religion (in name two, but in reality the same), both declaring that the Infinite Life back of all manifested life is one, though spoken of under different names—as Divine Being, Father, Cause, Original, Origin, Source, Infinite and Eternal Energy, the One Force back of all others, Force of forces, the Self of all selves, Oneness, etc. This unity of Life is everywhere revealed. Its outward emblem is the circle. The earth is a globe. The planets circle around centers. The eye is a circle. The beautiful is in curves, not angles. In the human world any touch of human nature makes the whole world kin. Love, joy, grief, pity, sympathy (feeling *with*) are the same, whether in mansion or hovel; and with us all the grand idea, the witticism, the pathetic or the laughable incident must swiftly be told. How quickly comes even the little child to tell his woes, or his delights!

In pictures we must find unity. In music, unless all notes finally become one in the common chord, the listener is left in distress. One note alone could hardly be called music. Nor in a world of beauty could one person alone enjoy that beauty. To solitary Crusoe the grandest effects of sky or landscape, the most ravishing display of bloom, were but small delight since there could be none to whom he might say, "How grand! How

beautiful!" Indeed, it would seem that all by himself he could not even be good—or sing!

Everywhere in vegetation the growth is by circling around centers. All fruit and vegetables have roundness. Branches grow around the trunk, and flower-petals around the disk. Thus all the activities are integrating, building together—each serving the common end, which is *accomplishment*. It is only by having this rule to go by,—this golden rule of oneness,—and strictly obeying it, that Nature accomplishes her wondrous show of forestry, verdure, bloom, fruitage—all in orderly array. Try to imagine the confusion, the total wreck, were the rule set aside!

To return to our island colony illustration, it was said that disloyalty to the members' agreement, or standard of reference,—which was in reality the law of oneness,—would bring disaster. But, please note, no disobedience acknowledged as blameworthy and censured as such could compare in danger with what would come of allowing freedom from its requirements while still holding it as a standard, thus virtually making it right to do wrong. The same is true of ourselves as a part of Christendom. By accepting this classification we accept what the term implies—the dominion of Christ, whose teachings, as we proudly claim, enforce beyond all others peace, love, justice, truth: making our self-acquirements serviceable according as needed, and doing as we would be done by. This standard we call ours, and so proclaim it.

As a people we are made up of three great controlling departments: Politics, Business, Religion—all held in respect, and the last in reverence. Of these, the first declares itself too corrupt to obey the accepted standard—advising that plans for the common good be "kept out of politics." The second departs from it by calling certain disreputable acts "simply business transactions—not dishonest according to the prevailing rules of commercial morality; . . . he acted as the great mass of his countrymen would have felt justified in acting,"

"setting ethics aside;" that is to say, setting aside what is right, certain acts "were justifiable." But the time of all others to hang out the danger signal is when our accepted standard is set aside by the department having it in special charge—the department of Religion; since to the Christian Church do we look, and rightfully, for uncompromising insistence. Its long period of pulpit and Sunday-school teachings, the wording of its hymns, the chanting of its choirs, the pealing of its organs, the years of theological preparation, the life-consecration, the unstinted wealth-offerings—all these have been to magnify and glorify Him whose birth heralded the coming of peace on earth, good will, forgiveness, human brotherhood, and whose teachings conformed to such heralding.

But after long familiarity with all this we stand bewildered—like Alice in Wonderland—as we find "the pulpit almost a unit for war," pious church-folk the same, and, stranger than all, a venerated archbishop (Dean Farrar) working up in a *North American Review* essay an elaborate defense of war in general, on the ground that "the Old Testament rings with the clash of conflict," and that "Jesus Christ did not actually forbid war." As if it had not always been claimed for Christianity that it abrogated the law of violence! The whole article is an enthusiastic glorification of War, which he declares to be "in no way at conflict with the obligations by which every true Christian is eternally bound." No appeal from a barbaric warrior could more surely arouse the combative instincts than these utterances of a distinguished standard-bearer of the gospel of peace and good will—an accredited representative of Christ: quite unlike the consistent Quaker who, when witnessing acts requiring forceful interference, threw off his coat, saying, "Lie there, Quaker, while I attend to this matter!"

Now, working up through the ranks of thieves and burglars, who make sin despicable; thence to the politicians and business men who, while avowedly doing wrong, retain their respectability, thus making sin respectable; thence to the

Christian Church, which so interprets the Christ standard as to make it sanction war (declared to include every known wrong), thus making sin religious: which of these would be the least dangerous to a Christian civilization? Truly, that considered the most dangerous; for thieves and burglars only commit offenses against our accepted standard, while the others reject the standard itself, thus dishonoring it. And from this rejection, this disobedience to law, comes penalty in the shape of the disastrous conditions, to remedy which, as has been well said, "our philanthropists give, our educators toil, our statesmen build, our thinkers lead, our socialists dream."

Among the hindrances in their way, none are more obstructive than the lack of a standard to be used as reference in all manner of procedure: a moral law—departures therefrom not to be called another kind of morality, as commercial morality, or political morality, but *immorality*. And this standard can be no other than that of the great creative Plan, or Universal Law of Life, as seen working throughout Nature.

Let us next inquire by what methods such Law shall be made practical in human affairs. For *naming* these "hindrances" profits little unless ways of removal can be shown. And for this the pages of MIND are the fittest place, since in reality these obstacles to "world-betterment" exist primarily in mind, and mind must plan their overcoming—which will also come through mind.



TRUE poetry is truer than science, because it is synthetic, and seizes at once what the combination of all the sciences is able, at most, to attain as a final result. The soul of Nature is divined by the poet. The man of science only serves to accumulate materials for its demonstration.—*Amiel's Journal*.



FROM the moment when a man desires to find the truth on one side rather than another, it is all over with him as a philosopher.—*Harriet Martineau*.



## SPIRITUALISM AND THEOSOPHY.

BY MAY STRANATHAN.

"How is it with the child? 'Tis well;  
Nor would I any miracle  
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,  
Or plague his painless countenance;  
I would not any seer might place  
His staff on my immortal's face,  
Or, lip to lip and eye to eye,  
Charm back his pale mortality.  
No, Shunammite! I would not break  
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake."

—*John Williamson Palmer.*

My attention was first called to Spiritualism and Theosophy by reading N. H. Pember's "Earth's Earliest Ages," in which the phenomena of these phases of investigation are attributed to demons—disembodied and seeking habitation in human forms. This belief is also held in part by Spiritualists, some being opposed to the development of "mediumship" as giving opportunity for obsession by evil spirits, while others assert that our own good or evil qualities attract spirits of like qualities and that we need fear the approach of no spirit worse than ourselves.

To Spiritualists the Bible teems with proofs of their belief—from the guests of Abraham to the resurrection of Jesus, whom they call the greatest medium that ever lived. If Spiritualists are not possessed of spirits they are possessed of the belief that they are, and the possession is as real one way as the other, as the pain in an amputated limb is as real as any other pain although the limb is not.

The most interesting Spiritualist I have seen is Mrs. Richmond. The story of her life tells how when a child of twelve years, sitting in the garden studying, the spirit of a departed

relative took possession of her and wrote a slate message to her mother. Next, a deceased German doctor performed wondrous cures through her. Then an Indian maiden, Ouina, came in for a turn at occupying Mrs. Richmond's body, and later various other "guides," until she seems now to have very little time in which to be herself—hardly enough to make it worth while for her to have any individuality at all. While under control of these "guides," Mrs. Richmond gives eloquent addresses and teaches psychosophy, psychopathy, psychomancy, psychology—in fact the whole plan of the Universe. It seems a strange parsimony of Nature that only one body should have been provided for so many personalities longing to return for the instruction of mankind.

But what a disappointment are these beings from the life beyond! They do not fill our expectations, either as saints or demons. They seem too human to be either. As demons they assume a virtue if they have it not—so uninterruptedly as to shame us in suspecting them of evil intent; while, as angels, those who were greatest here have lost somewhat of inspiration there. Of the great majority we are forced to the conclusion that in the spirit world as well as here persons can mistake their calling. Nor can we down the suspicion that mortals who have failed, while in the flesh, to gain a hearing as preachers, seers, or poets, are now using the novelty of spirit return to win the attention of mankind.

The Indian maiden leads the medium through the splendors of her mystic spirit home, but it tires us by its opulence, as do the palaces and grottoes built by men, and we long for the homely meadows and woods of Mother Nature, who never over-embellishes. No rococo work tires us in the fields.

Despite the overwhelming proof of the return of the dead that Spiritualists claim, most of us do not believe. It is in the normal nature of mankind not to believe even if one should rise from the dead and tell us everything whatsoever we did. If we are "such stuff as dreams are made on," then are these

things but the shadow of a dream. We are like *Hamlet*, when, brooding on the story of the ghost, he speaks of the bourne whence no traveler returns. Nor can I see how any mortal can wish it otherwise. Death leaves us with a feeling of tranquillity. In entirely rational moments the soul recognizes these limitations, as of its nature. "We must pick no locks," says Emerson. "God still keeps golden silence," sings James Whitcomb Riley.

Only a mind diseased could turn for comfort to the grotesque appearances that speak by trumpets, slates, and table-rappings. We cannot believe that putting off mortality could make the departed thus lose all sense of the eternal fitness of things. For all we have learned from spirits, the end has not justified the means. Rather would we have them so enamored of their new life as to give never a backward glance.

Spiritualism deals with the communications and manifestations of returning spirits—Theosophy mainly with knowledge gained by mortals who have been able to separate the soul from the body, and, while the latter is in a state of trance, transport themselves to another plane of being. Theosophists hold that humanity is of a threefold nature,—body, soul, and spirit,—and quote St. Paul as understanding this division.

The soul is the spiritual body; the spirit is what we are accustomed to call the soul. The ability to enter the "astral plane" is in all persons natural—a sixth sense latent in most, but capable of development by rigid and patient observance of certain rules of living. Clairvoyants, adepts, or Yogi can see the soul or spiritual body detach itself from the physical body at the death of the latter—to them appearing as a fluid body issuing from the side of the physical. This is the material of which ghosts are made, and finally the entity casts off this also and enters the domain of pure spirit.

I lately heard Mr. Leadbeater, an English Theosophist, speak on "After-death States." He told what he and others who had given years to the investigation of the possibilities of

adeptship had seen on the astral plane. He reported nothing startling—only a continuation of life under natural laws, such as we would expect to follow existence here, or rather on the physical plane; for he said the astral plane was not removed from us in space but lay all around us, and that dwellers there were conscious of our presence and that undue grief for the departed distressed them. The change of death he likened to the laying off of a man's overcoat—only the discarding of the body of flesh. These things, he said, were no longer matters of opinion but scientific facts, demonstrated by the investigations of the Society for Psychical Research. Longer to deny the reality of the astral plane forces us to deny the reality of all phenomena.

This defines the rightful domain of Theosophy and Spiritualism. Here perhaps they may yet add a sequel to the conclusion of Darwin, working at the other end of the line: "I see no evidence of a future life." But this is the limit of the usefulness of either field of speculation. "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther;" and coming thus far they may serve to allay the fears and doubts of mankind. But when either pretend to teach *spiritual* truths they become grotesque. The moment they make claims as religious *authority* their absurdity becomes manifest. With the realm of morals they have nothing to do.

Phenomena are phenomena, whether solid or fluid, whether seen with the eye or some other organ of sight; and the astral plane is no step nearer the spiritual than is the physical plane. It teaches us nothing of the Reality that sees through the eye, or without the eye. The lower cannot explain the higher, but must be explained by it, of which it is only the symbol and not the proof.

Professor Le Conte says that, if it were possible to lay back the brain cap and view the brain of a man in active work, we would get no conception therefrom of the man's mind—the self, the individual, the real man as he knows himself. Only

from *within* is that possible. In the same way, he says, we see the phenomena of Nature, but from these we cannot see the power behind them. Only our own real Self can see that.

When persons assume that spirits from another state of existence come back with credentials from the Lord to teach us spiritual truths, we can only judge them by their works, whether they be called angels or devils. They will pass for what they are. Even if Satan himself should appear, all his former ill repute would not avail to discredit his message had he truth to tell us—though men *might* say he did good that evil might come. So all the divine inspiration of the saint will not help him to impose a single folly upon the soul.

There is only one thing that can make valid any claim on our attention—the one claim that is always recognized: Truth. None yet have come, by way of mediums and trumpets, for whom we should turn from the poets and prophets who have, while yet in the flesh, ravished our ears with delight and filled our hearts with the beauty of holiness. This is a bastard knowledge of truth. They have hitched their star to a wagon and are dragging it through the mire of astrology, trances, alchemy, dreams, and palmistry.

But we need not descend to such schoolmasters as these to learn what Fate has in store for us. I lately heard a preacher say that the works of Nature are the hieroglyphics of God, and science is their interpreter. These things are the footprints of the soul. Are not faces plainer than hands? Do we not know a few chosen ones for whom no marriage can be unhappy, or no business disaster a failure? Shall we turn from the realities of existence and go back to the picture-books of infancy?

I know a man that is good, patient, kind, and willing to serve in this world in the hope of being permitted to reign in the millennial season—not reign in the actuality with which noble souls put all things under them, but with the tiresome trappings of worldly pomp. He is doing the greater to obtain the less,

looking forward to things that are behind. So, it seems to me, do Spiritualists and Theosophists substitute the less for the greater and think thus to force the hand of the Almighty. Carlyle tells of Mahomet that, when his disciples clamored for a miracle, he pointed to the earth and heavens as one vast miracle made out of nothing. "A shadow hung by God on the bosom of the void infinite—nothing more."

The preposterous thing is that an enlightened soul should yield its own possibilities willingly even to the guidance of angels, to say nothing of departed doctors, Indian maidens, and Thibetan adepts. I like better the answer of Moses when the Lord proposed to substitute an angel for his own promised presence: "If thou go not with us we will not go up."

There is but one claim to surrender that can have weight—that possession which pronounces one personality the more with the abandonment of every personal consideration. But, alas! men tell us they are taught by the Holy Spirit things that leave us no choice but to lose our respect for the Almighty or our faith in the sanity of our neighbors. They recall the Scotchman's explanation of literal inspiration—that the Lord had the inspired writers hypnotized. Men tell us they have attained the fourth dimension of man, the sixth sense, the master mind; and that they (or some one else) have received from God revelations concerning the whole plan of the Universe—yet the soul is ever a gentle interrogation point. By instinct the soul knows its own, but in these Divine systems we cannot keep down the suspicion that it is the personality that is leading the Spirit, and that God is created continually in the image of man. "The universe grows I."

This same blunder we are always making—that signs and wonders, even resurrections from the dead, have any force in the moral world. The great "I ought" transcends all phenomena. It bows to nothing. The sight of the eye fades before the affirmation of the soul. "Shall not the Judge of all the

earth do *right?*" persuaded that lofty pioneer in the land of Canaan.

Men have surrounded the moral sentiment with glowing splendors of material sentiment and hope, which serve us for a season; but they fade away and *it* rises cold and pure, unchangeable in its own heaven, at once the hope and the despair of mankind.

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WE do not think now as we did half a century ago. We see God and Christ and the Holy Ghost in a different light. I must confess that I see God differently than I did in my young years. I thought of Him as a personal being in some distant part of the universe. Now I think of Him as a power within us, and I am pressed beyond measure with the all-pervading beauty and glory of Love as a means of transforming humanity. We see that it is Love that accomplishes God's work in man.—*Bishop Andrews.*

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WHOEVER can so look into my heart as to tell whether there is anything which I revere, and, if there be, what thing it is, he may read me through and through; and there is no darkness wherein I may hide myself. This is the master-key to the whole moral nature, "What does a man secretly admire and worship?" —*James Martineau.*

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It is through the God in man, in the throbbing heart of humanity, the warm, loving, sympathetic soul that realizes its kinship to the lowly and suffering, that relief and solace must come, if at all. It is only when prayers are crystallized into deeds that they become true prayers. "If you love me, feed my lambs." —*R. T. Watson.*

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A STAR does not talk, but its calm, steady beam shines down continually out of the sky, and is a benediction to many. Be like a star in your peaceful shining, and many will thank God for your life.—*J. R. Miller.*

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CHARACTER is best where no hands but Nature's have been laid on it.—*Emerson.*

## A STUDY OF SYMBOLOGY.

BY MIRIAM ISBEL.

It is only during the last few years that investigation has been encouraged to any extent along the lines of abstract truth. That which was learned in childhood was taught in turn to the next generation. Fathers and mothers were willing to answer a multitude of "whys" provided they related only to the visible universe—to the symbols; but if they approached the Holy of Holies, so much mystery was created that the soul recoiled, not knowing that its desire for knowledge was the prophecy of the fulfilment of the promise that man should have dominion over all things.

Drummond was one of the first who succeeded in approaching the public with the idea that spiritual life could be understood by the study of natural law, but his theological education and habits of thought at times conflicted with the argument, and his conclusions are not always worthy of his logic. That spiritual law and natural law are one he has clearly shown; that there is One Power everywhere present and all-powerful is the teaching of the Bible; and that there is one truth, one substance, and one law was recognized by the word *Universe*.

We find a strong analogy between our desires reaching toward the abstract and the infant coming in touch with the visible. The first demand of the babe is for that which will sustain life—the universal blessings of air, food, and sleep. The first demand of the soul is for an atmosphere of true thought, food of realization, and sleep or rest of satisfaction. Later, as the mind of the child becomes more closely related to the body, the desires grow more heterogeneous; the hands reach for those objects which are more limited and clutch one thing after another—owning all things, but retaining few.



These desires, followed by gratification or want of gratification, are the infant's education. So soon as the true self is born to man's consciousness comes the education through desire—and we measure soul growth through the quality of its desires.

Following closely the path of the physical, we find here the relation between symbols and reality. The visible universe caters to man's desires on the plane of materiality, and the medium of exchange is money. The unseen universe caters to man's desires on the plane of spirituality, and the medium of exchange is love. An art critic, searching among the musty canvases of a second-hand store, comes to a picture of no apparent value; it may be incrustated with dirt, its once beautiful colors blurred, or another picture painted by some amateur may cover the masterpiece. Still, the critic, having hope that his judgment is good, pays the price and goes to the studio again to bring the idea of the great master into manifestation. In the same way does the student of truth go through the world seeking always the good. When he meets a man, the divine image of perfection—so ignorant of his spiritual heredity that he has to all appearance blotted out the likeness and recreated himself into an image the very antithesis—he knows the created image is not destroyed but hidden; so he gives his love, and by the attractive power of that loving recognition calls forth the perfect man. This love is not the personal love that loses itself in self-gratification. There was nothing in the subject to call forth such a sentiment. It is the love that forgets self; that asks no return and considers no effort too great again to bring that masterpiece of the Infinite into visibility.

Man's body becomes strong by wise selection of food, good digestion, and proper assimilation. His real strength, however, comes from a realization of truth and its effectiveness to correct all seeming inharmonies. All knowledge comes through Wisdom. In fact, Wisdom is the omni-principle back of all created manifestation. By applying this principle

to the physical plane of living, we select such diet as we think best calculated to build the body; we exercise each organ so that food and blood will bear the proper relation to each other and replace the waste particles of the body. This is the symbol of the growth of soul consciousness. The same omni-wisdom teaches us that truth is a builder; that thoughts that do not nourish growth are error thoughts, and must be replaced by true ones; that these truths must not only be taken into the mind, but must be so *realized* that they become a factor in our mental circulation and outpicture themselves in our lives.

We find a later development in the life of a child, in which he is taught the value of symbols. The time comes when he receives blocks on which the twenty-six letters of the alphabet are printed in large type. These letters are easy to learn, but are of no benefit if the education stops when they are committed to memory; they are of no working value to the child so long as his attention is held to the separate characters. It is only as he recognizes their relation to *words* that he makes any progress; and we know that he has to have some degree of realization before he can benefit another with ideas expressed by these letters. For centuries we have played with our blocks and repeated our symbols. It was well; but are we to go no farther? Are we to remain in the A B C age, or shall we give them a working value and possess the power that comes from the truth back of them?

Let us examine a few of our most cherished beliefs and see if we cannot find in them a working value that will put us in touch with the Infinite.

We have believed in the birth of Jesus Christ as an immaculate conception—a most beautiful and poetic thought; but if this is true, and we are satisfied to look no deeper, how will it help us? Rather will this belief so remove the Master from humanity that man will worship him as a God and neglect him as a teacher. We are never helped by one too far removed from our plane of limitation. If we are leaning on the per-

sonal Jesus we have forgotten that he said: "Nevertheless, I tell you the truth. It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you." Let us think of his birth as a symbol of his immaculate conception of truth. He recognized all men as brothers; he taught their at-one-ment with the creative principle. All were joint heirs with him of the omnipresent supply. He declared the good to be all-powerful and the seeming evil man's ignorance of the beneficial laws of the universe and how to live in harmony with them.

We have believed Jesus made certain promises and performed "miracles," but with a deeper insight we see he made *no* promises. He stated only certain laws that always have been and always will be, and connected cause and effect. He made no truth; he only recognized what was true and brought it to notice. What are called miracles resulted from no breaking or suspending of law, but rather from a deeper understanding of the harmony of the universe; and that understanding is to be a part of our education, for the Teacher has said: "The things that I do shall ye do, and greater." To do these things we must leave the realm of symbols and deal with realities. To the degree that we understand the laws governing creation can we put our lives in harmony with the powers they exert, and having done so we are one with that power and ready to help our brother who has not yet reached our plane of realization. We have believed in the life of Jesus, but the value of this belief lies only in its proving that such a life is possible to every son of the Divine Intelligence. It requires only an understanding of man's true at-one-ment with the Infinite; and, while we are not on the same plane of realization, we are making progress and demonstrating to the degree we have realized.

We have believed in the "vicarious atonement," and again Jesus calls our attention to the truth back of the symbol, when he says: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth

nothing. The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." In other words: The giving of flesh and blood is the symbol of my Divine Intelligence, and given to you in words to be your savior. Go to the same Source; draw from the same Intelligence, and be in turn a savior to him who has not yet reached your degree of realization.

Thus may the cross and the resurrection teach us great truths—truths that will cross out error thoughts and sinful actions, and resurrect in man's consciousness the conception that he is in the omnipresent Good and a part of it; that he was made of this Good and by it, and is one in substance with it. Then will he be ready for the ascension—the highest achievement of the soul in its aspiration for truth. This is an ascension—in the finality of effort—to the very heart of Infinite Truth, and an absorption into Omnipotence.



#### BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Great thoughts, like birds that flit across the sky,  
I see with outstretched wings go flying by;  
But thus to see has beauty of its own,  
To wonder at the wealth so swiftly shown!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.



THE business of the scholar is the pursuit of truth. He is to find out and formulate the facts regardless of creeds, teachings of traditions, decrees of councils, or votes of assemblies. If he does less than this, he is a coward and a deserter. If he does more, he is a demagogue and a charlatan.—*President Hyde, of Bowdoin College.*



THAT which we are we shall teach, not voluntarily, but involuntarily. Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened.—*Emerson.*

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### NEW THOUGHT HEADQUARTERS.

THE order of the day is Combination. In business the "trust" is the dominant factor; in politics the tendency is toward the fusion of parties; in religion the demand for church unity is becoming daily more urgent; in science the divisions are growing wider and more comprehensive and the branches fewer and less sharply defined; in society, "clubs" of a thousand members are superseding the numerous little groups or coteries that hitherto have represented the gregarious element of human nature, and it is now the fashion for these larger bodies to become federated into leagues.

With this trend toward associated effort in all walks of life there is a distinct recognition and development of a *center* whence all activity radiates. In journalism, for example, the literary bureau and newspaper syndicate are furnishing much of the best of our intellectual output. As to *general* literature, we find many of the smaller publishing houses and the keepers of book-shops forced out of business by the department stores.

The ethical and sociological bearing of this twentieth-century feature of commercial life it is not our present purpose to discuss; for, wherever there is a movement or an enterprise having a basis other than that of sordid materialism, its operations cannot be limited or affected by the monopolizing efforts of the victims of avarice.

The New Thought movement is now a recognized factor in human progress. Its insistence upon the spiritual nature of man has for its object the education of the race out of its superstition and credulity on the one hand and its materialistic selfishness on the other. Financial gain is not its ruling motive. Commercialism may distinguish some of its individual workers, but it is neither a part of its teaching nor a legitimate aspect of its mission.

Yet there is one feature of its work that calls for the exercise of the prudence, the skill, the foresight, and the economies of successful business procedure—its publication department. Prior to the founding of The Alliance Publishing Company, which has recently been incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, this branch of the movement was represented by a number of small firms and individual publishers throughout the country, while many authors issued and circulated their own books. But the house represented by MIND and *The Arena* has for several years been the largest and most successful one enlisted in the service of the New Thought. Its rapid growth is due in part to its absorption of other firms and periodicals, as it has been found that such concentration of publishing interests and energies proved most effective and economical.

In MIND for March, 1901, it was stated that *Universal Truth* had been merged in this magazine, and since then The Alliance Publishing Company has acquired one other journal and the business interests of Elliott B. Page & Company, book publishers.

Our most recent purchase is the stock of books and good will of the Universal Truth Publishing Company, of Chicago, by which transaction we become the publishers of the following standard works, among many others:

"Practical Healing for Mind and Body."

"The Good Time Coming."

"Between the Lines."

"The Science of Sciences."

"Remedies of the Great Physician."

"Blossoms of Universal Truth."

"Soul Fragrance."

"Fruit from the Tree of Life."

"Simplified Lessons in the Science of Being."

"Sermonettes from Mother Goose for Big Folks."

"Primary Lessons in Christian Living and Healing."

"Nothing Ever Happens."

"Heilbroun; or, Drops from the Fountain of Health."

"How to Heal."

Tentative measures are under way for the acquisition of other enterprises concerned in the publication of both periodicals and

books; but the new establishment of The Alliance Publishing Company is already recognized throughout the world as headquarters for New Thought literature. The constant enlargement of the field increases our facilities for distribution, at the same time necessitating our adoption of the most prompt and accurate methods in the conduct of the business. We are prepared to supply any book in print on the shortest possible notice, and shall be glad at all times to furnish information pertaining to specific aspects of the metaphysical movement in general.

J. E. M.



### THE NEW THOUGHT IN BOSTON.

The influence of the New Thought movement is becoming more and more evident in the intellectual centers of the East. In literature, in the more liberal pulpits, and in the ideals mirrored forth in very many of the best editorial and critical contributions in our leading newspapers, one sees the modifying, changing, and illuminating influence of the newer, broader, and saner thought on the old concepts and ideals. The narrow prejudice that for many years characterized its treatment by the press, and the flip-pant and sneering allusions to its tenets, are giving place to serious and on the whole just criticisms from persons sufficiently familiar with the subject intelligently to consider it.

A very notable contribution of this nature appeared in a recent issue of the Boston *Transcript*, in which Mr. George Willis Cooke discussed the New Thought movement as shadowed forth in the various organizations at work in Boston. In speaking of the movement and its tenets, Mr. Cooke observes:

"These societies and meetings agree in being unsectarian, and in being independent of one another. They are all 'liberal' in the sense of being without a creed, and also in fostering freedom of utterance. They are individualistic to a large degree, and magnify the worth of personal thought and utterance. The members agree not to agree with one another, and each establishes his own creed. It is true of the members, also, that each has some cherished notion of his own, to which he is trying to convert his fellow-worshippers. Reforms of all kinds are advocated in these meetings, but by individuals rather than by societies. . . .

"They believe in and practise 'mental healing.' In this respect, as well as in the acceptance of his idealism, they are followers of Emerson. In many of his lectures Emerson declared that sickness is the result of mental imperfections, a failure to think soundly and to give the mind dominion over the body. No utterance of Mrs. Eddy is more emphatic than some of his as to the cause of bodily ailments. He taught in plainest terms that the cure of disease must be spiritual and not physical. He appears not to have followed up his theories with any system of mental healing. The New Thought people not only believe as he believed, but they practise what he taught. His is the theory, and theirs is the method."

Mr. Cooke finds that the New Thought propaganda "is characterized by a moderation, a soundness of thought, and a degree of common sense not found in other occult movements." He further observes that—

"Apart from the mental healing phase of these movements, they are not greatly different from the more liberal churches. They all agree in their earnest advocacy of idealism in philosophy, and also in a more or less pronounced tendency to mysticism. Perhaps it would be just to say of the New Thought movement that it is its tendency to mysticism that brings it into relations with the occult. The healing phase of these movements, however, is a conspicuous one. They have no meaning without it, and in it they have their life. It is the foremost thought of those who attend these meetings that disease can be cured without medicine and without a physician. The 'miraculous' in the usual definition of the word is not accepted, but it is under natural law that cure is effected. Even the supernatural is rejected, I should say. In fact the position taken is that mind is the creative and controlling force in the universe, and that all bodily conditions are amenable to the dominion of the mind. The New Thought movement, therefore, differs from idealism or transcendentalism only because it maintains that disease of all kinds can be cured by mental activity.

"One of the chief characteristics of this whole movement of which I am writing is its development of a pronounced individualism. In this it differs widely from Christian Science, which has been so largely successful in its organized efforts because it is a form of spiritual despotism. Those who are willing to accept leadership, albeit friendly and sympathetic, have joined the ranks of Mrs. Eddy's rapidly growing religious army; but those who were too individualistic to be dictated to by another have connected themselves with the New Thought movement. It would take a genius for organization greater even than Mrs. Eddy's to bring these New Thought societies into a denomination. The tendency is rather in the direction of division."

Toward the close of his paper the author says:

"This movement also has a most vital gospel for our time in its insistence that we shall live self-poised and trustful, without hurry and without



doubt. What it has to say in this direction has been widely accepted by those of all sects and those who are of no denomination. If they sometimes tend too much to quietism, it is perhaps a needed counterpoise to this distracted and doubting time in which we live."

It is quite evident that the New Thought has taken a deep hold on the intellectual energies of the people when a daily that is the leading representative of Boston culture is willing to devote two and one-half columns to so thoughtful and, on the whole, so just a criticism of the movement. To my mind, however, it is outside of the organizations that represent the movement that the tremendous influence of the New Thought is most perceptible. As Unitarianism permeated, modified, and illumined the theological thought of the last century, the New Thought is revivifying religious thought and in a very real way counteracting the materialism of the market-place and the gross sensuous thought that has been so marked a characteristic of much in latter-day literature.

B. O. FLOWER.

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#### RADIANT MATTER.

The New Thought seems to have witnesses springing up everywhere—often in the most unexpected quarters. We had here in England the other day a very remarkable demonstration of natural phenomena, which seems to point (by means of science and hard fact) to conclusions that have come to many of us by an inner spiritual perception, and have therefore been considered ethical and esoteric.

I write to draw attention to a lecture given in London by Sir William Crookes, the eminent scientist, on February 7th, before the Royal Society for Improving Natural Knowledge, on the occasion of the admission of the new Prince of Wales to the fellowship of the society—and, possibly on that account, widely published by newspapers and read by the "man in the street." Professor Crookes announces a very important discovery—one he has been feeling after for twenty-five years. He says: "We seem at length to have within our grasp, and obedient to our control, the little indivisible particles which, with good warrant, are supposed to constitute the physical basis of the universe."

After making manifest to his audience, by some very beautiful experiments, the presence of a something, potent indeed but almost inconceivably minute, and compared with which the molecule and even the atom itself is large, he declares that this something, which he calls "radiant matter," or "electrons," can pass through metal, can turn vanes like a wind, and can cause many substances to glow with an intense light. He goes on to say: "We have seen that in many of its properties 'radiant matter' is as material as this table, whilst in other properties it assumes the character of '*radiant energy*.'"

Here, then, from the stronghold of physical science we have the announcement that Life is Light; that radiant energy is the foundation of all that lives and moves and has being. This is indeed a step in advance among the so-called naturalists, some of whom have made merry over the idea that matter in all its forms only exists as the outcome of spirit. Is it not this "radiant matter" that we attract and use to bring health and vigor, peace and joy, to ourselves and to those whom we bear in our thoughts when we concentrate them upon the Source of all life? Is it not in fact the basic visible manifestation of God, now intangible and in the form of radiant energy acting as spirit, and again crystallizing into forms absolutely material?

This new link between the creative force of the universe and the material result of that force will surely be a magnet to attract those whose cast of mind and life training fit them to be guided by scientific discovery, rather than by other means, toward a realization of the vitalizing power and the unity of life. They are earnest seekers after truth, only they have to reach it by another route. But "all roads lead to Rome." We are all drawing nearer together as the light pours in through every channel, and it is beautiful to think of hands meeting across the old imaginary chasms of controversy. It is indeed true that we have no battles to fight, no barriers to break down; they vanish before the open minds to be found everywhere. Whether it be among scientists or in the religion of sects, all who are animated by aspirations after truth are losing sight of differences in the growing perception that the form matters little and that the spirit is all.

HILDEGARD HENDERSON.

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

*Conducted by*

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

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FOR THE PARENTS.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"Would you trust the New Thought to overcome inherited traits (some of them really vicious) in a child?"

If you mean to inquire if I would trust wholly to silent right thought and gentle forbearance (which are too often the conception of the New Thought practise), *No!* But if you mean silent right thought, gentle forbearance, *and firm discipline*, *YES!*

The firm discipline is very important. Many a child is ruined (relatively speaking) without it. Viciousness belongs to the animal nature. This means more or less incapacity on the child's part to reason or be reasoned with; consequently, he must be taught as the animals are—through experience. While he should be *loved* into better states, he must also be trained—disciplined through experience—into obedience to moral law. Penalties for deliberate disobedience, the patient pointing out of cause and effect, the setting before him of the ideal of self-conquest, together with all the subtle influences and lessons that love only can instigate, should in time awaken him to not only the desirability but the necessity of outgrowing his faults. The knowledge as well as the incentive by which he can govern himself is then the promise of his salvation from a woful harvest of ill in his years of maturity.

Of course, all that can be done for the child, either in the way of teaching or discipline, is to be done with the love and intelligent consideration that make and empower a good parent or teacher. Parents need to beware lest their affection for their children blind them to the best methods of teaching and governing. This is quite as grave a shortcoming as lack of patience or too great severity. In many cases this parental blindness is the cause and fostering

of many ill traits. In one instance known to the writer a boy, whose fond mother could never refuse him money or sweets or any coveted pleasure, grew up a thief and a liar. Perhaps rigorous discipline would have changed or completely annihilated these immoral tendencies.

So often children govern, instead of being governed by, their parents. A little girl I know can wheedle her unsuspecting mother into any indulgence the child may desire. Such facts only prove the necessity of ideal parenthood.

Concerning heredity, remember this: The Divine heredity will *conquer the human*, provided conditions are made right—provided there is a willingness to work *with* the Divine, and thus redeem and transform the human. To expect good to prevail, when every moment is given to expression of thought or act of evil, were foolish indeed. God requires of us not *merely* acknowledgment of His power, but actual, conscious *use* of it. The recognition and use of Divine power in human conditions, and on every plane of human need, constitute the practical philosophy and working basis of the New Thought.

\* \* \*

"My little son of six has an inordinate love of praise. What shall I do with him?"

Keep him away from people as much as possible. If he has any unusual gift—of singing, speaking pieces, or doing anything that would cause admiration—never let him be exhibited or "shown off" before people. When you hear persons say flattering things to him, after they are gone give him an illustration from Nature that will convey the point. For example, you may tell him about a bird that sings or a rose that blooms without being made vain if admired, or even caring to be seen by anybody. Impress him with the grandeur and beauty of Nature, of which he and all human beings are a part. There are countless ways in which you can awaken his mind to the *impersonality* of Nature. This will be a pregnant hint both to yourself and to him. Gradually wean him from the pleasure of such amusements as will foster his sense of selfish importance, which is bound to crave attention and praise. Appreciation is good at the right time and place, but undue praise is wrong and most valuable when withheld.

"My child is twelve years old and *very* ambitious in her school work. She studies incessantly, in school and out. We cannot seem to stop her. Can I help her by mental treatment?"

If it is the right kind of mental treatment, yes; but it should have in it complete absence of anxiety or fear, and be sweet and strong with harmony and peace. But, besides, it would be better to take the child out of school entirely. She is at an age where she needs the preponderance of life forces in her body rather than her brain. An overwrought nervous system robs the body of vitality.

We are given among other valuable gifts the one called common sense. It is evidently intended to act as a balance-wheel to keep us from going to extremes. There are certain truths formulated by the students of spiritual law, and there are certain truths formulated by students of physical conditions. To find the harmonious relation between spiritual law and physical conditions should be the practical aim and outcome of our study of Life. If we ignore spiritual law we cannot understand nor master physical conditions. If we ignore physical conditions we cannot understand or make use of spiritual law. Now, the truth is, Infinite Intelligence is the originator and perpetuating cause of both spiritual and physical aspects of life; therefore, we can ignore neither, but should find the relation between them. Harmony is heaven's law. Harmony should be earth's law. When it is, we will have holiness, happiness, and health.

Your child is not in the law of harmony, because she is overtaxing one part of her being to the detriment of the whole. Therefore, we would advise taking her out of school, putting her into the country in the midst of wholesome and beautiful environments, indoors and out, and letting her "run wild." If this is not practicable, continue to *put away* your anxieties, and do the next best thing, at the same time teaching her the necessity of moderation, in both mental and physical exercise, and the many ways in which she can help herself. A prominent clergyman of my acquaintance pursued the plan of keeping his six children out of school *entirely* from the age of twelve to sixteen years. They were brighter, healthier, and in every way more advanced at the end of their school life than any of their less fortunate schoolmates, who had

been kept rigorously and almost cruelly at their school tasks. Some were not able, however, to finish, and fell not only out of the ranks but into their graves. The question as to what is most important, and also conditions that are appallingly frequent, is considered in the "Mother Meetings" department of the *Ladies' Home Journal* for February, 1902.

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"Would you advise giving children an allowance?"

Indeed, yes. It is invaluable as a means of teaching them the value of money, the necessary sacrifices in making it go as far as possible, and the thoughtful sharing with others that makes a noble, generous, and beneficent character. Of course, in this as in all other things, a child must have wise and tactful guidance in order to take advantage of his experiences; he must be taught to see the why and wherefore of his lacks and failures in his "debits and credits," and be shown how to use foresight and judgment in his expenditures. This use of money is all a very good practise, and much better, even if his allowance is only five cents a week, than to have *no* allowance.

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"My little girl of ten years has spells of whining and general peevishness. What can I do to break the habit?"

Tell her pleasantly but very plainly that there must be an over-coming; that such a voice cannot be heard in the home; that you will help her, if she wishes, by repeating with her fifty times: "I am bright as a flower and happy as a bird. I want to love everybody, and make everybody happy." This suggests a pleasant picture to her mind, and in nearly every instance you will find, when the fifty times are said, she will be merry as a child can be. If she needs further time let her repeat to herself until she has truly conquered. This is the very best way we know of bringing out the best in children.

With love, time, and the thoughtful consideration that the mother-heart alone can prompt, how grandly can this education of our children be accomplished!

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

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"Robins in the tree-top,  
Blossoms in the grass,  
Green things a-growing  
Everywhere you pass;  
Sudden little breezes,  
Showers of silver dew,  
Black bough and bent twig  
Budding out anew;  
Pine-tree and willow-tree,  
Fringed elm and larch—  
Don't you think that May-time's  
Pleasanter than March?"

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THE MAN AND THE GARDEN.

"Well!" exclaimed little Jessie Murdock, as she returned to the library, after bidding good-by to Bessie Burton and her aunt, "Bessie certainly is a queer girl; and as for that aunt of hers—oh, I know, Mother!" as she caught Mrs. Murdock's reproving glance, "that it's ill-bred to criticize callers, but I just can't help it this time, she is such a——"

"Do you know," interrupted Jessie's grandmother, "those two friends of yours always remind me of a story my mother used to tell me of the man who saw a garden for the first time."

Jessie was only twelve years old, and still loved a story better than almost anything else. So, when her grandmother said that, Jessie's face immediately brightened and she begged to hear all about it.

"Very well," said her grandmother; "I'll tell you the story on condition that you tell me the meaning when I've finished."

Jessie agreed, and her grandmother began:

"There was once a man who had never seen a garden; that is, he had never seen it with *understanding* eyes. He had lived in gardens all his life, but he always looked out on the *surface* of things, and so really failed to see the things themselves. Also, he had a way of criticizing everything he saw; and a habit like

that, you know, produces a sort of blindness and brings on a disease of the tongue that, after a while, makes it impossible for one to say any but unpleasant things, for the tongue gets quite twisted and finally the whole system is affected with a sort of blood-poison. Well, the man I am telling you of was quite ill with this fault-finding disease. When he walked out in the garden that May morning he could see nothing good or beautiful in the skyful of sunshine and earthful of glad green growing things. He said it was because the pictures in his own mind were so high and fine that nothing could equal them. But the truth is that these pictures, or *ideals*, as they are called, are only reflections of things God is keeping for us—just out of sight; and so they can't be any more beautiful or wonderful than the real things themselves, when we prove ourselves worthy to reach them.

"The man began looking about him with a sour face. 'What hard little green apples those are on the trees!' he exclaimed. 'The idea of calling such things *apples* at all! And look at those little twisted-up red-and-white things on the rose-bushes! And as for that tree, what an unsightly knot on the side of it there! As for those birds—well, now, certainly they shouldn't be called *birds*—ugly little unfledged hopping things! I'm sure I don't know why they call this a *garden*. It's little more than a rubbish-heap!' And he turned away to go out of it, with the same old scowl on his face, when all at once the things in the garden began to talk to him. You see, the man had been sent into the garden for the same reason that we come into the world: to learn something. When things are hard and dark and unpleasant it is no use for us to try to run away from them, for we must learn the lesson somewhere, and the only sensible thing for us to do is to 'peg away' at the duties that are before us, until we find out the beautiful meaning and the satisfying answer that lie at the bottom of all duties faithfully performed.

"Well, when the little green apples began to talk to the man, what could he do but listen? 'It is very silly and short-sighted and forgetful of any human being,' they said, 'to find fault with us for being sour. Don't you know it will be months yet before our ripening-time? You are greedy and impatient. If we were sweet from the beginning, very likely we would all be eaten up



before even one of us got to be full grown. Then again, now, while we are little, we are full of the sap that makes fiber and strong shiny skin, and cells for the sweet juice that fills us later. We are sour because we are working so hard for your pleasure by-and-by. You will usually find that sour, unpleasant things are good things in the making—sweet things pulled green.'

" 'And we,' said the rosebuds, 'are waiting for the June sun to pinken our petals and break our tiny cell-boxes of incense. You would miss half our beauty and fragrance if we should open now. Things come to pass in the garden—as everywhere else—just at the right time. You mustn't hurry them, but give all your thought and time to being ready for them when they come to you. You and they will be better for waiting.'

" 'And I,' said the crooked tree, 'live on and on just to prove how brave a broken-hearted tree may be. Other trees can tell you how tall or how broad or how beautiful trees may be; but *I* carry the message of how brave and strong they are. When I was a sapling I was crushed, and half my smooth, straight trunk torn to the ground. "Your life is over," all the grown-up trees said to me. But I wouldn't give up. I put all my strength into making the most of the half of me that was left—and now, though I haven't so many limbs to hold them, all the children say my chestnuts are the biggest and sweetest in the whole garden; and though I am crooked and misshapen I can give more pleasure, perhaps, than some of the straightest trees.'

"Then there came back to the man's mind something he had read long before and straightway forgotten—something in a story written by a woman, who called herself George Eliot, and who knew a great deal about people's hearts and lives because she looked deep into her own. She said in one of her stories that 'it is with men as with trees; when their finest branches are crushed and broken, the wounds will be healed;' but the scars would be left, and we blame or criticize the blemishes not knowing what sorrowful trial made them.

"The man's eyes began to open—also his ears, and his heart. Then the little fledgeling birds came hopping up and told him how they knew they would get into even more trouble if all their wing-feathers should be grown before their muscles were strong

enough to bear them, or they had yet learned how to guide themselves. And their mothers had taught them that things always happen at just the right time in this garden—if only they themselves were on time to make use of them. They told the man that the pin-feathers he thought so ugly were really beautiful and wonderful things, if he would only examine them closely—just as everything is when one really knows all about it. Ugly things, unpleasant things, the things we fear or hate, are always the things we *don't understand*. And when we find fault—criticize unkindly—we only show our own ignorance. The great 'red letter' men of the world are always the most pitiful toward others. It is the small, shallow nature that oftenest sees faults in others."

Jessie was quiet for a while, after her grandmother finished speaking, and then she said:

"I remember, now, hearing that Bessie's aunt gave up all her own opportunities, when she was young, to help educate her little brother who is now Bessie's father—the new professor at the college here. That's enough to excuse many of her peculiarities and mistakes. And Bessie's mother, too, has been an invalid many years. So I don't suppose Bessie has had much care taken of her in ways that other girls, like me, have had."

"Yes," replied her grandmother, "we will always find, if we look long enough, that there are excuses enough for other people, and yet that we ourselves, if we are honest with ourselves, have never made a tenth of the use we might of our opportunities. And what a different place this whole wide world would be if we would only stop wasting our energies over other people, whose characters and affairs are none of our business, and turn all our attention to living up to the best *we* know—which we must learn to do before our life-lesson is over!"

ESTHER HARLAN.

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WE can never enjoy anything unless the enjoyment is *inside* ourselves, ready to come out when called; though, when that is the case, we enjoy almost everything.—*Susan Coolidge*.

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THE sweetest pleasure is in imparting it.—*C. N. Bouve*.

IN MAY-TIME.

The soft west wind is blowing,  
The sky is shining blue,  
Gay dandelions are growing  
In the grass so green and new ;  
And bees the words are humming  
They hear a robin say :  
"The happy spring-time's coming ;  
O children, come and play !"

Then out from every doorway  
Run all the little dears  
To welcome glad and joyous May  
As they have done for years.  
With laughter, shouts, and singing,  
The merry crowd draws near,  
Their voices gaily ringing—  
"O Robin, we are here !"

They gladden all the place with talk  
As, with swift-running feet,  
They roll their marbles on the walk,  
Their hoops upon the street—  
While, buzzing round an apple-tree,  
The bees hear Robin say :  
"How very dull the spring would be  
If the children stayed away !"

LILLA THOMAS ELDER.

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YESTERDAY is yours no longer ; to-morrow may never be yours.  
But *to-day* is yours ; the living present is yours, and in the living  
present you may stretch forward to the things that are before.—  
*J. W. Farrar.*

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GOOD temper is good luck, and sweet words and kind looks  
and peace in the heart are fairest of fortunes.—*Susan Coolidge.*

## BIRDS AND SQUIRRELS.

How many of the little readers of MIND have been making friends with the birds and squirrels this winter? I have spent many happy hours watching them, and have grown to love them more than ever.

Early in the winter we hung two pieces of suet on the tree just back of the house, and as I sat at my desk I had a good view of the birds when they came, day after day, to get their food.

One windy day a downy woodpecker came, and, after satisfying his hunger, settled himself comfortably below the suet, where he would not be disturbed by the wind. There he remained quietly for more than an hour. I think he slept most of the time, for his eyes were closed. All this time he was clinging to the tree by his sharp claws, aided by his strong tail.

By our bedroom window we nailed two boxes—a small salt-box and a larger shallow box—in which we put nuts for the squirrels. Resting one end of a long pole in a crotch of the tree, we fastened the other end to the boxes, making a fine bridge for the squirrels on which to cross.

It was only a few days before two beautiful gray squirrels made us a call, and they have never failed to appear once a day at least, and oftener three or four times.

Last week they came to see us and brought three of their children, which were almost as large as the parents. I think the young ones must have been told about the nuts that were pretty sure to be in the boxes, for they crossed the pole at once as if they knew all about it. If the squirrels came and found the boxes empty, they stood up on their hind legs and peeped through the window, and, failing to attract our attention, they would scratch on the glass.

They would sometimes take the nuts from my hand. One cold day I was holding my hand out with several pecans in it, when the squirrel came and in his haste took hold of the end of my middle finger and tried very hard to carry it off. I pulled my hand away as quickly as I could, for he had a good strong hold with his sharp teeth. It was quite a surprise to both of us, and the squirrel ran to the end of the pole and sat looking at me with his

front paws folded over his palpitating little heart, as much as to say, "Why do you treat me in this strange way?" I did not blame the squirrel at all for his mistake, as the cold had made my fingertips strongly resemble the pecans in color.

On warm days I would place a dish of nuts on a chair, quite near the open window. Although very timid at first, they soon learned that it was perfectly safe to venture in, and after a few calls made themselves quite at home.

I would like to tell you about a gray mother-squirrel that came to my sister's home last winter. She attracted it to the house, at first, by putting nuts in a box outside a chamber window. In a few weeks the squirrel became so tame that it would go all over the house. It was extremely fond of peanuts, and my sister usually kept some of these nuts shelled, so that it might find them all ready when it came to call. The window was left open so that her little friend could come and go as it wished.

One day, while she was at school, the squirrel came, and finding a bag of unshelled peanuts proceeded to prepare them for itself. The nuts were carried, one by one, across the room to a desk, on the edge of which the squirrel sat and ate its dinner. When my sister returned, there was only a lot of peanut shells on the floor to tell her that her friend had called. Often, when the whole family were sitting together, talking, sewing, and laughing, the squirrel would come hopping into the room, visiting each of the laps in turn, looking for its favorite nuts.

One night after dinner I brought the bits of nuts that were left up-stairs, thinking the squirrels might like them. The next day, to my surprise, I noticed that the nuthatches and chickadees were eating the nuts, and from that time I have prepared each day some cracked walnuts and pecans for the birds. They seemed to prefer the nuts to the suet. The juncos also came once in a while for the nuts, but I never saw the woodpeckers touch them. The juncos seemed to like, best of all, the bread-crumbs and mixed bird-seed.

One day I put some pieces of nut in my hand and held it out toward a nuthatch that was crossing the pole. To my great delight the bird came hopping along and took a piece of nut from my hand. Although it was a very cold day, I stood by the win-

dow until a chickadee also ventured to take a bit; and since that time I have often fed them in that way. One little mother chickadee has become so tame that when I go to the window and whistle it will come flying through the trees, and, lighting on my hand, will look up into my face as much as to say: "Here I am. I know you have something good for me in your hand. I know you love little birds." Several times, standing on the piazza, after whistling a few times I have had a chickadee light on my hand. They never stayed to eat the nut, but, flying to a neighboring tree and lighting on a twig, would place one tiny claw over the bit of food and peck away at it in a very earnest fashion. Several times they have flown against the window-pane to tell me that the box was empty, having failed in other ways to attract my attention. One snowy day I was throwing crumbs to the juncos from the kitchen window when a chickadee suddenly lighted on the sill and sang away, as if he would say, "Here is your old friend, the chickadee; don't neglect me for these new friends."

When the weather has not been too severe, I have left my chamber window open, and, placing a box-cover, with bits of nuts in it, on a chair in the middle of the room, the chickadees have flown in and out at their pleasure. Several times they have flown into the study where I sat reading or writing.

During the last two months we have had a box for the birds by the study window. We found that the squirrels were eating more than their share of the nuts; for they not only ate the whole nuts but the cracked ones as well. This box has a slanting roof to keep the snow and rain out. As I sit writing, it is snowing hard, and the birds seem to appreciate the sheltered home with its storehouse of nuts. They are flitting in and out every few minutes.

My nearest neighbor is very fond of birds and animals. I have never known any one who had a greater love for them. One day, while picking up the piece of suet which had fallen from her tree, she noticed several chickadees flying about her. Holding the suet out toward them, she said, "Take some if you want it." To her great surprise and pleasure, one of the birds lighted on her shoulder, another on the suet, and another at her feet. Do you not think these birds recognized a friend?

I trust that some day you will realize the pleasure of having some little feathered friend eat from *your* hand. It will make you feel very big and strong to have those little claws clinging to your finger, and to see those little eyes looking so trustingly into yours. As it is so easy to get the trust of the birds and squirrels by always treating them kindly, we may readily see that uniform, kindly thinking, speaking, and acting toward children and "grown-ups" will surely meet with like results.

MARY P. SPINNEY.



### AN ALLEGORY.

Truth and Falsehood had started at the same time for a city at the upper end of the valley. Truth was fair and beautiful, and a pure and steadfast light shone in her dark blue eyes. Her robe was of spotless white bordered with gold, and on her forehead a bright and shining jewel sent forth rays of light. The path she was pursuing was straight and narrow, and on each side was a low hedge of dark green box. Beyond this hedge, on one side—the right—could be seen fields and gardens with golden grain and beautiful flowers waving in the gentle breeze.

On the left side of the boxwood hedge ran another path, but a very different one from that which Truth was pursuing. It was much broader and by no means straight. It ran for some distance close to the hedge, but gradually drew away from it, and the space between was filled with many disagreeable things: slanders, lost reputations, broken vows, and many other things of a similar nature; and among them passed a low wind that sounded like groans and sobs. On the other side of the path were growing shrubs of many different kinds. At a short distance many of them looked like beautiful flowers—lilies, roses, and the like; but on drawing nearer they were seen to be evil-smelling weeds with rank, poisonous blooms.

Down this second path Falsehood was hurrying, followed and led by a pack of yelping curs. Sometimes these curs would be silent, and then would be heard the low hiss of a snake. Falsehood's robe was of many colors and shone in the sunlight almost

with the brightness of a rainbow, and the many jewels in her black hair and on her robe sent forth at times almost dazzling light. But on coming nearer the jewels proved to be worthless paste, and the bright robe was seen to be only discolored rags.

Falsehood hurried on, leaving Truth far behind. Reaching the town first, she disguised herself so as to look as nearly as possible like Truth. But becoming less and less careful she spread rumors and slanders broadcast, and riot and murder walked at her side. Confusion and the darkness of midnight enveloped the city, when, suddenly, the clear notes of a silver trumpet were heard from the gates. Men stood still to listen. Soon a mellow radiance shone around and Truth, in her snow-white, gold-bordered robes, with the jewel on her forehead shining like a star, was seen approaching. Then Falsehood slunk away abashed, and peace and calm were restored by Truth.

DORA V. ANDERSON.

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### STORIES OF A DOG.

My dear little readers of MIND, you doubtless remember my story, last year, about "Jet," the wonderful cat that mothered so well the chickens. Cats are not considered as intelligent as dogs; neither are they deemed as faithful and affectionate. But many dogs have died from grief, after losing a kind and loving master.

I'm going to tell you now "really truly" stories of a noble Newfoundland dog named "Colonel." He was bought, when a puppy, by my little brother; so, of course, he was soon regarded as "one of the family," and when I visited my old home I really enjoyed his almost human presence.

He was very large, and nearly all black; a few white spots were about his face and neck, and two feet were white. His eyes were large and mild; indeed, he never seemed vicious in the least, or cross. This, though, was largely the result of kind treatment; for to be cruel to animals renders *them* cruel. They are really made ugly by unkindness.

There were many things that Colonel did, from puppyhood, that proved his sagacity. Early one morning, when he was about two years of age, he went with his master up-town; an empty



market basket he proudly held in his mouth, for he was going to return home, as usual, with the marketing—an errand he had been taught to do. Colonel went at once to the market, and there waited for his master, who had gone to open his office; and, finding there a client in waiting, he forgot about going to market.

Meanwhile, Colonel's half-brother—a weaker and less intelligent dog—came with *his* basket and master for the daily supplies. Colonel watched him depart, and, when quite away from the heart of the town, he bounded toward him with fighting mien, growling and saying in dog language: "You drop that basket, or I'll whip you within an inch of your life!"

Of course, Rover dropped it, and slunk off in so *guilty* and cowardly a manner that those who witnessed the act took *him* to be the thief, while Colonel, the real culprit, proudly walked away with the basket.

Well, when Mr. L—— seated himself to enjoy his dinner, an expression of dismay was on his face.

"Why!" said he, "I forgot all about ordering the dinner. Where did *this* come from?"

"I supposed you procured it; for Colonel brought it as usual," replied his wife.

The cook was summoned and she brought in the market basket, which was not theirs, and then they knew that Colonel had stolen some one's dinner. The joke was too good to keep, and the local papers made much of the event. Therefore, Colonel, when but two years of age, got his name in the papers!

One evening the little brother took his cart and went several blocks distant for the weekly washing; then, boy fashion, he left the cart and basket of clothing in the yard of the washer-woman while he hastened down the street to hear a band play. Of course, he forgot the clothes until morning; but, when he reached them, good, faithful Colonel was there on guard; and he had evidently watched them all night, though he didn't go with my brother in the first place. But the cart was ever an object of his care, and he'd doubtless found it; and woe to any one who would have ventured to carry off the cart and basket of clean clothes! Thus, you see, he was really more faithful than his little master, who had been trusted with the things.

Colonel always went with the little sister—a girl then of twelve years—and her friends to the river. Once, when they went to a new place and were playing and splashing in the stream, Colonel dashed in, and if any one ventured beyond a certain distance from the shore he would growl and show his teeth in a very formidable way. So they would scamper to the shore. They afterward learned that many deep and dangerous holes abounded in that vicinity; to step off into one would have endangered their lives, though brave Colonel would doubtless have saved his little mistress from drowning.

To test his love and protection for this little sister, the writer once pretended to strike her; the little sister cried out as if in fear, as the arm was raised above her. Colonel leaped up and caught my wrist in his mouth, holding it tightly—not attempting to bite. Then he received real caresses for his loving protection of the dear little girl.

The last time I saw this noble animal he was about thirteen years old and very lazy. One day, after tea, he approached the back door in quest of some supper; but, alas! the hungry chickens had taken everything in shape of food. His mistress said, in sympathizing voice: "Poor old Colonel hasn't any supper, but he shall have some nice *warm* milk when David brings it in!"

Colonel wagged his tail, walking off to his shady corner at the north of the cottage, where in pleasant dog dreams his troubles were soon forgotten. An hour or more later, when the hired man brought the brimming pail of foamy milk, the old dog was at his heels in joyous anticipation of his unusual treat. Mind you, he didn't often get a taste of *new* milk. Patiently he stood during the straining process; then he eagerly hastened to his dish, and his manner plainly said: "I *knew* you would give me this milk, for you promised it."

That was his last summer on earth, and I cannot forget his wistful expression when he would come to my hammock. He seemed to say: "My dear friend, I would enjoy a chat; but speech, if not intelligence, is denied me." He would go away, though apparently happy after I patted him on the head and neck, saying: "Colonel's a good old dog, a *fine old dog*!"

FANNY L. FANCHER.

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

**YOUR MESMERIC FORCES—And How to Develop Them.** By Frank H. Randall. 151 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Fowler & Wells Company, publishers, New York.

In this work a laudable attempt is made to elevate hypnotism to a plane of legitimate use. Although the author is plainly a conscientious student of life's mysteries and of the occult principles of mind action, it can scarcely be said that his effort is either successful or luminous. He prefers the earlier term, "mesmerism," as descriptive of the practise, but finds it impossible to dispense with the words "subject" and "control," which in themselves are sufficient to condemn hypnotism in the minds of believers in mental liberty and the right of the individual to self-development and the exclusive direction of his thought processes. While this might be temporarily delegated to a saint or an archangel, with no harmful outcome, its ordinary alienation is an infringement of human rights. "The employment of hypnotism except for the highest aims," says an able writer in London *Light*, "results inevitably in the weakening of the individuality; the sustaining power of self, which acts as a shield, is torn away and the mind of the victim left open to the assaults of any passing influence or will impulse." Mr. Randall's book, however, is worth reading, in that it is much in advance of the many schools that teach the exercise of "secret influence" and the hypnotic "control" of others against their will; but as a contribution to the spiritual or psychic literature of the day it is hardly to be commended.

**WOMAN REVEALED.** A Message to the One who Understands. By Nancy McKay Gordon. 152 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Published by the author, 6,214 Madison avenue, Chicago.

This is an apotheosis of womanhood that has a rational basis—the spiritual constitution of the human race. It is not a mere panegyric, though the author's enthusiasm sometimes betrays her into extravagance of expression. The work is refreshingly free from emotionalism and egotistic self-assertion, and such sentiment as appears in the well-written chapters is of a kind of which our literature is too barren. The author regards woman in her *true*

relation,—not as man's racial counterpart but as his spiritual complement,—and, in analyzing her office in the scheme of evolutionary creation, makes some timely remarks concerning modern attempts to bring about female "emancipation." She deplores the methods adopted by certain "intellectual" members of the sex to achieve a mythical "equality" by aping and advocating masculine ways and tactics. Mrs. Gordon properly pictures woman as the natural revealer of man to himself—the embodiment of an eternal ideal. She considers the recognized interdependence of the sexes as a manifestation of duality in unity, and in the work as a whole has accomplished a difficult feat of analysis. Those interested in sex problems, or in the higher culture of our race, should not omit the perusal of this unique publication, which throws much new light on perplexities of the ages.

J. E. M.



#### OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**BETTER-WORLD PHILOSOPHY.** A Sociological Synthesis.

By J. Howard Moore. 275 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. The Ward Waugh Company, publishers, Chicago.

**VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY.** Two lectures by the Swami Abhedananda: "Religion of the Hindus" and "Why a Hindu Accepts Christ and Rejects Christianity." Paper, 10 cents each. Published by the Vedanta Society, New York.

**THE LARGER FAITH.** A Novel. By James W. Coulter. 285 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Charles H. Kerr & Co., publishers, Chicago.

**THE RIGHT OF THE CHILD TO BE WELL BORN.** (Reprinted from *The Arena*.) By Mabel MacCoy Irwin. 22 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Published by the National Purity Association, Chicago.

**THE NEW AGE GOSPEL.** By John Hamlin Dewey, M.D. 51 pp. Paper, 20 cents. The J. H. Dewey Pub. Co., New York.

**REASON AND IGNORANCE.** A Dialogue. By A. C. Doane. 16 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Published by the author, Summerland, Cal.

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# NEW THOUGHT

EDITED BY

JOHN EMERY McLEAN and CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

VOL. X.

No. 3.

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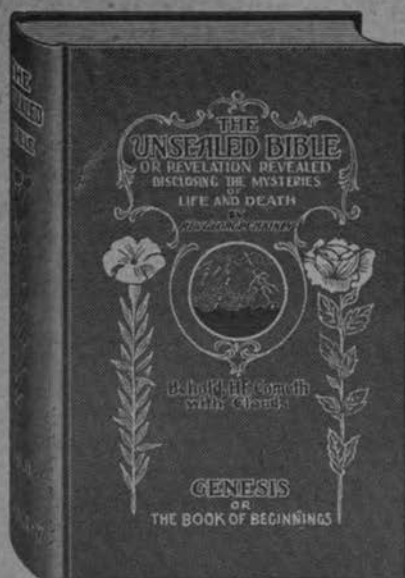
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ABBY MORTON DIAZ.



# MIND.

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## HINDRANCES TO WORLD-BETTERMENT.

### VII. CONTENTMENT.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

It is the fashion of the day to laud optimism, giving fault-finders a bad name—*pessimists*. Now, to find fault hopelessly, as with poor fruit, for instance, regretting that the tree can do no better, is pessimism; but to find fault with a view to improvement, declaring that the tree can be made to yield most excellent fruit, is optimism. Or, if a roadway has possibilities of disaster, to note only its fine points would be pleasing, but not wise. In either case the first step to improvement would be *discontent*. So of our human world, with the wisest and best of its people striving to remedy what comes of its own closely interwoven conditions, it will not do to sit serene on the blissful heights of optimism, noting only what is pleasing to behold.

It is a matter of wonder that the multitudes engaged in our innumerable charities, philanthropies, and reforms are so well satisfied, not perhaps with what is accomplished, but that what they are doing is the best that can be done for world-betterment. If a person of intelligence and large experience entering a town should find a good part of its population busied in propping up some of the buildings, steadying down others with ropes, setting out more trees for timber, sowing hemp-seed for rope, and be told that such labors had been going on no one knew how long, and that children were already beginning where their grandparents began in childhood,

he could not help perceiving this vast outlay of effort to be not a legitimate work in and of itself, on the part of those people, but work made needful by disregard of architectural laws—their continuance in it showing that no more effective kind had occurred to them. Were the newcomer to suggest correct building and speak of fundamental principles, he would doubtless meet reproach as being “ideal,” or visionary. From various sources would come the advice: “Be more practical. These people don’t want principles; they don’t want ideas; they want peace and comfort in their dwellings. Can’t you take hold somewhere? There are timbers to hew for underpinning, more trees to set out, and hemp-seed to plant for rope. We need help. Don’t you believe in self-sacrifice? Suppose we *do* have to give up our time, our books, our music, our art studies, our various kinds of culture: what is our loss is their gain. That’s the rule to go by!”

Now, it has been shown that the Law of Associated Life, as revealed in Nature, where all life works direct from its Source, does not demand the self-sacrifice thus implied. Neither can this be true of ourselves; for humanity, whether as community, town, city, or a country, is associate life and must follow the great creative Plan whereby, from planetary systems all the way to atoms, every complete whole is the result of full individual values. This, as has been shown, is strikingly evident in the great scheme of vegetation, where in each form of growth the integrating efforts of every part are absolutely essential to the well-being of every other and of the whole, so that what is of vital loss to some is not gain to others, but loss. Thus in a complete humanity the welfare of some is not to come from sacrifice of what goes to make the fulness of life in others. On the contrary, only the utmost development of individual values can bring mutual gain and general prosperity.

The point here is that for the grandest of our precious human energies to be consumed in a perpetual world-better-

ment is not a justifiable sacrifice. Moreover, though commendable in spirit, the results do not satisfy even those engaged in it. Its demands keep full pace with their efforts, not infrequently by reason of these. Free bestowals, other than for development of capacities, are said to encourage idleness and improvidence; yet even the most objectionable of these cannot always be avoided, so that in some respects world-betterment has to become its own "hindrance." And considering that its results are not satisfying, that with all its magnitude it reaches comparatively few, and that it must be perpetual—at cost of the best and grandest known to us in all creation: the human heart and mind energies—why not, instead of for world-betterment, use these for world-building?

The building up of our human world is always in progress. Among its builders are the multitudes now engaged in world-betterment—representing education, religion, statesmanship, social life: the best of the whole people. They have love for humanity, energy, intelligence, earnest purpose, wisdom, executive ability. Why not devote these splendid capabilities to building up a human world so good that it will need no bettering?

The first step would be to settle on a *plan*, designed according to our workers' ideas of just the kind of world they would like, if they could have it. Of this we can judge by observing the nature of their present efforts among the needy. The most approved of these are not in the way of relief, but rather for increase of intelligence, stronger endeavor, energy of purpose, development of mind, higher aims and standards, and elevation of character and of the general conduct of life.

Let us suppose this to be accomplished in one family. As is commonly the case, its children are numerous; the tenement small and crowded; the father often out of work; the boys, compelled to seek employment, leaving school as early as the law allows; the mother working out; the older girls, themselves mere children, kept from school to care for the young-

lings—also, in cases of need, in sickness. The street, with its more or less of depraving influences, is the common resort of boys and girls.

In this supposed case the father, stimulated by some fortunate district-worker, begins, we will say, by trading in small ways, so extending his business annually that our family at last becomes well off; resides in a more and more respectable locality; finally has books, the magazines, musical appliances, handsome furnishing, cultivated tastes. By persistent efforts prosperity continues and increases. The sons and daughters enjoy the best educational advantages, these being varied to serve the special capabilities of each. Jack gets a good business position; James becomes a master mechanic; Charles enters a profession; Henry is a market-gardener. Of the girls, Mary has a large dressmaking establishment; Laura is a schoolteacher; Emily gives music-lessons. Furthermore, in all these young people, wise culture methods—in reality not yet devised as a system—have developed also the grand character forces: truth, justice, loving-kindness, honor, integrity. This all-round culture, please note, has tended to bring out the full individual values—integrating values, we will call them, as contributive to the soundness and endurance of the State.

How would such advancement be regarded? Even one instance of this kind would be heralded as a most gratifying achievement. A family that would have added to the general burden has become a help. Powers that might have wrought evil are working for good. Thus the community is a gainer to the extent of that one family—plus the outgoing influences of all its members, and plus the good (instead of the opposite) transmitted to their posterity.

This is the way our plan would work. Will our world-builders accept it? How many such families would they like? How many would our present charity, reform, and philanthropy workers like? Our wealthy bestowers, our church people, our highly cultured—would they like a dozen? A hun-

dred? All in one neighborhood? In one town or city? In the country? If otherwise, where will they draw the line? How many will they tell off for serving the lower needs of the upper classes, and to become probable objects of charity, reform, and correction?

Our builders may save themselves the trouble of deciding. To make a success they will be compelled to accept the plan thus set before them; for the human world, being a part of the Universe, can thrive in no other way than by the universal plan of a complete Associate Life as secured by full individual values—whatever this may demand from the management.

Will any speak of stations? Surely; for how frequently is it remarked of the multitudes who do have to serve the lower needs of the well off that they should not be educated above their stations! But what *are* their stations? By whose law are these fixed? Of any new-born child, who can say for what station Nature has fitted him? High possibilities exist not merely in the “thus born” and “there born,” but in the “anywhere born.”

Here, too, Nature decides. Each one of her plant-children knows its station by the pattern inscribed on its heart. Its appointed life-work—or, we may say here, its station—is to show this forth, the whole of it; opportunities being held in common and made equal to the needs of all kinds. But the survival of the fittest? Keeping Nature in mind, we find that a plant, which in one locality is a weakling, in some other becomes the fittest; and *vice versa*, according as conditions may furnish the fitness.

Nature is not a manager—only a worker. There her responsibility ends. But a culturist, by assuming management, incurs the responsibility of supplying fitness to the varying needs. To Nature’s intelligence is added the human. A culturist knows that it is not for him to supply capacities; those are inborn. But they indicate his work, which is to educe, to draw them out, to make them show their possible best—thus

aiding Nature to a larger accomplishment. He does this by supplying the conditions as required by each. For his plants must show forth not only a part of the pattern imprinted on each heart, but the fulness of it. Moreover, however useful, however beautiful, however grand, this best is not to be wondered at. It is only what must be expected and demanded.

In the human world there is management. The State assumes it, and with it responsibility. Thus, according as she does or does not secure individual values, will come to her prosperity or disaster. In establishing a system of education, or human culture, she incurs the responsibilities of the culturist—and more; for his plants are merely his possessions, while her human plants are a part of her very self. This being the case, it would seem that she must gladly coöperate with our world-builders in providing whatever their plan may call for. It will require marked change of methods. It will incur ridicule and an unbelieving opposition. It will involve large expense at the beginning, but will prove so much cheaper afterward that our new world will wonder at the inanity and waste and general disorder of the old one. It will be long on its way—so long, perhaps, that our present one will be called medieval; as, indeed, is its nature, compared with what it should be.

All the more should our new-world-builders begin quickly; agitate; keep their plan before the people; set up grand ideals; awaken discontent with what is. Their world will be satisfactory beyond present conceptions. Built on the *creative* plan, it will fall into line with the order of the universe. Sure of what must come of this, they will ask of the State that as manager she provide a system of human culture that shall bring out the utmost values of every child—every one; the only limit to be natural capacities, this of itself insuring variety. They must show that the range will be large, extending from mere hand-labor in some instances to the grandest possibilities of genius; character values to be secured all the way through, character being the ruling force. They will

make it plain that human values are the wealth of a State and mark its standing among nations. They must point to other than territorial and commercial values; to the position accorded Germany by reason of her profound thinkers and men of science; to Italy, small in extent and political influence, but rating herself high among nations, as well as made precious to all of them on account of her rich inheritance of art, poetry, and philosophy.

It now only remains for us to give the groundwork and methods of this New Education, or New Humanity, together with suggestions as to money cost, and to reply, in advance, to probable objections.

---

## ABBY MORTON DIAZ: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

The subject of this sketch is one of the most indefatigable workers to be found in New England, if not in the whole country. In whatever makes for progress and the betterment of mankind she is at all times an active participant.

Born in Plymouth, Mass., Mrs. Diaz is a direct descendant of George Morton, who was prominent among the Pilgrims that went from England to Holland. Many of his descendants, including Vice-President Levi P. Morton and Chief Justice Morton of Massachusetts, have made their mark in the world. Nathaniel, son of George Morton, was secretary of the first Colony for over forty years.

George Morton wrote what is known as "Mourt's Relation." It was the first book published about the Colony, and was known to have been copied from Governor Bradford's journal, which was lost at the time of the Revolution and found in England in 1850 and restored in Governor Walcott's administration. One of the four existing copies of "Mourt's Relation" is on exhibition under a glass at the State House.

The father of Mrs. Diaz was fifth in descent, and was one of the most remarkable men in Plymouth. He worked with Horace Mann for the establishment of normal schools in this country. It is said that when he was a young man, away from home on business, one night at his boarding house he had a vision of the state of the world under the rule of Brotherly Love, and there and then consecrated his life to efforts to bring this to reality. The vision had the effect of changing himself and his whole course of action through life.

The family of Mrs. Diaz took the first *Liberator* ever in Plymouth and started in that town an anti-slavery society in the thirties. At a very early age Miss Abby Morton began her life-work, which has been diligently pursued throughout the succeeding years. She was at first secretary of a juvenile anti-slavery society. To indicate the self-renunciation that animated her as a child, it may be mentioned that she gave up eating butter in order that she might contribute the 12½ cents she received weekly to aid the cause of the anti-slavery movement. Besides this, she did whatever work she could find, such as knitting and sewing, to enable her to put 25 cents weekly into the treasury. Anti-slavery girls were at that time few in number, but they were very much in earnest. Miss Morton was active, with her companions, in getting people to sign petitions for the prohibition of slavery in the District of Columbia. She also attended lectures and anti-slavery meetings, and became thoroughly versed in the subject.

From first to last, Mrs. Diaz has been interested in the higher education. While a thorough-going Idealist, she has ever seen the practical side of life and has sought to put her ideals into living expression. She has taught public and private schools, singing schools, and dancing schools, and arranged tableaux and plays on the Plymouth stage in which she herself has appeared.

Mrs. Diaz has written a great deal, and much of her literary work has been exceedingly popular. Her first story,



"Pink and Blue," was published in the *Atlantic* in the sixties. Shortly afterward were begun the "William Henry Letters" in *Our Young Folks*, published by Ticknor and Fields. She has also written articles and serials for household magazines; for the *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, *McClure's*, *The Independent*, and many other publications. Her range of subjects is very wide, covering such topics as Christian Socialism, Nationalism, the New Thought, Woman Suffrage, etc. A notable series from her pen appeared in *The Independent* on "Peace, War, and Arbitration." The series was afterward collected in a booklet by the Society of Friends of America and published in Richmond, Ind., under the title of "Neighborhood Talks."

Mrs. Diaz has given and is now giving a series of talks on the Science of Human Beings. "Of course," she says, "there is not any such *science*, though there is one of everything else!" However, it will be through the efforts of such workers as Mrs. Diaz has shown herself to be that such a science will eventually come into existence. She is broad-minded enough to see—what many New Thought people are unable to see—that in order to accomplish any great and lasting good we must come in touch not only with the people who believe as we do, but also with many who are seemingly in opposition, in order to get their point of view, and thus be better able to help them. To her the brotherhood of humanity is a living, vital fact.

Mrs. Diaz left Plymouth for Boston when her two sons had grown up and entered business in that place, so that she might be with them. Soon afterward she was made a member of the New England Women's Club and president of the Moral Education Association. She was a founder of the Boston Women's Educational and Industrial Union and its president for nearly twelve years; she is still vice-president and is there regularly once a week. She was also one of the founders of the Metaphysical Club of Boston and was prominent in the earlier New Thought work in that city. She

has been for some years, two afternoons a week, engaged in superintending a free Cambridge reading-room for boys and girls in connection with what is known as Settlement work. For a long term of years Mrs. Diaz has been the home-maker for her grandchildren, now grown up, they having lost both father and mother.

"There is but one Life Source," says Mrs. Diaz, "which must contain the All of us. If there is a spiritual Energy in operation behind the so-called material forces, it must be in operation behind the *higher* forces—Thought, Will, and Intelligence; and if all life is derived from one Source, the whole Universe is but the one Life's varied expression." Believing this to be true, she does not try to separate herself from the rest of humanity, but seeks rather to know and understand its nature, in order that she may become practically helpful to all her fellow-beings.

Mrs. Diaz thoroughly believes in realizing the presence of God and coming into a knowledge of the kingdom of heaven here and now. I quote from a little pamphlet of hers, entitled "Spirit as Power": "What a thought it is, that this infinite source of Life, Light, Love, Strength, Energy—that this is ours; ours to draw from, ours to be from, ours to work from, live from—now! We are commanded to lay hold on eternal Life. And why do we not, and use it for our constant salvation? Why all this spiritual poverty? Why this feebleness of endeavor, this yielding to fleshly infirmities? Why, indeed, but because we turn away and refuse to take what is ours?" The dominion and power of life are not to be attained, at some distant period, but are rather endowments that should find a perfect expression in the life in which we now live. Says Mrs. Diaz:

"We are the expression—the out-living, so to speak—of Infinite Being. Of ourselves we are nothing; but sinking self in God is gain, not loss. If 'our sufficiency is of God,' what a sufficiency is ours! A sufficiency to save us from weakness, sickness, sin! A salvation of all that is good and blessed! Not something to be put out of our daily lives and

thought of with long-drawn faces, but enjoyed every moment as a comfort and support. 'With joy let us draw water from the wells of salvation.' 'My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.' It is something that is immanent in us. Phillips Brooks says that some appear to think of God as a man in the next room, or the captain of a garrison on the hill, to be called in case of need; but that when others talk of him it is as if the sunlight talked about the sun, or the mountain of the gravitation that lives in every part of it and holds it in its everlasting seat."

She vigorously contends that man should ever be regarded as a spiritual rather than a material being—a soul possessed of a body, not a body having a soul:

"Now, as like produces like, man, begotten of God, must be spirit. Also, an Infinite Life must be the All; must contain all; contain man. There can be nothing outside of Infinity; no existence apart from a life that is everywhere, that is the All. We live from it, are its offspring; that is, we spring off from it. 'With Thee is the fountain of Life.' We are the flowing forth of an everywhere-present Fount, or Source. This central Life is God; and, as God signifies Good, we are the existence or out-living of supreme, omnipotent Good—are of its substance. No sin, or sickness, or fear, or any kind of inharmony could overcome us were we true believers, and did we understand what we are. 'Know thyself.' 'Knowledge is power.' Such knowledge would, indeed, be power—the power and might of spirit. Those who have attained it to any degree can, just to that degree, conquer in themselves disease, fear, and everything called evil, and by holding themselves in the true *understanding*, and by intercommunion, can effect the same for others, doing this by no power of their own as individuals, but rather, as we have seen, by dropping individuality, thereby becoming unobstructed mediums through which supreme ever-present Good may overcome evil—overcome as light overcomes darkness, heat cold, and harmony discord. There is no miracle implied, any more than when darkness is overcome in a room by setting therein a lighted lamp; the unreal giving place to the real, as it always must, having no life of its own."

It would be well for the New Thought movement if there were more workers like Abby Morton Diaz: persons who labor disinterestedly for the good of humanity—who ever work for good for the sake of good, rather than for personal ends or the gratification of selfish ambitions. I should like to say much more about Mrs. Diaz and her good work, but space forbids.

## IS THE LOWER ANIMAL IMMORTAL?

BY THE REV. CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

Using words in their popular sense,—their use in any other sense being painful to the writer and profitless to the reader,—there are at least four states of mind in each of which there may be a holding to immortality: that of knowledge, that of belief, that of hope, and (it being possible to perceive the spiritual as well as the material) that of consciousness.

I am writing on Easter Eve, when the whole Christian world is preparing to commemorate the coming—to the women, to the Apostles, to “the five hundred brethren at once,” to “the one born out of due season”—of immortality within sight, hearing, touch: the risen Christ having gone so far as to tell the doubter to place the finger on the lesser wounds of His palms and thrust the hand in His spear-pierced side.

On testimony the Christian believes in immortality. Without raising question as to credibility of witnesses, or as to the time or opportunity there has been to test their assurances, the fact is that there are those who do not call themselves Christians who believe on the same ground—that of testimony—in the immortality of man.

Something being said with reference to Spiritualism, a young man sneers. An old man says to him: “You would not be so disposed, were you old enough and had you had my experience, had you lost a daughter, and did she come nightly and sit by the open fire and converse with you, as does mine, who went out of the body a score of years ago!” The one who received this rebuff, which was kindly, has never since sneered at anything that any one claims to have experienced. In or from every part of the world, by word of mouth or through letter, he has received statements from individuals

who could have had no possible reason for deceiving him that they have had lower animals,—such as dogs, horses, cats, birds,—who have passed on, materialize to them. He sees that—there being such a thing as materialization—this is possible, and does not wonder at it, remembering the words of the Galilean to those whom He had chosen: “Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father.”

But under and about the belief in immortality there are supports stronger than the material one. What is the person but the expression, or the sum of the expressions, of the individual? And can this be truer of the man than of the horse whom he bestrides? And could the man train the horse were they of different substances? When I was a very small boy I saw a man lay a hand between the horns of an infuriated bull and quiet him. The deed was magnificently brave. As I look back I see that the power by which it was done was hypnotic. Can a man through this power move a chopping-block or stop a runaway engine?

That the human mind can convey an impression to the lower-animal mind independently of word, motion, or look seems to be clear. Overtaking a gentleman on the road, I made some remark in relation to a Newfoundland who was walking sedately ahead, whom I knew to be his constant companion. He said:

“He will go into the thicket to the right in a moment!”

He did so. When he had returned to the road, his master said:

“He will go straight ahead till he comes to the daisy-field to the left, which he will enter, without looking back!”

This he did, though he had to cross a difficult fence.

I said: “You know his habits well.”

“No,” was the reply; “I have been simply giving him telepathic directions!”

“Do you often do so?”

“Every time we are out.”

If any one is not sufficiently familiar with the subject to accept readily what I have been saying, let him remember that it is because human minds are of the *same substance* that an idea can be conveyed from one to the other. Can I in any way convey an idea to my horse or to my dog? If I cannot, then he cannot be my servant or my friend. I do not hesitate in saying that there is no way in which a human mind can convey an idea to a human mind in which it cannot convey an idea to a lower-animal mind. The man must have associated less with the dog than I have who does not know that he is capable of understanding the words, the phrases, the sentences, the gestures, the expressions of the countenance—even in some cases the thoughts—of the master. So one may reverently question whether there is any argument in favor of *man's* immortality that does not go as strongly to prove the immortality of his humbler fellow-creature.

If man should have another chance, should not the horse, whom man has so completely taken from freedom that there is scarcely a free horse left? If things that are not evened up here for man must be evened up in the Future, must they not be for the other creature? Is it not true that this evening up must be for all, that the moral universe may not be out of balance?

Without one of the supports which I have mentioned,—even without distinct thought of the Infinite Good,—simply from a reaching out of the heart, belief throbs, and is hope.

Through years the first beings you have seen in letting up your window-shade in the morning are two tall, slender, graceful arbor-vitæ. They have come to have, near their tops, human faces for you. They bow to you. There comes the great ice-storm of this spring. Through a whole afternoon you see them bending, swaying, struggling to straighten. It seems that were it not for the wind you would hear them moan. You have a restless night because of the cracklings and the break-

ings of trees. The dawn comes at last. The storm is abating. When you look out you see that the arbor-vitæ are down. You catch your breath, bite your lip, crush a sob, and turn away with resentment against Whoever causes or allows the storm. This you conquer, for there must be a Providence; and whatever comes that is above man's power to cause or prevent must be for the best. Then there arises a hope that you may see your arbor-vitæ again.

Though born of love, this is simply a selfish hope; for the vegetable—as much as one may sympathize with the feeling expressed by Rufus Choate that when he plucked a twig from a tree he felt that he might be giving it a pain peculiar to itself, and though it may be that in the sensitive plant there is the beginning of the nervous system and in the reaching out of the tendrils of the vine the first showing of intelligence—for the vegetable is not self-conscious, as is the lower animal in common with man; and so it does not matter to it whether it is immortal.

How anthropocentric we are! Having stumbled over something from me, a clergyman writes me that as birds minister so much to our enjoyment of this life he sees nothing shockingly unreasonable in the thought that they may so minister in heaven.

The first step in the direction of spiritual consciousness is away from selfishness.

I dare not take more space. May I close with a little incident the *denouement* of which pleased me greatly? I had conducted a symposium in Biophilism—in the parlors, by the way, of Chief Justice Parker. A lady came to me, saying, "You'll never get me to agree with you!"

I am thankful that one's not agreeing with me in psychology is never offensive to me; so I was able to reply without giving offense: "Then I'll expend my words on somebody else!"

In calling upon me, within a fortnight, she said: "I have

been thinking the matter of Biophilism over, and have concluded that you are right!"

All that I ask of any one in the interest of the more humble beings is that he give them thoughtful attention; for through that there will surely rise in his mind the question: May they not be immortal? I speak out of thirty years' experience in studying them, and trying to have others of my species see what they are psychologically.



As for thee,  
That life thou hast is hidden from thine eyes;  
And, when it yearns, thou—knowing not for what—  
Wouldst fain appease it with one grand, deep joy,  
One draught of passionate peace. But wilt thou know  
The other name of joy, the better name  
Of peace? It is thy Father's name! Thy life  
Yearns to its Source! The spirit thirsts for God,  
Even the living God!

—*Jean Ingelow.*



I THINK sometimes that the world must have been especially created for the poor, and that particular allowances will be made for the rich because they are born into such disadvantages, and with their wickednesses and their miseries, their love of spiritual dirt and meanness, subserve the highest growth and emancipation of the poor, that they may inherit both the earth and the kingdom of heaven.—*George MacDonald.*



For there is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works.  
—*Carlyle.*



THE way to rise above the disappointment is to fix our eyes not on others or our own failures, but on *the mark*, and press toward that.—*H. W. Foote.*



## THE FUNDAMENTAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY FRANK H. SPRAGUE.

It is coming to be acknowledged by eminent authorities who regard life from widely different points of view that man is endowed with a Consciousness the presence of which is seldom revealed in the ordinary course of human events; that, beneath the surface phenomena of life, there flows a deep, steady undercurrent upon which are borne the transient, ephemeral phases of personal experience. Evidences of the existence of a Consciousness of this type have long been accumulating from a variety of independent sources. Philosophic idealists have postulated a Universal Consciousness as an essential factor in the correlation of seemingly detached ideas and incidents that come to the surface in the course of personal experience. Seers, poets, and artists have brought to light treasures from realms inaccessible to ordinary human consciousness. Even from a materialistic point of view, certain phenomena are recognized—although as yet little understood—concerning which no satisfactory explanation seems possible except on the supposition that there exists a stratum of consciousness underlying all phenomena relating to both the individual and racial expressions of life.

Down through the ages, the light of a Consciousness of more than personal significance has occasionally flashed forth with dazzling brilliancy in some transcendently great character, appearing suddenly out of the surrounding darkness like a star of the first magnitude in the heavens. Such examples have stood out like beacon-lights along the pathway of human progress, inspiring the faint-hearted with hope and courage when the outlook for humanity seemed disheartening. All the great religions of the world have been inspired, at their in-

ception, by revelations of this Consciousness in the lives of their founders. From remotest antiquity there have been handed down accounts of illumined seers who have beheld visions of an abiding Reality lying beyond the veil of materiality. With the progress of humanity, this veil seems to grow thinner and the light brighter. The obstructions that hinder its recognition are slowly disappearing, so that its presence becomes more distinctly appreciable.

As personal, mortal accretions, with their weight of false assumptions and erroneous conclusions, are sloughed off, the Impersonal, Immortal Consciousness stands revealed. This Divine Radiance is "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world;" but only in rare instances does it flash forth in its full splendor. The majority of lives are so enshrouded in the notion of materiality that the light seems to flicker and glimmer too faintly to be clearly perceptible to outward view—as in a lantern the glass envelope of which is coated with smoke and dust until the radiance within is but dimly visible. There come at times, even to the least quickened mortals, vague spiritual intuitions—feeble glimpses of that which lies beyond the illusion of materiality. But, while in a majority of instances these impressions are elementary and indistinct, they assume, in the lives of the greatest seers, definite organic shape, and blend into a comprehensive Unit of Consciousness in which the infinitely varied manifestations of life are brought so completely into focus that the integrity and harmony of the whole are perceived, and the Cosmic Reality revealed.

Not only is positive evidence concerning this Consciousness to be found in the words of inspired seers who stand out in solitary grandeur, towering in attainment above the level of their fellows as snow-capped mountain-peaks rise above a wilderness of wooded hills, but this evidence is corroborated by a variety of details gathered from widely different sources and pointing almost unanimously to the same conclusion. The

results of psychical research have thus early furnished indications of the presence, beneath the personal phase of human experience, of powers superior, both in quality and range, to those exhibited in self-consciousness. In certain artificially induced states, when a portion of the functions commonly associated with a personal consciousness are inhibited, many remarkable mental operations come to the surface, revealing capacities and possibilities far transcending those manifested under ordinary conditions. While evidence of this description can give no adequate idea of the type of consciousness to which the phenomena are undoubtedly related, it leads nevertheless to the inference that these manifestations have their source in a Fundamental Consciousness the unity of which is not disclosed under the conditions necessary for such experiments. It thus tends to substantiate the more direct and conclusive testimony of those who have realized this Consciousness in its fulness; just as the exhibition of even a scanty collection of specimens representing the fauna and flora of some distant region tends to confirm the reports of explorers concerning their visits to a land in which such types might be expected to occur.

Further indications pointing to the existence of such a Fundamental Consciousness, of which all men are partakers, are to be found in the race belief in immortality; in genius, inspiration, illumination—manifestations of the universal through individual channels; in prodigies who exhibit capacities and powers not acquired by ordinary methods of procedure; in well-authenticated accounts of the experiences of people supposing themselves to be in the act of drowning; and in a variety of other unusual occurrences for which no satisfactory reason can be assigned on the basis of generally accepted theories of life.

Recent discoveries have shed new light on a multitude of familiar phenomena. They have called attention with renewed emphasis to the consummate intelligence displayed in the

manifold operations of Nature, and caused all representations of life to assume a larger significance. The intricate processes and functions involved in the human organism give evidence of the presence of a consciousness that is ever alert and cognizant of the minutest details of structural elaboration. The results of modern research tend to raise our estimate of the lower creation rather than depreciate that of man. Unmistakable evidences of consciousness abound in the vegetable and even the mineral kingdom. "Consciousness precedes organization" is a formula that is fast coming to supersede the reverse theory, which so long remained virtually unchallenged in scientific circles. The focal range of self-consciousness is thus seen to cover but a very limited area of the surface only of the well-nigh unexplored domain of consciousness.

The Fundamental, Spiritual Consciousness alone persists and survives amid seeming chaos and catastrophe (the tragedy of the unreal), which, to mortal view, appear to exist as part and parcel of life, but which in truth are as phantoms and shadows, and not of the substance of things. Emerson says: "It is the finite in us that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose." The current of the Fundamental Consciousness flows steadily on in its course, even when shut out from human view by the spray and mist of externals—the transient, ephemeral show of materiality. This Consciousness is not an outgrowth of conditions, a refined product of thought distilled from the elements of experience; it is the ever-present, persistent Reality of existence—that without which the personal aspect could not find symbols in which to clothe itself. Self-consciousness,—the self-centered consciousness,—then, is not man's true estate, but simply a transitory stage in the growing recognition of that which, in reality, he is eternally. Now we see "as in a glass darkly;" but when we shall have attained to the full measure of the Spiritual Consciousness we shall see "face to face."

The self-conscious thinker is continually, at work fashion-

ing glasses—artificial media in the shape of concepts—through which he scrutinizes life, declaring with dogmatic insistence that his own peculiar view represents the Truth. He is the victim of opinions and prejudices molded by thought and crystallized into rigid forms of belief that shut out the Divine Radiance. The Spiritual Consciousness is ever present behind each personal mask, and not a possible outcome of experience depending on a fortuitous combination of circumstances for its creation. It is only necessary to apprehend and realize it to demonstrate, at any moment, the fact of its existence. It is like the image imprinted on a photographic negative, which requires but the vivifying touch of the developer to bring it forth into evidence. When a fog at sea lifts, objects previously concealed begin to loom up as if called suddenly into being by some magic power. So is the Spiritual Reality of life disclosed when the mists of the material, personal, self-centered consciousness begin to disperse. As long as material illusions preoccupy the entire horizon of one's vision, any true appreciation of the Spiritual Reality itself is impossible. But, when released from belief in materiality, one comes to recognize the spiritual as the only real existence. So must the rightful ruler eventually replace the pretender in every man's life. Attaining to a realization of the Spiritual, Divine, or Cosmic Consciousness thus appears as an uncovering, a disillusioning, not a creative process. It is, in very truth, the "finding of the Christ in ourselves," or, in the language of Paul, "Christ in us, the hope of glory." Says Browning:

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise  
From outward things whate'er you may believe.  
There is an inmost center in us all,  
Where truth abides in fulness; . . .  
. . . . . and to know  
Rather consists in opening out a way  
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape  
Than in effecting entry for a light  
Supposed to be without. Watch narrowly  
The demonstration of a truth, its birth,

And you trace back the influence to its spring  
 And source within us, where broods a radiance vast,  
 To be elicited ray by ray as chance shall favor."

The present unsettled state of scientific, philosophic, and religious views, the general atmosphere of social unrest, impending cataclysms in the industrial world, the awakening of the social conscience, the multiplication of movements for the fulfilment of long-cherished human ideals—all these things portend the "coming of the son of man," the "consummation of the age," the manifestation of the Divine Consciousness. Humanity is beginning to awaken from the dream of self-consciousness. The supremacy of the Spiritual Consciousness is about to be realized in the race. Dr. R. M. Bucke says:

"Just as, long ago, self-consciousness appeared in the best specimens of our ancestral race in the prime of life, and gradually became more and more universal, and appeared earlier and earlier, until, as we see now, it has become almost universal and appears at the average age of about three years—so will Cosmic Consciousness become more and more universal, and appear earlier in the individual life, until practically the whole race will possess this faculty. I say the whole race, but as a matter of fact a Cosmic Conscious race will not be the race which exists to-day, any more than the present is the same race which existed prior to the evolution of self-consciousness. The simple truth is, that a new race is being born from us, and this new race will in the near future possess the earth. . . .

"The Cosmic Conscious and self-conscious minds are so far apart that words coming from the former are often strange and meaningless to the latter. They contain, as Paul expresses it, 'a wisdom not of this world'—a wisdom, consequently, which is very apt not to be understood, and for that reason to be accounted no wisdom at all, but foolishness."

The "carnal mind" described by Paul—the mortal, personal, self-centered creature of material sense—thinks, analyzes, interprets, believes, asserts; the "Mind of the Spirit"—the superphysical, superrational, Spiritual Man—perceives, knows, realizes, arriving directly and immediately at the goal of truth which the self-conscious mentality seeks to discover by the circuitous route of speculation and argument, and fails after all to reach. The unilluminated thinker gropes about in

a wilderness of intellectual difficulties, like an explorer wandering without a compass, never arriving at the ultimate object of his quest. Speculation and analysis only toy with the bubbles on the surface of life without apprehending its true substance. Impressions obtained through these channels are but kaleidoscopic reflections of the Reality itself that lies beyond the province of thought. It has been naïvely remarked that "everything that can be thought is untrue." Truth cannot be accurately represented by any intellectual concept or formula of expression. Edward Carpenter says: "Whoever dwells among thoughts dwells in the region of delusion and disease; and though he may appear wise and learned, yet his wisdom and learning are as hollow as a piece of timber eaten out by white ants."

The earnest truth-seeker climbs laboriously up the wooded mountain slopes of life by the steps of induction, until the beaten path of experience leads out on to the heights of spiritual perception, where vistas before undreamed of open to view. Thus he arrives at a point where the mediation of thought is no longer essential to understanding. Passing beyond the realm of symbols, suggestions, intellectual concepts, he attains to a realization of the Supreme Fact of existence, the Ultimate Truth of Being, the Eternal Nature and Essence of things. Such is the destiny of mankind. The self-conscious thinker conjures up problems, becomes involved in processes of his own devising, confused, self-deceived, self-tortured; but the Cosmic Conscious mind is infallible, since it has knowledge of the abiding Reality behind the fleeting phenomena of the material realm. Dr. Bucke says: "The self-conscious man is a needle pivoted by its center—fixed in one point, but oscillating and revolving freely on that with every influence. The man with Cosmic Consciousness is the same needle magnetized. It is still fixed by its center, but besides that it points steadily to the north. It has found something real and permanent outside of itself toward which it cannot but steadily look."

One moment of open vision, of clarified perception, often affords a knowledge of truth which a life-time of patient investigation is powerless to yield. The Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis says: "A thousand eloquent speakers are worth but one thinker; a thousand thinkers but one seer: the power of the man who *sees* is infinite." Cosmic Consciousness reveals life in its eternal significance, as Principle,—the only true and real Substance,—limitless, unconditioned, unchangeable, indestructible, ever centered in the eternal Here and Now. "Before Abraham was, I am," declared Jesus. With the Pharisees' self-centered conception of life as relative, finite, and dependent, he contrasted the Cosmic view in which it stands forth absolute, infinite, and independent of conditions. God, freedom, and immortality, concerning which the self-conscious thinker speculates, arriving at various conclusions, are matters of immediate perception and certain knowledge in the light of Cosmic Consciousness. Thus we have assurance of immortality resting not merely, as Dr. Bucke says, on "a belief in a future life,—that would be a small matter,—but a consciousness that the life now being lived is eternal, death being seen as a trivial incident which does not affect its continuity."

The unity of life is disclosed to the Cosmic Conscious mind; but the self-conscious thinker is so beguiled by the sense of separateness (which J. Wm. Lloyd styles the "working fiction" of the universe) that the unitary significance of Being is reduced, for him, to the proportions of a mere abstract formula. Being seems to present itself in the guise of myriads of detached fragments. Each individual manifestation of life appears as a distinct organism set off from the rest—an independent "self," as it were. In this concept law represents the bond of union, the common connecting factor by which the seemingly isolated parts are joined into a complete system, so that constancy and consistency are everywhere manifest.

The individual sense of separateness finds its complement only in conformity to the requirements of the whole. The



essential idea of law, then, is necessity, obligation, compulsion. The Truth, which is revealed to the Cosmic Conscious mind alone, gives a sense of freedom. Realization of Principles—the Spiritual Essence of life—absolves from law by leading one to identify one's life with the Universal, and so reestablishing in one's consciousness the idea of the unity and integrity of Being. The penalties and obligations of separate existence are thus removed. Not that one may hope to come immediately to a full and permanent realization of the supreme fact of life; for the seductive enchantments of the psychic dream of self-consciousness seem ever ready to seize upon and master one, and the quickening power of Truth needs to be constantly invoked. But, even though progress toward complete supremacy may appear slow, each step in that direction makes further attainment easier, until eventually one shall have "overcome the world." Paul says: "I count not myself yet to have apprehended; but . . . I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus;" *i. e.*, to a realization of the full measure of Cosmic Consciousness.

Jesus brought to light the true idea of God. He demonstrated the validity of his claims by surpassing the limitations of law, both natural and moral, and establishing the supremacy of Principle. "The very works that I do, they bear witness of me." In him the concept of a cold, mechanical, law-governed universe found its fulfilment.

Through discovery of this Fundamental Consciousness man is revealed to himself. He is "transformed by the renewing of his mind." Awakening from the psychic dream of self-consciousness, he perceives "what manner of spirit he is of." The natural man, the physical body with its attendant mental phenomena, no longer appears as the real self. Psychologists declare that every physical change is accompanied by a mental change of some kind. The unreal consciousness of the psychic dream consists of a succession of states deriving their quality

and character from changes in the material or bodily mechanism, and conforming to the order of sequences exhibited therein, as the movements of the image in the mirror reflect those of the object in front of it. Therefore, certain representatives of the materialistic school of philosophy have concluded that "thought is a secretion of the brain."

As the human body appears to be an aggregation of inconceivably minute molecules, the incessant activity of which gives rise to continual modifications of form within its structure, so its correspondent—the complex phenomenon described as "the mind of the flesh," or the mortal consciousness—appears to be the resultant of ever-changing conditions in the stream of subconscious thinking. Professor John Fiske says:

"Our conscious life is a stream of varying psychical states, which quickly follow one another in a perpetual shimmer, with never an instant of rest. The elementary psychical states, indeed, lie below consciousness; or, as we say, they are subconscious. We may call these primitive pulsations the psychical molecules out of which are compounded the feelings and thoughts that well up into the full stream of consciousness. Just as in chemistry we explain the qualitative differences among things as due to diversities of arrangement among compounded molecules and atoms, so in psychology we have come to see that thoughts and feelings in all their endless variety are diversely compounded of subconscious psychical molecules."

Only through the destruction of the false sense of self—the pseudo-self that seems to be a product of changing conditions—does one come to discern the fundamental consciousness: the life of the true self, which knows neither beginning nor end of days, deathless, changeless, forever the same; a consciousness superior to thought, independent of bodily functions; not a consequence of brain action, and able, therefore, to survive the dissolution of the physical instrument—the demolition of the thinking mechanism. Even though the brain be the recognized agency in molding mental images and giving tangible shape to ideas, enabling the thinker to formulate, define, describe, contrast, associate, and reproduce them in symbolic fashion, yet the essence of it all, the substance behind the

process, is not thus evolved from the instrument employed in the operation.

The pseudo-self,—the psychic dreamer,—weighed down by a sense of bondage to law, cries out: "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me out of this body of death?" But the spiritually-minded man exclaims: "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord;" *i. e.*, the Christ, Spiritual, or Cosmic Consciousness. This Consciousness is the "kingdom of heaven" which Jesus declared to be *within* man. By heeding his injunction to "seek first the kingdom of heaven," one comes into possession of the substance of all things—as Paul expresses it, "All things are ours through Christ;" for in this Consciousness are involved all faculties, intuitions, and means of knowing that which is true and worth the knowing—all capacities, powers, opportunities. It is the open door to eternal wisdom, appreciation, joy, life. In it is fulfilled every conceivable good. Because Jesus lived continually in the Christ Consciousness,—the Cosmic Conscious stratum beneath the differentiation of human expression,—seeing behind the personal masks of those with whom he came in contact, he was, in very truth, the "life of men." "I am the vine; ye are the branches," he declared. In like manner it lies within the power of all men to arrive at that point by forsaking the life of merely personal significance and self-interest and entering the larger sphere of the Eternal Life. The self-conscious dreamer must indeed be "born anew" before he can "enter into life." He may be learned, moral, religious, philanthropic, but he must discover the kingdom of heaven within himself, the Fundamental Consciousness, before he can come to a true knowledge of God's Universe. The consciousness of the psychic dreamer and his dream world must be superseded by that of the spiritually quickened, awakened man.

To the self-conscious thinker evil seems to exist as a reality. The sense of inharmony, sin, suffering, disease, and death has its root in the consciousness of separateness from the Uni-

versal Source and Supply. In the Eternal Life the consciousness of oneness with the All-life extinguishes this sense and blots out selfish desires. In a general way, there are two well-marked paths that men in all ages have been instinctively led to follow in their efforts to gain the Eternal Life, or Universal Consciousness.

Carpenter says: "In the West we are in the habit of looking on devotion to other humans (widening out into the social passion) as the most natural way of losing one's self-limitations and passing into a larger sphere of life and consciousness; while in the East this method is little thought of, or largely neglected, in favor of the concentration of one's self in the Divine, and mergence in the Universal in that way." Active service in behalf of one's fellows, by enlarging one's sense of self, points in the direction of the Eternal Life. Work affords opportunity for the exercise of the life forces and faculties in normal channels, and so acts as a safeguard against the dissipating, demoralizing, unbalancing tendencies that are apt to result from excessive meditation and absorption in abstract themes. Through the outgoing of self one experiences a sense of release from bondage to material, personal restraints, and comes consciously to realize his oneness with the Universal Life.

The Cosmic Conscious mind, recognizing the unity of life, identifies all that it perceives with itself. Carpenter says: "It touches, sees, hears, and is those things which it perceives—without motion, without change, without effort, without distinction of subject and object, but with a vast and incredible Joy. The individual consciousness is specially related to the body. The organs of the body are in some degree *its* organs. But the whole body is only as one organ of the Cosmic Consciousness." Here we find a key to the deeper meaning of the words of Jesus: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me." And again: ". . . that they may be one, even as we are one; I in

them, and thou in me, that they may be perfected into one." The realization of Cosmic Consciousness does not involve a sacrifice of individuality, but leads, instead, to its complete fulfilment; it is raised to a higher power. "He that loveth his [psychic, or personal] life loseth it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." Verily, "no one liveth unto himself."

Not only does modern research substantiate the revelation of the Cosmic Sense by virtually proving the unity of life, but further evidence of its truth is found in the practical tendency toward unification that is exhibiting itself all along the line of human endeavor. The solidarity of the race is not a fiction of the imagination, but a veritable fact. The age-long vision of brotherhood is no mere dream of poets and theorists, for it is based on the profoundest and most real of experiences. The sociological significance of the recognition of this Fundamental, Universal Consciousness—which is shared by all men, and which is the true life of all, even though for a time obscured to human view—is incalculable; *first*, because it reveals *a scientific basis for the racial instinct of brotherhood*, and *second*, because it indicates the existence of *a fixed standard of conduct* to which all transactions between men must conform in the divine order of manifestation. It has a most important bearing on methods, ways and means, to be employed in endeavors that have for their end the establishment of true social relations among men. Vast confusion results from attempting to bring about harmony in human affairs on the basis of the self-conscious concept of life; for the self-conscious thinker deals not with realities, but with images and symbols that are deceptive and misleading. The great wave of disinterested effort that is giving rise to movements on every hand for the betterment of human conditions indicates the swelling of the buds of a materialistic, self-centered existence preparatory to the appearance of the full-blown flower of the Cosmic Consciousness.

## MENTAL HEALING: THEORY AND PRACTISE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

(Part I.)

We may truly reiterate the old saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," if we pay attention to the records of antiquity that are fast accumulating; therefore, we need not anticipate that any so-called new movement or new thought, now agitating the world, is really new except to some particular generation, century, or part of the earth. But while we may not be able to use the adjective "new" properly to characterize anything spiritual, we may certainly speak of higher thought as distinguished from lower; and, as *higher* and *lower* are simply comparative terms, no intelligent person will assume that any rational school of philosophers claims to have reached heights of attainment beyond which there can be no further advance. No one will concede that in any civilized community the average thought is so low that it is at the very foot of the ladder of human conception, or so high that it cannot be still further elevated. When we use the term *metaphysical*, we mean (if we employ the word aright, as derived from the Greek tongue) "beyond the physical"—*meta* meaning "above," or "beyond." In the same way we derive from the Latin language *super-terrestrial*—above the earthly. We are told in St. Paul's letters to the Corinthians that there is a *spiritual* and a *natural* realm. Using these words conveniently, as we find them in accepted versions of the New Testament, they signify that there is a psychical and a physical, a subjective and an objective, an interior and an exterior universe. This order of phraseology is necessarily correct, because the inner always precedes the outer; interior or subjective states necessarily antedate all outward manifestation.

Now, the finer forces of Nature are invariably the more potential. We do not acknowledge that the gross matter that we cognize with our physical senses is really potential, but we claim that it is an expression of an unseen and largely unknown force. What this force ultimately is, what its attributes really are, must be largely a matter of conjecture; for even so eminent a philosopher as Herbert Spencer has introduced a purely agnostic word, *unknowable*, into his Synthetic Philosophy when speaking of "infinite and eternal Energy," which he declares is self-evidently around us everywhere. All Theists love to speak of the omnipresence, omnipotence, and omniscience of Deity. We claim that God is everywhere. We quote with delight, from the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, Paul's address to the Athenians from Mars' Hill concerning "God, in whom we live, move, and have our being." Paul quoted from a distinguished Greek poet, "We are God's offspring." The word *God* means for us simply the All-Good, the essentially good One. A modern poet has spoken of Deity in a fine hymn, which constitutes a sublime prayer, as "Being whom we call God and know no more." But if we know as much as to call the infinite and eternal Power the All-Good, then we know sufficient for all practical purposes. "God is Wisdom; God is Love," is the closing line of each stanza in Bowring's beautiful hymn, so often sung. If we conceive of this Power, the omnipotent Energy that upholds, sustains, and permeates the Universe, as altogether wise and loving, we are prepared to understand the declaration made in the first chapter of Genesis—that God beholds his own work and pronounces it "very good."

Herein is logical continuity of thought. An effect must resemble its cause; therefore, if God, the good One, is the author of all that is, all that is must necessarily be good. A fountain cannot send forth sweet water and bitter if it is perfectly sweet at its spring or source. The effect cannot be unlike its cause. Every one who accepts a theory of creation,

or any theory of evolution, as a divine process of development, in consonance with Henry Drummond and many other eminent writers of the nineteenth century (a theory that declares that divine purpose is working in all and through all), is forced to concede what all great teachers of antiquity and all illumined seers and sages of to-day unitedly affirm: *all that is is good*. Alexander Pope declared, "Whatever *is* is right." That little word *is* means the unalterable, the unchangeable; it does not signify a transient and evanescent condition of things, but refers only to the nature of prime substance. We all know that things come and go; yet we are informed by scientists that their essential constituents, or ultimate atoms, never change.

We have no power to annihilate an atom, nor to create one; no power have we to add to or to take from the sum of universal energy. That which is *is*; whatever is included in the universe is a part of its essential homogeneity, which can neither be added to nor subtracted from. But when we descend from the realm of the absolute into that of the relative, when we speak of conditions of temporal *existence* instead of confining ourselves to a consideration of immortal *being*, we can rightly use the relative terms, good and evil, harmony and discord, happy and unhappy, orderly and disorderly. All admit that the word *disorder* aptly describes any abnormal condition. In any relative state things are either orderly or disorderly in their arrangement or derangement. Essential substance is always good and unchangeable, but its outer manifestations may be either harmonious or discordant. The purely Theistic position is simply that whatever cannot be changed is good—whatever is absolutely unalterable is divine; but all conditions of the material world are ours to make or mar, ours to form, deform, and reform. Man being not a prime creator, but only a fashioner, molder, and manipulator, external conditions are ours to do with as we will. When we realize that what we all agree to call mind, or intelligence,



governs what we agree to call matter, and when we define the word *matter* as simply mother-substance, we find that we have only added another consonant to the word *mater*, and made a word of six letters in English where there are but five in Latin. Matter means simply that universal mother-substance out of which all things are made, and into which all things can return—whether vitrified by the action of fire, volatilized in a chemical laboratory, or moved out of sight through natural process of dissolution or decomposition. World-substance is ours to do with as we will in the way of arranging, molding, shaping, and fashioning it; but we cannot alter its root character.

The science of mental healing, which is the science of right thinking, is simply applied knowledge of mental action upon those plastic material elements out of which our outward organizations and all visible things are made. The architect's idea must necessarily precede any architectural model presented for the consideration of an outward eye. A plan must be mentally photographed before its physical correspondence can be brought into expression and finally made to exist by the builder's or craftsman's skill. All students of mental causation feel that Herbert Spencer, when he says there is difficulty in realizing the immortality of clothing or its existence in the spiritual world, has not penetrated nearly so deeply into causation as that great student, seer, and sage, Emanuel Swedenborg, who distinctly pointed out that the substance of the spiritual world is far more abiding and potential than that of the external world, which only corresponds to it. Our real bodies, which are spiritual organizations, must be more enduring than our external fleshly shapes, which only correspond to them. We can produce no material thing, be it a table, chair, article of wearing apparel, or workman's tool, unless we first have a clear *idea* of it.

Plato was right when he said, "Ideas rule the world." No matter whether our school of philosophy be inductive or

deductive, whether we rank ourselves as Aristotelians or Platonists, we must admit that prior intelligence operates upon external states; so that not a single work of art or book can be brought into existence until it has previously subsisted in some state or realm of unmanifest intelligence.

We are told by philosophers of the new school of physiology that the human physical structure can be entirely changed in less than a single year. Parts of the physical structure can be remodeled in less than thirty days, and those parts of our organisms that take longest are entirely changed in something over eleven months. The old school of physiologists held that the body could be entirely reconstructed in *seven* years; and even if we allow for that longer time it would be quite unnecessary—were it not for continued perverted mental action or for the innocent holding of wrong thought in our mental receptacles—for any undesirable physical condition to remain with us for more than seven years. Still, we know that people carry to their graves disfigurements from which they suffered in childhood. We know that ante-natal conditions follow us through all post-natal periods, and that an aged person may still suffer from ailments handed down from parents or grandparents. The modern theory known as Atavism distinctly holds that some tendencies from ancestors have been handed down to remote posterity; therefore, in a very large sense, if “the children’s teeth are set on edge” it may be because their fathers and forebears have eaten “sour grapes.”

Many people quote the Decalogue to support the theory that the sins of parents are necessarily visited upon children unto the third and fourth generation, though when they proclaim this view they do not really quote any sentence exactly as it stands; for there is no such statement in the Bible, standing by itself—with a full stop at the end of the clause. The language of the Decalogue is—“visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of

them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments." There is in all this no statement to the effect that where reverence for God or respect for divine law has come into our life there is any longer necessary suffering entailed upon us in consequence of the errors of our progenitors. It is not our purpose to deny self-existing facts; whatever can be proved to demonstration must be accepted and faced boldly. We gain nothing by trying to avoid unpleasant circumstances; but to conquer, to triumph, to win real victories, to rise superior to adverse conditions must necessarily be the life-work of every intelligent and progressive person.

Astrologers, from the time of the ancient Chaldeans, have truly said: "The wise man rules his stars; the unwise man is ruled by them." Foolish ones submit, while wise ones conquer. People submit to fate until they know, with Emerson, that "man is his own star." As soon as people intelligently claim that they contain power within them to dominate all things, they begin to rise to a much higher altitude. Everything becomes tributary to the man who knows his own power. Intelligent teachers have long taught that man is a microcosm; and a microcosm is simply a macrocosm writ small—a macrocosm being only a microcosm writ large. The boundless universe around us has its parallel, its complete counterpart, within us. Fire, air, water, earth—these are in man as well as in the world in which he finds himself a sojourner. All the properties of mineral, vegetable, and animal, which man can analyze and dissect in the kingdoms of Nature below and around him, are contained within himself; the great secret of alchemy is, how to conquer within himself that which he has ultimately to subdue in his environment. We begin at the wrong end of things when we seek to control outside forces and leave ungoverned our own impulses and appetites. If we do not gain sway over our own passions we cannot reasonably expect to subdue aught that is external to ourselves. There is

a deep scientific foundation for all wonderful Bible stories, beautiful Oriental tales, and for many of the marvelous records preserved by the Roman Catholic Church concerning saints who have exercised complete control over wild beasts and savage birds, who have been able to interpret the language of Nature, and, instead of being in danger in the midst of circumstances that would appal ordinary persons, have been completely protected amid all seeming perils. Daniel and his three companions at the Babylonian court, who refused the king's meat and wine and abstained from all corruption, lived in all respects far above the ordinary plane, and therefore could triumph over lions and prove themselves superior to the action of fire—because they had inured themselves to victory by the attitude they had taken toward all with which they were brought in contact in the external world.

Those wonderful poetic books of the Bible, which are being far better understood in the light of modern scholarship than they were even a few decades ago, are not to be regarded as worthless specimens of ancient superstitious lore, for they afford us deep insight into the power of man over all exterior elements. First, self-control; then control of the world outside: such is the order of progress, and its only order. Anything called order that begins at the other end, thereby putting the "cart before the horse," is disorder masquerading as order.

The intelligent metaphysician is one who admits the sovereignty of intelligence and the subservience of every material thing. In proportion only as we have approximated individual sovereignty are we able to control outward conditions. The writer remembers well how, many years ago, when first called upon to address a large audience in San Francisco, a committee asked, "Will you speak on Individual Sovereignty as an introduction to all your classes and subsequent lectures in this city?" The writer remembers also—on a memorable Sunday evening in the summer of 1886, before a crowded audience in

Metropolitan Temple, seating one thousand five hundred persons—speaking of individual sovereignty as the key-note of all power, and never in all the years following being obliged to take back a single sentence delivered on that occasion. Certainly we must extend our views continually, seeing that there are many fresh applications to be made perpetually; but the key-note is always permanent that introduces the public to a system of teaching that will stand the crucial test of actual experience.

The thought of individual sovereignty is now gaining possession of many gifted minds, and certainly the immortal Shakespeare knew its value when he said: "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." If you are true to your very self you must be true to that higher self which Emerson refers to when he says, "I, the imperfect, adore my own Perfect." When we bring ourselves into conscious relationship with our own highest, we know what it is to rise superior, through progressive stages, to all material limitations.

The various teachings of nominal Spiritualists, Theosophists, Mental Scientists, Christian Scientists, and Occultists—all present certain portions of truth to the community; but, no matter what may be any one's opinion of any particular system of philosophy or school of teaching, there is no practical benefit to be derived from the consideration of anything called "psychical" or "occult" unless we begin with self-mastery—and this self-mastery is required at every moment of our existence. The great question to be answered by every one of us is, *To conquer or be conquered?* Shall we rule or be ruled; triumph or be triumphed over; sink or swim? Two persons may be thrown into water at the same moment, but one swims safely to shore while the other sinks to the bottom. Environment may be the same—circumstances or surroundings may be identical; but one, acknowledging and utilizing the power within himself, rises above conditions and arrives

safely upon the shore, while another knowing nothing of the power within him is overcome with fright, and, not having developed his latent ability as a swimmer, necessarily sinks into the ocean.

When told that "plague is in the air," we may admit that we are surrounded by microbes, or pathogenic germs that occasion what is termed contagion or infection; but we need not be in a condition to afford them lodgment. Microbes get into everything, according to the testimony of expert bacteriologists. We are almost as likely to find germs in our money or in our newspapers, at dinner-tables or in places of amusement and at social gatherings, as in hospitals or unclean parts of the city. The safety of the immune individual consists in his own supersusceptibility to *disorder*. All who have studied occult science have unanimously declared that persons who are guarded and protected by their own higher thought, and the astral influences resulting therefrom, are surrounded with a shield that protects them as a coat of mail; and surely to be out on a battlefield clad in armor is different from being practically naked with poisoned javelins or bullets flying around in every direction!

As more attention is bestowed upon purely mental or psychic questions pertaining to the health of cities and communities, less and less fear will be felt in times of epidemic disorder; but the spread of knowledge of the New Psychology will in no way serve to belittle sanitary precautions in popular esteem. Indeed, the effect will be precisely opposite, for it is rapidly being discovered that all occult or mystic orders that possess therapeutic knowledge are particularly urgent in declaring that righteous suggestion is of twofold aspect; consequently, in the work of practising suggestion the utmost stress is laid upon procuring and maintaining such cleanliness and discretion in the external world of speech and action as harmonize precisely with the mental pictures that need to occupy the art galleries of the soul.

## NEMESIS.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

Stern Nemesis follows our life journey through,  
Reproving and scourging for evils we do—  
The secretest evil our hands may have wrought,  
The evil in action, the evil in thought.  
By law as unchanging as worlds on their way,  
For sinning she scourges by night and by day.  
The wrongs we've committed, the wrongs we abet,  
The goddess avenging can never forget.  
Her all-eye beholds us in all that we do—  
She judges the soul-thought, the false and the true.

By law of our being beyond our control,  
Sin blights as a canker consuming the soul.  
Suppose that I grant you a soul is so low  
As never compunction of conscience to know—  
Suppose that I grant you the searedness is such  
As not to confess to the twitches of touch—  
Must therefore it follow that Nature's kind laws  
Shall cease in demanding effect for a cause?  
Though thick epidermis 'gainst blows is defense,  
Is fire less consuming for dulness of sense?

By wronging another in person or pelf,  
A far deeper wronging is done against self.  
By evil no good unto self can we win—  
Not self can discover a reason for sin.  
But yet through the eons in future to be,  
Rich blessings, O scourged one, may fall upon thee  
For temptings resisted, for sinnings suppressed;  
To higher life growing, thyself may be blessed.  
Then bow to the scourgings as bowing to God,  
For Love is the angel who wieldeth the rod.

## UNITY AS A PRACTICAL IDEAL.

BY KENNETH R. FORBES.

At the present time we are seeing and hearing a great deal about *unity*. Unions among laboring men, the uniting of employees in great industrial combinations—concentration of some sort seems to be the watchword of to-day. In these obvious tendencies in the outer world, we believe we can see a growing appreciation in every-day life of the value of an ideal of Unity. That such a conception is the foundation of great philosophic systems—the heart of all religions in their original purity, and the practical working basis of metaphysical healing—is well known to most readers of New Thought literature. But how intimately this concept of Unity enters into every phase of our life at the present day is not always so clearly seen.

In the recent development of some of the natural sciences, the idea of the ultimate unity of the human race is realized and made the basis for scientific investigation. Modern sociology, for instance, which is making great progress in dealing with social problems in a truly scientific way, is continually affirming and pointing out the essential unity of all branches of society. In the civilized world to-day the individual cannot, in the nature of things, exist by himself. He can only be rationally conceived of as one with the great body of mankind, sharing the vicissitudes of society of which he is a part and contributing by his every act either to the welfare or to the detriment of the whole social fabric. Sociology insists, moreover, that there is no inherent conflict between "individualism" and "socialism;" that the interests of the individual and the interests of society are one and the same; that, in the last analysis, the individual cannot be considered apart from his



relations and environment; that society, being composed of individuals, can profit by nothing that is inimical to the best interests of any of its members.

Again, sociology is showing very plainly the fallacy of the idea so often insisted on, especially in theological teachings, that there is an inevitable and deadly conflict between the ideals of egoism and altruism. A genuine altruism cannot fail to develop to the fullest extent one's own personality. The idea of a sacrifice of self for the highest good of others is an anomalous one. Thoughts, words, and actions tending to develop the best in one's neighbors cannot by any possibility fail to result in the fullest life for the individual in question. Thus we see the ideal of unity applied in one scientific field. It is the guiding principle in modern sociologic research, and the lodestar of a constructive social philosophy.

Let us turn for a moment to another domain of science. Among a class of psychologists who pride themselves on being conservative and ultra-"scientific," the absence of any fundamental conception of Unity is exceedingly obvious. The domain of "mind" is parceled off by itself, and all "physical functions" are religiously isolated (in their consciousness) from the province of mind. No physical occurrences can ever be the cause of mental states, and no action of the mind can possibly produce physical effects; for, to their thinking, these are different worlds, and apparently an impassable barrier separates them. All that such men will admit is that there is some relation between mind and body—that the actions of the two occur "concomitantly." But any admission that one can be the cause and the other the effect is to them inconceivable.

Among such scientists are those who still hold out against the admission of telepathy, or direct thought-transference, as a scientific fact, and who have little patience with any who believe in the possibility of communication between the seen and the unseen spheres. Regarding as they do the mental and physical worlds as entirely distinct, the spiritual and material

realms as completely separate, their position is hardly to be wondered at. They have utterly failed to conceive the idea of Unity in any but the most incidental ways. Mind appears to them as distinct and separate from body. They have observed a certain series of events, and discovered the law of their succession. Further than this they refuse to go, lest they trespass on the domain of philosophy; and by this very refusal they deliberately throw away the key that would admit them to regions where a truly constructive work is possible.

But when, turning in our observation, we look at the psychologic work of such men as Professors James and Hyslop, we may readily see an instructive contrast. These men have not feared to invade the field of philosophy, to look the fact of Unity squarely in the face, and eventually to make it their very principle of action. And which class of psychologists has thus far given to the world the most of really practical knowledge?

We have seen, then, very briefly, how the concept of Unity is related to several branches of modern science. The operations and results of these sciences are always affecting us as individuals to a greater or less extent; therefore, the sound or unsound, the high or the low, basis of any science should be to us a matter of personal interest and importance.

But of infinitely greater value to us than these comparatively indirect effects of this concept of Unity are the realization and application of the ideal in our daily life. When we first came into contact with the New Thought—when our teacher, whom we now regard with a unique respect and especial love, first opened up for us new vistas of Truth—we heard much (perhaps we thought almost exclusively) of the Infinite Life, the Universal Love, in whom we lived and worked. What a change came into our life at that time, as we began faintly to realize the great central Principle! How different appeared all the petty routine duties that confronted us! Where, before, we had thought ourselves weak, we came to know that our strength was all-sufficient as coming from the

one great Source. Former vexations appeared to us as the veriest ridiculous incidents. Life, in our eyes, took on a new-found order. We had gained a truer perspective, and, seeing events in more nearly their right proportions, we found an inspiration in our every task.

But to some of us have come times, later on, when the work seemed once more to drag—when anxieties and vexations again made themselves felt. Responsibilities oppressed us, and physical inharmonies once more were expressed through us. We had read and studied long and broadly along lines of the New Thought; we had surely progressed further than when we caught the first gleam of the light of Truth. What, then, was the matter? Were the fundamental principles at fault? Perhaps we were inclined to believe they were: it is very easy to shift the responsibility. But, if we were truly honest with ourselves, we had finally to acknowledge that this very “development” itself was the cause of all the trouble. It had been a purely intellectual matter with us—right and good in itself, but by no means able to stand alone. We had read, studied, and thought; but we had not *lived*. Concentration was lacking. Our spiritual energies were dissipated over a broad field, and brought to no focus. And so, like truant children, we had to come back to school and learn the first lesson over again. All our studies, all our reading, all our lecture-going availed us nothing if we failed to be conscious throughout every day of the Divine Presence, of the Infinite Wisdom as our guide, of the Universal Spirit of Love as our power of action.

With an abiding realization of Love, we can never study too broadly or investigate too deeply in all spheres of life. But, without the continuous consciousness of the Source of our wisdom and strength, all study will be ultimately unavailing, and all work of our hands or brain will become a drudgery. If we cannot *both* study and concentrate, let us by all means *concentrate*. If we cannot, at the same time, hold up our end in the social world, and live a life of love and service, let us *live*

*the life.* We know from experience that the power is real. We have but to remember its transforming effects in our life; to say to ourselves: "I will henceforward live in conscious union with the One and Eternal, above the dominion of time. All else shall conform to the words of the voice within." Filled, then, with a spiritual wisdom, we may read and study pro and con, with a serene poise, knowing that we seek only Truth, and that we desire it in its fulness only that we may give it forth to awakened and hungering souls.

Let us, then, go back again and truly realize the words of the great mystic and teacher—that "in God we live and move and have our being." For "though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity [Love], I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

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KNEW'ST thou the truth, thou wouldst not pray—  
 Lord, to thy child send joy this day.  
 Thou art deceived: joy is within,  
 And never pain nor grief nor sin  
 Can take 't away. God put it there,  
 Nor comes it nearer thee for prayer.  
 Joy is of thy true self a part:  
 Why shouldst thou pray for what thou *art*?

—*Mary Putnam Gilmore.*

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THIS consciousness of God in the soul of man is the essence—indeed, the sum and substance—of all religion. This identifies religion with every act and every moment of every-day life.—  
*Ralph Waldo Trine.*

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ONLY one thing exceeds the loss—the love. That lives on, affording me such new experiences as make me understand the growth of a religion better than ever before.—*George S. Merriam.*

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THE paths to God are more in number than the breathings of created beings.—*From the Persian.*

## GENIUS.

BY ANNA E. BRIGGS.

"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a free man of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what, at any time, has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent."

This is the key-note to the whole strain of Emerson's song of mankind. Throughout his writings we find the same thought reiterated in different language. All wisdom and truth, he claims, are universal, and flow into the soul of man spontaneously, when unobstructed by prejudice, intellectual pride, or traditional ideas, and when assimilated and utilized by the intellect. This influx of light and truth is called *genius*.

This divine revelation comes to every mind in a greater or less degree, according to its parallelism with the higher course of thought. Just as a windmill must bear its true relation to the wind before the powers of the atmosphere are available in turning the wheel, so must the mind be in the proper attitude before the wind (spirit) that bloweth where it listeth can breathe over it.

The most illuminated individuals are often found among the comparatively illiterate; that is, those whose minds are not continuously absorbed in the contemplation of scholastic and ethical formulæ—the seeking for truth from without rather than from within. Emerson suggests the theory that unobstructed channels make the best conductors of thought: "Did the wires generate galvanism? It is even true that there was less in them on which they could reflect than in another, as the virtue of a pipe is to be smooth and hollow." The channels of thought in the minds of many men are obstructed by bigotry

or some pet theory that limits their mental vision to some particular aspect of truth. The mind of a bigot has been likened to the pupil of the eye—the more light you pour on it the more it contracts.

True, the devotion of a man to an idea has worked many revolutions in the world, some of which have proved beneficial to humanity; and this power of one to influence and fill with enthusiasm the minds of others—making them slaves to his idea—is sometimes called “genius,” but it is generally an exaggerated or abnormal development indicating a lack of mental balance, and is usually accompanied by intellectual pride and prejudice, which obstruct the free inflow of light and truth from their Source.

Every writer possessing the creative imagination recognizes a mental power that seems to work independently of the will or of reason. Marie Corelli, in “The Master Christian,” emphasizes this theory of a higher power working through man when, in Cardinal Bonpre’s letter to the Pope, she allows him to say that—“Genius is not always under the control of the possessor. For, being a fire of most searching and persuasive quality, it does so command the soul, and through the soul the brain and hand, that oftentimes it would appear that the creator of a great work is the last unit to be considered in the scheme, and that it has been carried out by some force altogether beyond humanity.”

“Men of an extraordinary success,” says Emerson, “in their honest moments have always sung, Not unto us, not unto us [be the glory].”

This higher power is variously designated by different cults as Supreme Intelligence, Universal Mind, God, The Father, etc. It is also claimed by some to emanate from the spirits of those who have departed this life.

The more materialistic metaphysicians hold that all our ideas come through reflection and sensation; and, although they do not deny the possibility of divine revelation, yet in

their system of philosophy there is no place for it, since they claim that man would not know whether any knowledge so derived was *bona fide* or not unless it stood the test of reason and had the consent of the understanding. Therefore, they affirm, all truth that the intellect can grasp is attainable through the natural faculties of the mind, without any special revelation; and it seems reasonable to suppose that ideas that suddenly emerge in our consciousness may have taken root in long trains of thought, and might be accounted for on the hypothesis of the activity of the subconscious mind.

All philosophers, however, are willing to give place to the faculty that we call *intuition*—"that inner vision, or spiritual sense opening inwardly, as the physical senses open outwardly, having the capacity to discover truth independently of all external sources of information." This power of perceiving primary truth—let it be accounted for on whatever hypothesis we may—is the first requisite of genius; yet it can never become fruitful unless accompanied by the art of communicating and interpreting its message for the multitude.

The majority of mankind are but "jobbers" and retailers of thought; they get their ideas second-hand and pass them on to the less fortunate. And is there not a lesson here on the futility of trusting to "majorities" in matters pertaining to government? The voice of the majority is seldom the voice of the Eternal. Only at rare intervals is there to be found a man who knows the Divine Will, and too often even he has not the courage to proclaim it when every voice is in direct opposition to his convictions. Says Matthew Arnold: "When all your feelings are engaged, when you hear all around you no language but one, when your party talks that language like a steam-engine and can imagine no other: still to be able to think, still to be irresistibly carried, if so it be, by the current of thought to the opposite side of the question, and like Balaam to be unable to speak anything but what the Lord has put in your mouth—I know nothing more striking."

If we follow the course of thought on the great subjects of human interest it is easy to mark those who are in advance of the current opinion; and, although they are generally railed at, yet sooner or later they will rank with the geniuses of the age. "To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your own private heart is true for all men—that is genius."

The comparative rarity of genius is evidently a lack of soul-reliance. Man looks everywhere for truth except within his own soul, and if perchance a ray of light shine on some hidden verity he distrusts it unless corroborated by some external authority. Emerson reminds us that the highest merit we ascribe to the great writers is that they have "set at naught books and traditions, and spoke, not what men thought, but what *they* thought." It is true that no one could write acceptably without a knowledge of history or contemporaneous literature, and education is certainly not to be disparaged; yet in this age we rely too much on it. If, for instance, a man resolves to follow a literary career, he begins at once to study the great masters with a view to acquiring "style" and a good store of ideas, unmindful of the fact that "that which each man can do best, none but his Maker can teach him." Who were the teachers that could have instructed Moses, Milton, Plato, Shakespeare, Newton, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Wagner, and the host of geniuses of whose like the world is now so barren? And why is it so barren? Is it not because we rely too much on tuition and too little on *intuition*—because we preach too much on man's depravity and too little on his divinity? It is possible that if all the universities and other institutions for the higher education of men and women were to be closed for a period, and students and professors allowed time to commune with Nature and God and to "see what the great Soul showeth," there would be a reawakening in the realm of thought; and in due time we would have a crop of geniuses equal to the inspired writers of the past.



"The inspiration which uttered itself in *Hamlet* and *Lear* could utter things as good from day to day, forever," if some one would listen and report. But inspiration cannot utter itself through men whose ideas have been manufactured and salted for generations before their birth. Is it not true that many of the best minds spend the better part of their lives swallowing and digesting those same traditional ideas? And whether or not they agree with them when they come to years of maturity, they must perforce hold to and perpetuate them. They have become, as it were, their stock in trade, and to abandon them would, in many instances, entail bankruptcy if not actual starvation—unless such unfortunate teachers of worn-out traditions have sufficient wit, courage, and capital to begin on a new career.

"Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains" is a time-honored axiom. A more modern definition, however, is to the effect that "genius is an infinite capacity for doing things *without* taking pains." It is true that a man by the application of his talents may attain a high place in literature, and exhibit a knack and skill that often pass for genius; but the real genius is the great Soul breathing into man's soul and escaping through his intellect. Neither talent, intellectual effort, nor "capacity for taking pains" can ever take the place of intuition and inspiration. They are a sort of "moonlight genius," compared with the great sun-kindled, constructive imagination of *true* genius.

All great poets are such because of "the free course they allow to the informing soul." And this will come not only to the poet, but to the humble searcher for truth in every department of knowledge. The inventor, the scientist, the philosopher, etc., may each find an inspiration if he will seek for it with his soul raised to heaven instead of with his face to the ground. A joyous rapture accompanies this union of the finite mind with the Infinite, as experienced in the birth of a new idea, or, as it is sometimes termed, the exercise of the creative

faculty, which surpasses all other human emotions. It is more ecstatic than love, more sublime than friendship, more exhilarating than wine. Who having once tasted of this nectar would willingly cease to imbibe?

Yet even a literary genius of the highest type is not an automaton; he must exercise a strenuous choice in the classification of ideas and the use of words—although even the vocabulary of an imaginative writer is to some extent spontaneous. Earnestness of purpose, perseverance, and courage are also indispensable to genius.

“Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute.  
What you can do, or think you can, begin it.  
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.  
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;  
Begin, and then the work will be completed.”

IN every earnest life there are weary flats to tread, with the heavens out of sight—no sun, no moon, and not a tint of light on the path below. But to the meek and faithful it is not always so. Now and then something touches the dull dream of sense and custom, and the desolation vanishes—the divine realities come up from the past and straightway enter the present.—*James Martineau*.

Nor only to the God that is above us, but to the God that is within us, let us direct our prayer; and to that God let our importunity be such that, like the man of the parable crying for bread at midnight, it cannot, will not, be denied.—*John W. Chadwick*.

THE highest nobility is natural or divine, and may belong to him who walks barefooted in rags; but he who is without it, though clad in purple and gold, remains base and ignoble.—*Bartholomew Arnigio*.

My moral law shall be the law of me; I will keep the covenants of my own nature.—*Muriel Strode*.

## THE PHANTOM OF SIN.

BY W. DELOS SMITH.

Phantoms are illusions. Like dreams, they *seem* real while they last, and may awaken emotions of sweetest happiness or exist as veritable nightmares. An awakening to the realization of fact may be a bitter disappointment or a blessed relief.

Much depends upon the attitude of a soul in relation to Truth. If prejudice reigns supreme, true freedom may be regarded with disfavor. The thought expressed by P. T. Barnum that "the American people love to be humbugged" is almost axiomatic. The tenacity with which many cling to a fetish is remarkable. The practise of idolatry cannot cease so long as minds are not open to the convictions of Truth. Subservience to false gods holds mentality in bondage and makes martyrs of the disciples of Liberty.

For ages theological dogma has held the human mind in captivity. In those who longed for the freedom that Truth alone can give, it gradually became, and now is, the mother of doubt. To one phase of this dogmatism we especially call attention.

Into the creation and development of theological systems, the term "*sin*" has ever been prominently introduced. It has been the tool of cunning deception and the scapegoat of ignorance. Knowing that the operation of the human mind in the phase termed *conscience* never rises above clear intellectual conceptions, the *intellect* has been trained to belief in a personal Deity. The violation of the caprices of such an infinite (?) monstrosity has been termed "*sin*." In the history of humanity, it may be noted that the priest has been the sole interpreter of the language of the Absolute, and thus through an unwarranted vantage-ground has largely controlled what is

known as the moral and religious life of man according to his own (the priest's) whims.

Narrowly catalogued, therefore, like portions of the "Methodist Episcopal Church Discipline," are the "Thou shalt's" and the "Thou shalt not's," which, expressing a monopoly of virtue and truth, presuppose an unqualified panacea for all ills, termed "sin," and the extension of all true worth, called "righteousness."

A New England boy, living in a strictly orthodox home where whistling on Sunday was considered an offense to "The Good Man" in the skies, and hence a sin, was asked to give a general classification of sinfulness. His reply was terse and, from the point of view of his environment, philosophic. Said he, "Whatever gives us pleasure is sinful." To this boy's mind, no doubt, the question often arose, "Is life worth living?" Abnormal and false theology is responsible for two-thirds the pessimism and its attending sorrows in the world to-day.

*Moral* wrongs cannot be made right by a priest's indulgence or ablution, or by a ministerial ceremony; neither can they be made right by an agent of civil law. What is morally wrong cannot be made morally right by legislation. *Legal* rights are far from always being moral rights.

The dogmatism of theology is the assumption of theocratic rights. In harmony with the expressed mandates of these so-called divine systems, the meaning of the term "sin" has been taught. In childhood, when the mind is most susceptible to impressions, the idea is conveyed and emphasized that "sin" is that which offends a sensitive and all-powerful Being who resides somewhere in the skies—in a city called Heaven, the streets of which are paved with gold. Continued offense will result in non-forgiveness, and then there is no alternative but Dante's "hell." All this appeals strongly to the imaginative fancy of childhood. Intellectually impressed, conscience will act as a support to such belief. The appeal to fear aids to a

coveted subjection of the mind by which a cunning priesthood has reigned supreme and unquestioned for centuries.

This conception of sin is a delusion. It is the bugbear with which weak-charactered mothers frighten their children into obedience, and effeminate leaders of men seek recognition and support. Being a fallacy, its teaching is an insult and injustice to childhood, and a startling presumption on the intelligence of maturity.

Thoughts and acts may be unwise and indiscreet because they are violations or transgressions of law inherent in the nature of things. If thoughts performed produce injustice and therefore pain, such acts should be avoided. The thought of inevitable compensation should rule our course of conduct, not the belief in offensiveness to a personal Deity. Minds that *think*, and are unselfishly true to their convictions, inevitably arrive at this conclusion. Minds that think for others, having selfish objects in view, and minds that permit such others to think *for* them, rest satisfied with the delusions of dogma. It is a case of Uncle John and Aunt Polly. "Oh, yes," said he, "we get along splendidly. Polly loves to work, and I love to have her work." Selfish pretenders revel in the dispensation of accepted fallacies, and a gullible public esteems itself well served. Such impostors, knowing that the perpetuation of error is to their advantage, act upon the principle—"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

In the great conflict between Truth and Error, the latter for years may reign supreme, but "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." In the great reaction, when all elements shall be harmoniously adjusted, Truth will have universal recognition and honor.

Where the harmony of Truth prevails, dogmatic "sin" cannot enter. True right or wrong is only a matter of attitude—of relation. Neither civil law nor public opinion is the criterion by which we may determine the status of an act. Where there is obedience to *natural* law, the question of right rela-

tions is settled; therefore, the question of right or wrong is also settled. To a soul in harmony with the Divine in Nature, the unreality of "sin" is evident. That is *right* which is in harmony with natural law. Obedience to principles to which all life is subject *must* produce happiness; therefore, pain is evidence that some law is violated.

Injustice is usually a result of selfishness somewhere. Wherever injustice is done, discordant relations have been sustained. Prompted by selfish greed and utterly disregarding the rights of others, real immorality and dishonor are created. *Love* thinketh no evil (discord); hence, love is the fulfilling of the law (harmony). Where real love exists, harmony exists; and where harmony prevails so-called sin cannot find a place.

The Man of Galilee uttered a profound truth when, in that beatific statement, he said: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God [good]." The world's greatest poet, living this blessing, saw "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and *good in everything*." Our synoptic visions determine our relations; our relations determine our character—and *character is destiny*.

Conventional orthodoxy for years has been influencing and shaping public opinion on social, moral, and religious lines of thought. Its policy has ever been to see *bad* in everything except what was purified (?) through irrational and blind faith in a dogmatic theological theory. By recognized psychological law we consciously or unconsciously promote what we earnestly believe. The doctrine of total depravity is quite necessary in building the orthodox systems of theology, and in these systems the term "sin" as usually interpreted is equally necessary. But, judged from the rational point of view of the operation of laws that this belief necessarily utilizes, it is a pernicious doctrine. To *believe* a character or an act to be *bad* (discordant) helps to make it so. The very current of our social, moral, and religious life being poisoned with thoughts adverse to harmony, it is no wonder that the stench

of impurity rises into the nostrils of the members of such conventional society and that sensuality and deception are perpetuated. Discord is impurity, and the impure cannot see God (good).

The same general idea is evidenced in trends of current thought. Few, comparatively, express admiration of the good features of material benefits, institutions, or persons. In sections of the West where lack of rain somewhat injured the corn crop, nine-tenths of the people magnified this misfortune, which was the whole burden of their conversation. In the *same* section of country a wheat crop far above the average was harvested, and very few ever made mention of this exceptional gain. From prenatal impressions to hoary-headed age, the current of human thought is generally directed into, and educated through, pessimistic channels. Under such conditions the attainment of harmony, purity, and love is greatly retarded.

The power of a word in its influence on human life is measured by the effect its use produces. The term "sin," as universally accepted in Christendom, conveys the idea of antagonism to the fiat of a supreme Personality. This idea is mythical in origin, a will-o'-the-wisp in realism, and a presumption on rational intelligence in its use. If it ever performed a function of any value whatever, that time was in the period of civilization in which Christianity had its origin—when in accordance with the Jewish conception of Yahveh, a god of vengeance and wrath, the motive of fear was necessary to be appealed to. The word "sin," therefore, was coined as a convenient generality with which to class anything opposed to what was pleasing to Yahveh—a wrathful god. With the term is most intimately related the idea of fear, because, mythological-like, the caprice of this god frequently dictated everlasting, excruciating torment. For centuries the doctrine of everlasting punishment in a lake of material brimstone fire, said to be the sinner's inevitable inheritance, was taught.

Since he who entered this place was past the limit where reformation could or would be recognized, this punishment was of course provided as a means of revenge, and *not* for the *good* of the individual.

The effect of the idea (sin), therefore, has been to create a fear prompted by degrading motives. Humanity has been kept sick through the influence of this imaginary miasma. It has been kept in bondage through the forces of this prejudicial and intolerant idea. It has sought liberty from the dungeon of ignorance but found only the phantom-light of this superstition to overwhelm it with disappointment. It has thirsted for the sweet waters of happiness, but has been supplied with cups from this spring of Marah. In every stage of its innate longing for the pure delight of Truth's symphony, it has heard only the discordant notes of this demon of error. When looking for liberation from the thralldom of unjust servitude, it has felt the lash of the whip of this superstitious fancy.

Intellectual freedom, in which loyalty to the great truth-principles of life predominates, will relegate this impostor of "sin" to the oblivion of pretenders, where its baleful influence shall poison the stream of true human life no longer. There may be martyrs to the faith of non-conformists, but if necessary *these* shall herald the glad new era of Truth's millennium.



WOULD you see God? Look at these exquisite flowers, at those waves curling on the current of rivers. Breathe the gentle western winds that bring health and comfort on their wings. Vast seas, wide plains, snow-capped mountains—all that we see, all that we hear—speak to us unceasingly of our Father's love.—*Caussin.*



INSPIRATION is one and the same thing always—God breathing upon or into. The quality is always one and uniform, for it is from God. The difference is in quantity—the more or less that the thing breathed into can hold.—*J. F. W. Ware.*



## THE SYMBOL OF CHANGE.

### A STORY.

BY E. ADELINE WILLIAMS.

"Matter is a phenomenon of spirit, and spirit informs mind, which generates thought; and thought creates. Mind is the source of the phenomenon; unconditioned, it is law. The power of thought thrown with great violence into a related mind, as that of man, will change the thought of the related mind, and mark its effects upon the body, as sure as the stone falls when its support is taken away."—*Herbert E. Crosswell.*

To his mother's way of thinking, Walter Craven had contracted that most hopeless impediment—an unsuitable marriage. God and her own heart only knew what agony it was to receive Eleanor Winchester into her family, she confided to her son.

"Representatives of the Truth, which is so much prated about just now," explained she, "do not as a rule stand by their motives. Perhaps Eleanor will," she ventured to add.

"Mother," replied Walter, "the Principle of Truth is the cornerstone of humanity. All religions are but the offspring of one religion. As Emerson says: '*Be, and not seem.*'"

"Eleanor hasn't any religion," she stoutly averred. "Whoever takes all the wonderful incidents recorded in the Old Testament,—like the sun standing still for Joshua, the burning bush, and Moses on the mount,—and turns them into psychologic phenomena, hasn't a particle of religion."

He was on the point of saying that, if psychologic phenomena are facts in Nature, they admit of scientific investigation; but, realizing that no argument of his would convince his mother that any such "twaddle," as she termed it, is worthy the test of science, he pursued the discussion no further.

Humanity as a whole has not yet come into an actual realization of Truth. Like the elder Mrs. Craven, it is not yet

ready to drop its old thought. Like her, too, the masses prefer to look for Truth in some far-off corner of the universe, and to seek aid from without rather than from within.

Because Eleanor was going contrary to her own worldly thought, her husband's mother took it to be a hint that she had opened her life to the wonders of magic, instead of the Soul of things, of which she was a part, thereby harmonizing herself with Nature. The elder Mrs. Craven could not adjust her life to any such law; for she could not convince herself that all things that appear to the senses are mere effects—phenomena. And it irritated her to be told that all truths are in the soul; that “by the purification of the soul” we change the world's appearance, and purify the soul by the thought—as the thought, so ultimately will be the effect.

She had one evening been paying strict attention to a conversation between Walter and Eleanor—listening attentively to all they said. Finally she asked:

“Did you say that we make things what they are by our thought?”

“We make things for ourselves by our own thought,” replied Eleanor, “and in fact our own thought affects everything to a greater or less degree, because all thought is related. No one lives to himself alone. That is the law,” she added, “which you or I can never surmount or destroy.”

“Well,” said the older woman, after a pause, “if this law is so commanding,” wishing to make her son and his wife understand how distasteful all this had become, “from this time forth I shall be thinking that your unborn child will never have the power of speech——”

“Mother!” cried Eleanor, who saw, in a vision, a sweet little girl going about the room trying to utter a word so dear to the heart of every woman; and again she beseeched the woman who had known the joy of this word, in a voice hoarse and broken, to respond to the love this vision excited. “Mother!” she repeated.

"Will never have the power of speech—or the ability, I should have said—to talk to me about the evidence of the senses, or any of the rest of this folderol," finishing her sentence regardless of Eleanor's agitation and distress. "You think your thoughts," added she, "and I'll think mine; and we'll both watch 'effects,' as you tell about."

Walter behaved like a brave man. Lest he should betray his feelings, he remained silent. Nevertheless, his mother was making use of a weapon whose power she little understood—one that never loses its value. She had thrown her own thought with great violence into a mind related to another, and she was going to watch for its results upon the body of her unborn grandchild.

The sense of true motherliness was not altogether wanting in the elder Mrs. Craven, but the sphere of life in which she was brought up had denied her the advantages that the teachings of the present day conferred upon her son and his wife, and her failure to comprehend the true import of these teachings had aroused in her a state of resistance she little understood.

In the pause that followed she went to her own room, and immediately afterward sent a request that Walter should join her there.

"We have been waiting to receive our child with gladness," he told his mother, who, having taken time to reflect, now showed a disposition in some way to have the unpleasant affair adjusted, "and both Eleanor and myself have resolved that every word spoken among us shall act as a lever to maintain a well-poised mental condition that will reflect itself in harmony on the minds of us all."

"But," she asked, troubled now in spirit because of the excess of emotion she had caused her son's wife, "if Eleanor's thoughts are so much nearer right than mine, why should any words I can utter interfere with her 'well-poised condition,' as you call it, or yours either?"

By the simplest way he knew, Walter explained the complex, wonderful thing called the human mind—how, for instance, it can make many things appear real that have no foundation in fact. “Life,” he went on to illustrate, “is identical with mind, which is the energy that does the molding; and Eleanor,” said he, “is the agent for the enforcement of this law that will show itself in our child. Now, when you ask me how your thought can interfere,” he added, “I can only tell you that the words you uttered to-night inspired fear in Eleanor, and, she not having unlimited control of the ‘new compound thought,’ the law is apt to be fulfilled on its negative side. But then, mother dear,” in tones of comforting assurance, “what passed even five minutes ago is gone, and therefore dead to us—if only we will bury it.” And he asked her to consent to this fact by living in the present.

“Love is the fulfilling of the law,” murmured Eleanor, as, alone, the vision was again seeking to imprint itself on her mentality. Oh, for a love strong enough to dissolve the idea her mother-in-law’s petulant mood had generated—to bury that past out of sight!

From the time Eleanor’s baby was born, however, the well-informed physician understood that stronger evidence than that we have “no rational grounds to believe in the reality of anything but ideas and their relations” could not be shown. Drawing the young father aside, he reminded him that new facts were constantly coming within the sphere of speech; for Nature was gradually being compelled to give up her secrets to men. Both himself and his wife knew that their child must express truth. If the old notions of speech were lacking, their little daughter’s thoughts would be slipping out in expressions they both would be able to understand.

“Hush!” said Walter’s mother, when he began telling her what the doctor said. “Eleanor’s way of thinking may open her child’s lips; you can’t tell.”

A little later Eleanor, fondling Baby Grace as only a young

mother knows how to caress her first-born, asked a question; and in the silence that followed, the words her husband's mother had spoken sounded with startling distinctness upon her ears, and she, too, knew the event that marked the effect an idea had produced.

Crossing the room, she laid her child in the arms of the sobbing woman sitting there. "We must have larger motives!" whispered she, as the grandmother clasped her arms about the babe, and pressed it close to her bosom.

But, as Condillac says, "though we should soar into the heavens, though we should sink into the abyss, we never go out of ourselves; it is always our own thought that we perceive."

So, as time wore on and Baby Grace developed into the best and healthiest child, both spiritually and physically, she had ever known, it was always her own thought that the grandmother perceived in the mute lips; and whenever the blue eyes tried to give expression to what the lips were unable to utter, her own conscience never failed to impart this information: "Your own idea produced this effect!" She wept bitterly; and one scene was but the rehearsal of another that occurred in the stillness of her own room.

Gracie was now four years old. The elder Mrs. Craven was trying to make her usual midnight soliloquy shorter, if possible, than those which had preceded her little granddaughter's earlier birthdays, when she heard Walter come swiftly down the stairs and close the street door behind him. Then she got up, and with hurried steps turned toward her son's room. When he returned he found her there, talking in a low tone to Eleanor and staring at the bed whereon her little granddaughter lay.

"I think," said the doctor, who had returned with Walter, addressing her, "that you will be better off in bed."

At daybreak they called her, and she began to listen to everything that was said. The entire household was aroused shortly afterward; but at seven o'clock, when the sounds of

morning life should have begun to stir, silence had settled down upon the house. "Membranous croup," if recognized as such, is so quick when it sets about its work!

After that Walter and Eleanor took up their every-day duties with a newer devotion to the higher life.

"If I could only get a wink or two of sleep!" sighed the elder woman; "but night after night I lay in bed with my eyes wide open, and no disposition to close them. Shall I ever get over this?" she sorrowfully asked.

"You must be taught of the Spirit," said Eleanor; "become redeemed by that process of spiritual unfoldment which is attained by knowing and realizing that spirit is *all*. Life is what we make it," she insisted—adding that Wisdom bids us find Truth in ourselves.

But her mind could not seem to grasp the meaning of Eleanor's words. That night, however, she seemed to swoon away in the surprise of sleep, when she saw the door of her room open—and Gracie entered. The little girl came and stood beside her bed, and said, "Grandmother! Love!"

It was a great satisfaction to be able to state her experience; for she took her "dream" to be a positive reflection of what was actually occurring in the realm where Gracie now dwelt—she could talk there!

Eleanor and Walter, who did not regard the mere physical as *life* in its truest sense, saw at once what was taking place. By her sorrow she was transmuting herself from the physical to the spiritual plane. This was proved by the many visits she received from her little granddaughter. Finally she maintained that she was *not* asleep when at night the door of her room was opened and Gracie entered—and so refused any longer to stay alone.

But when "company" was present her little visitor remained away: all things become manifest in and through law. For human nature to know the Divine nature, they must consciously meet—an at-one-ment must be effected. This was

being accomplished when, in the agony of her grief for the loss of the child she had learned to love so devotedly, and in the sorrow of self-condemnation for the cause of the phenomenon she had seen presented in her mute granddaughter, the human and the Divine mingled.

As human companionship frustrated the working of the law, so the presence of callers soon became distasteful to her; and, instead of going to her own room evenings, she remained with her son and his wife.

The little soul incapable of manifesting itself here had been living the perfect life "over there," for twelve months, as we reckon time; and their own lives, so Walter and Eleanor believed, had been enriched since she was drawn into the higher sphere.

The elder woman was asleep in her chair, and while she slept her son and his wife continued to talk. Thus they sat for more than an hour. Outside silence reigned, and a stillness seemed to fall on these two earnest hearts.

Presently the door opened and their child entered the room. She went and stood beside the sleeping woman. Eleanor was on the point of yielding to the instincts of her maternal nature when Gracie spoke, saying "Grandmother!"

"She can talk!" whispered Walter. "Oh, Eleanor, our child can speak!"

"Grandmother!" she called again, the tones of her voice having passed the sleeper by.

The elder Mrs. Craven now opened her eyes.

"Grandmother!" Gracie called once more. "It is time to go home!"

"Is it?" she asked, rousing herself, and speaking in her natural tone.

Just then a sudden glare of light filled the room, dazzling their sight. When the illumination became dim, they saw floating about overhead two soft, fleece-like clouds, permeated with a pale light. As they looked, the clouds took on the

appearance of the sleeping woman and the child who had just come in; while the room itself seemed to expand as the two forms continued to float about.

"Oh, see!" cried Eleanor, seizing the arm of her husband. "See!"

Walter looked. As plainly as he had ever seen his mother and child he beheld them both now. Living creatures, gliding up, and up, and up, as if their movements were directed by intelligence and will! They watched them in their ascent, going steadily higher and higher, until finally they were lost to sight—and all was as before.

Then they turned and looked toward the grandmother's chair. The woman's form was there; but the soul? Ah! it had been redeemed from death.

"In matter we have the symbol of change. In spirit we have the absolute, the eternal, the changeless!"





## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### THE DECLINE OF HERESY.

THE successful revolutionist is a patriot; it is only when vanquished that he becomes a rebel. But throughout all history the leaders of forward movements have been men to whom principles were weightier than names. To the labors, the sacrifices, the *minds* of such heroic souls, human progress is almost wholly due. They have usually had but two opponents, which are twins—ignorance and bigotry; for it is these that lend tenacity to the roots of wrongs that require radical remedies. In all ages the seers and prophets of evolution and intellectual growth have been in a pathetically hopeless minority. In former times they were stoned by the beneficiaries of their bounty,—executed as traitors by tyrannical kings or anathematized as heretics by church councils,—their worst enemies being invariably the members of their own households. But Truth is always undaunted—a quality often manifested by its exponents, who know that their armor is impregnable.

To-day, however, the herald of a new policy, doctrine, or point of view is less solitary. Less suspicion of depravity, criminal intent, and general diabolism is directed toward him. He encounters opposition, but it is negative, lukewarm, respectful, when not wholly insincere; for the economic straits of our artificial civilization render it hazardous for persons in places of power and emolument to utter sentiments that shock the conservative sense of tradition. They sometimes feel obliged to deprecate in public what in private elicits their sympathetic interest if not indorsement. This degree of hypocrisy is the result of constraint rather than of weakness; it is due to the effort to retain a foothold in the competitive struggle for material comforts.

Among the masses of mankind the sheep-like propensity to "follow a leader" is still evident on all sides: it even characterizes some phases of so-called advanced thought. That timidity which

is born of the fear of poverty often blinds a man to the real shackles that hold him down. Thus does he become a prey to the machinations of monopoly, the designs of shrewder intellects, the benumbing evils of superstition, and the schemes of the political "boss." Yet, silently but persistently, Education is doing its perfect work—its most beneficent service being the teaching of men to think for themselves. A result of this may be noted in the gradual softening of the asperities between contending factions: the Montagues of to-day are willing to concede a few virtues to the Capulets, and *vice versa*. This is also true of modern political parties, of religious sects, and of the schools of Mental Science.

Heresy in matters of theology is no longer a stigma. It rather distinguishes some of the brainiest men in the orthodox Church: the "progressive" ones who have some regard for scientific truth and a "little knowledge" of those New Thought teachings which have already proved "dangerous" to institutional Christianity. While it also affords an excuse for the ribald and sensational rantings of some individuals whose iconoclastic work is of doubtful utility to any one, yet it means progress in the end; for the heresy of to-day frequently becomes the orthodoxy of to-morrow. The growth in respectability of the heretic does not mean that he is less numerous or less radical than in former times, but rather that the theological dogmas from which he dissents have become to some extent rationalized: that the ecclesiastical bodies from which he secedes in thought have grown more tolerant of opposing views. A decline in heresy is always coincident with a subsidence of bigotry.

In presence of the manifold proofs that we live in a law-governed universe, to avow one's disbelief in a personal God is no longer a confession of imbecility or atheism. Disasters like the recent destruction of St. Pierre, on the island of Martinique; the sufferings entailed upon humanity through ignorance, individual and racial; the pitfalls that line the paths of men and nations in their blundering search for knowledge and happiness; the lack of means whereby competent minds might realize beneficent ideals for their fellow-beings; the worship of brute force and the slavery and oppression of militarism, now recrudescing throughout the world—such facts as these plainly confute the ex-

istence of a personalized Being possessing the quality of omnipotence. They tend, moreover, to justify the opinion of Professor Pearson, late of the Northwest University, that miracles are myths.

This declaration, by the way, was soon followed by the Professor's enforced resignation. Yet the opposition to this conscientious and learned instructor's continuance on the staff of a Methodist college was purely formal and official; for in his brave utterances were voiced the sentiments of many of equal prominence who lack the courage of their convictions. But he has not lost caste among the laity—persecution of "heretics" has long since proved ineffective. "You may destroy a hundred heresies," says Dean Stanley, "and yet not establish a single truth."

J. E. M.



## ETHICAL SOCIALISM AND THE NEW THOUGHT.

Side by side in present-day movements stand Socialism in the political and the New Thought in the religious world. Both are working out a great ideal: one from center to circumference, the other from circumference to center; one in the visible, the other in the invisible; one in the inner life, the other in the outer life. If the visible and invisible are co-extensive, there will result a great reform that will free humanity from the pressure of physical necessity under which it is laboring.

Ethical Socialism is cosmic in nature and coöperates with cosmic law. It recognizes the oneness of life and the natural economic advantage of concerted effort in the maintenance of that life, and advocates an impersonal effort to sustain it in physical manifestation. The New Thought has found every man to hold a cosmic consciousness, to which some have awakened but toward which all are evolving. When this awakening has occurred individual effort ceases. So, from its ethical side, Socialism is coördinate with the New Thought.

If the Socialistic propagandist, realizing the ethical side of his subject, avoids misanthropy and brings his subject before men as a great ideal that, externalized, will promote the common good, the cosmic quality of thought inspired will be such as to

bring the great religious thought of the ages into the common life. "For he that loseth his life for my sake, the same shall find it." This means a step toward spiritual freedom (the only real freedom). For the masses of the people it means a changing of estimates from a material to a spiritual basis, and the giving of places of distinction and honor invariably to men of *real* worth and ability.

The success of any great reform depends upon finding some point of common sympathy between its promulgators and those it would benefit. This point of interest is already found in a universal desire for freedom.

"Where may I find relief from this awful pressure of physical necessity with which I am enslaved?" By fulfilling a great ideal. By ceasing to seek anything for self, but for the good of all.

The Socialistic idea is of value chiefly, then, because it stands for right living and practical religion: for an adjustment of matters of every-day life in accordance with true Christian principles and Christ-likeness. It is losing the life in the individual sense to find it in the universal sense.

The opposite of Socialism, in its ethical significance, is Individualism; and he that seeks the good of society rather than the good of an individual, or of individuals, is an Ethical Socialist. This new basis of living would give to school and college a correct standard: not—How shall I fit myself to make money? but—What are my natural abilities and how can I best use them for my own and others' evolution?

The question of equitable distribution and the method by which the great plant of human industry may be transferred to the control of its operators are the problems of the Economic Socialist. That this transfer be made by force is out of keeping with the spirit of true Socialism.

It seems likely that at the polls, if nowhere else, the two great factors in human progress will meet on common ground, and that the one in the broad, noisy arena of the political world and the one in the quiet stillness of earnest souls will unite to carry the ship of State away from the rocks of avarice and greed into the clear waters of brotherhood and universal amnesty.

BRENDA LOUISE BROWN.

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

*Conducted by*

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

---

## MENTAL TREATMENT FOR CHILDREN.

Now that the beautiful days of spring are here, even the little folks, who have been imprisoned in the house all winter, are privileged to be out enjoying the sunshine. Let them have all they can. Let them run riot everywhere over the grass and under the trees and out in the garden. Poor things, they have pined for this fresh air, and might have been rosy and rugged if their solicitous parents had not been consumed with fears that a draught, or a change in the temperature, or some unknown horrible danger lurked in the air.

Without knowing it, these over-anxious mamas and aunties and grandmas have made their little charges delicate, sickly, and irritable, not only by depriving them of fresh air and healthful outdoor exercise, but by casting upon them, even unconsciously, the reflection of their own fears, which are always disease-breeders. Even believers in the New Thought realize comparatively little of the effects in their children that their cheerful thinking has produced. Puny, sickly children have in many instances gained robust health through the changed mental atmosphere of their homes.

The writer knows a family of three children who, before the New Thought was understood, were subject to colds, croup, catarrh, and unexpected and sudden afflictions, all of which conditions were changed as by magic when the parents studied and practised Mental Science. The little girl in this family, who had from babyhood been afflicted with enlarged tonsils and catarrh, was healed of both within a week by her mother, who immediately turned her theories into practical experience. Coughs, colds, fevers, etc., disappeared from the family, except

on rare occasions, when a few hours with any of these ailments generally sufficed to banish them. Even scarlet fever succumbed to the treatment, although in this case all ordinary precautions were taken to avoid infecting other children; hence, confinement to the room was carried out for several weeks.

One marked and most gratifying effect of mental treatment on children is the angelic temper they display in convalescence. Contrary to the peevishness and irritability so often exhibited after medicinal treatment, the most gentle winsomeness, the most cunning and sweetest episodes, entice and delight the mother into frequent treatments even when there is no physical need.

All this shows the wonderful opportunity that lies in our hands as parents if we will only use it. To guide and train a child early to treat himself is also possible, and many a home is blessed with a valiant little hero, who seldom or never cries or whines over aches and pains, but bravely repeats his magic words until the pain is over.

A little girl of seven came down to the breakfast-table one morning declaring she had cured the stomach-ache "in a jiffy" by just "going upstairs in her mind." Her mother had taught her the possibility of concentrating her attention upon the higher plane, which she had called the "upper chamber," where there is no pain or trouble, or sickness, and where one may go at any time as easily as to go upstairs and look out upon beautiful scenes and sunny fields, etc. The child caught the idea, and it acted like magic.

A little boy of four, in his mother's presence, one day fell headlong over the rug, spraining his thumb quite badly. Picking himself up quickly and smiling through his tears, he said: "It'll go pretty soon, Mama; for I'll just say '*Oh!*' and *let* it go."

The effect of this early training in optimism is inestimable. The habits of mind thus formed will become fixed and be the surest safeguards against disease throughout life. The picturing of disease, the shrinking fear and horror of what might be, are blighting not only in their effects on the mind and body at the time, but for all the future—because of their paralyzing results on the mental forces and the emotional nature.

It is true that, when children begin to go to school and talk

with other children not similarly trained, they will often learn to talk disease, and in other ways manifest the effect of association; but it is just here that the close tie of comradeship and the willingness of the mother to explain differences will be most helpful to the child.

We have so often referred to the necessity of perfect confidence and comradeship. It cannot be too fully emphasized. The contact with other children and other conditions, totally different from those in the home, engenders in the mind of your child many questions that need consistent answers. A clear and simple explanation will serve to keep the faith, and if this is kept there is no danger of your child being "spoiled."

Many times mothers ask: "What shall I say when my children insist on talking over the diseases and sicknesses of which they hear? I do not like to admit, to them there *are* such things."

Therein you are wrong, and therein lies the greatest mistake of New Thought advocates. To deny the existence of sickness on the material plane, or to refuse to name a condition that the world calls disease, is making a statement which cannot be substantiated, which is utterly unreasonable, and which to a child will appear as inconsistent as it does to mature thinkers. On the relative or material plane there are change, diversion, abnormality. To deny this is folly. To substitute another name for a condition that the world names and recognizes as sickness is also inconsistent; hence, the position thus taken will necessarily require subterfuge. This is why you dislike to talk about the matter to your child, whom you have instructed to deny and ignore sickness. If, however, you have taught him of the two planes of thought and the two platforms of speech, one belonging to the material plane and the other to the spiritual, he can readily understand that his schoolmates speak from the material standpoint, probably never having been taught about the other. A simple explanation will suffice, and the consistency of your position will never be questioned.

Another great advantage for children trained to know and value their power of thinking is that they can use it most effectively in their school life. It helps them to study, to understand, and

to remember. It gives them faith in the law and confidence in themselves to be able to prove through the many phases of daily experience how to maintain the right attitude of mind.

Some years ago the writer taught a most interesting class of little children, aged from seven to fourteen. In almost every lesson the hands would go up as an eager indication of something to tell. How the practise of right words as given in the class had helped practise the music lesson; how it had made study so much easier; how it had shown how to do things that before had seemed hard and disagreeable; how it had helped to smooth over troubles in school: these were among the testimonials that came freely and gladly.

Nearly nine years passed and the writer was again in the same city. One day a beautiful young woman called to see her. She was one of the former pupils. After a most interesting conversation, during which the young lady spoke of the great help she had found by following instructions all through these years, she added:

"I have come to see if you can offer me any suggestions about the essay I am to write; that is, how to go about it, the right attitude of mind, etc. For I confess that it is my ambition to be chosen valedictorian of the graduating class, and I am one of the seven chosen to write a trial essay."

After a few moments, during which I gave her as briefly as possible a few general suggestions, she said:

"Yes, I see; I am to throw aside all anxiety, open my mind to original thoughts on the subject I have chosen, and write my *best* regardless of consequences. *I can do it!*"

And she succeeded. Her mother told me some months later that she had been chosen the valedictorian, and that everything went off at the graduating exercises most beautifully. Then followed a year in Europe, which no mind could better appreciate than this wide-awake, well-trained one belonging to the girl whose success had come because she had learned how to think.

Why may not every boy and girl be given this advantage likewise? There is no respect of persons with the Law.

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.



*FOR THE CHILDREN.*

---

"AS ONE after another of the wild-flowers comes back to greet us, peeping out of the grass or reaching toward us from shrub or spray, we feel as we do when dear friends return to us after long absence. The flowers are our friends truly; for everything that has life in it is related to us in some way, and bears some message of love to us from Him without whom neither flowers nor human beings would be alive."

"May fades into June, as the morning star melts into dawn. Life is exchanged for richer, warmer life, but nothing dies. The violet goes back into her roots to sleep the year out, with her baby seeds reposing in the earth around her—leaving the memory of her fragrance wandering like a breeze among the flowers of summer. Even if a frost should kill the violet, in the sweetness she has given the air she will live on forever.

"Children dear, when we are missed from our places on earth, may it be as the violet is missed and remembered among the roses of June!"

—*Lucy Larcom.*



THE BABY'S DREAMS.

The streets are dim with sleepy shadows,  
The poppies hang their drowsy heads,  
While all the tired children nestle  
Safe in their little trundle-beds.

Then, from the skies of distant Dreamland,  
Come angels on their swift white wings,  
Bringing to each dear sleeping baby  
Sweet little thoughts of happy things.

But when the gray dawn brings the morning  
And homeward all the star-sheep stray,  
The angels kiss each waking baby  
And go—but all the glad thoughts stay.

LILLA THOMAS ELDER.

## PHILOSOPHY FOR CHILDREN.

## (I.)

Now do not be startled at the word *philosophy*; for a philosopher is simply one who understands Nature. You all know what Nature is. She woos us every day with her bird-calls, the rustling of her forest leaves, the incense of her flowers, the glitter of her butterflies, and with many more things of which you will think, now that I have started your thoughts that way. We do not want you to wait until you are grown before you learn. If you do, many, many of you will never understand; for things would come into your life that would shut Nature out. We would not have that happen.

Most of the great philosophers understood Nature and communed with her from the beginning of their lives. They did not require any one to teach them. Nature herself taught them, for their eyes were ready to see and their ears to hear her sights and sounds. They have been our great people and have taught those of us who had to be taught. For when any one of us begins to see and hear we immediately want every one else to do so. In this way all may become teachers and helpers; and what a beautiful world this would be to live in!

First, you know (if you think), that the beautiful trees under which you love to play breathe the same air as yourself; they live as well as you. And what about the grass and the vegetables, the fruit and the flowers? They differ in the *degree* of life only.

All of the animals, the wild as well as the tame, breathe this air; they are as much a part of Nature as you. Then are we not one great family? Begin to think of them as kin to you. The first people were wild, and there are some still wild.

Go out in the field and breathe long, slow breaths of the delicious air, and think that everything I have spoken about is breathing the air with you—is helping to make the air sweet for you to breathe. You can think for yourself, and not depend upon people and books. Everything that happens in life is started by thought. Then if we have cross thoughts, if we give way to anger, it starts the bad things that “happen,” as many people say.

If we are one great family we should be guided by laws of love; for how unlike Nature to spend time fretting, quarreling, being angry, and making others unhappy! You are a part of the great Divine Life that fills everything, that creates everything. If you but realize this you can do great things.

MARY ATWOOD HARDING.



### THE TRUE STORY OF A HORNED TOAD.

Dick was delighted when his mother told him that they were going to spend part of the summer in Colorado, because in that far-away place he knew there were horned toads. He had read all about them—what queer little creatures they were, with their funny horns of rough brown skin—and he often wished he might have one for a pet. So, when he and his mother started for the West his mind was full of thoughts about horned toads; and, when he finally found himself traveling through the State of Colorado, he not only thought and talked about them, but he dreamed of them! At every station at which the train stopped he tried to buy a horned toad; but not one could he find, to his great sorrow.

When nearly at the end of the journey the train had to wait a long time at a junction, and Dick and his mother left their car and walked about near the railroad station. Near by some men were at work on a new building, and Dick and a number of other children looked on with interest.

Pretty soon one of the workmen picked up something, from the ground, and laid it on a block of wood, calling out:

"Children, I've found a horned toad! Whoever gets here first may have it!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth before the children were running as fast as they could toward the block of wood. Dick, to his joy, reached it first, and the cunning little toad was given to him. He took it up carefully and hurried with his mother to the train; for the brakemen were shouting, "All aboard!"

All through that month of July at Colorado Springs, Dick

and "Toadie," as the little boy called his pet, had fine times together and were the best of friends. Dick spent a great deal of time catching flies for Toadie, who would eat only live insects. He would run out his long narrow tongue, catch a fly on the end of it, and swallow him quick as a flash. Then he would blink his eyes and look as if he wanted to say, "More!"

When Dick and his mother left Colorado they went to Lake George, to spend the month of August in their own cottage there. Outside the window of Dick's room there was a balcony so built that Toadie could be kept in it with no fear of losing him.

As the warm days went by, Toadie grew languid. He seemed to care little for food, and slept nearly all the time. Every one thought him a very lazy little thing.

Summer was over, and it was time to go home. Just before starting for the train Dick went to the balcony to get Toadie, to put him in a box that he meant to keep him in during the journey home. He carefully lifted the tiny creature, who seemed to be soundly sleeping; and to Dick's surprise Toadie weighed no more than an eggshell! He was dead. The poor little fellow had not been lazy at all, but he had been burnt up by the hot sunlight—all but his skin, which was too tough to burn, and so stiff that even after all the body inside it was gone it still kept perfectly Toadie's shape.

Dick put all that was left of his pet in the box and carried it to the train; and when they were passing through a lovely meadow, full of goldenrod, he let the box float out the car-window.

"Farewell, Toadie dear," said Dick, in a choking voice; "I never knew I was letting you burn up."

Dick went about for several days repeating to himself:

"I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But, when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die!"

Now, this wasn't a very sensible thing for Dick to do. What he ought to have thought of, and what we hope some one told him, is that it is the height of cruelty to keep wild creatures prisoners.

F. P. P.

LULLABY.

Go to sleep, my Eleanor;  
This fair night will soon be o'er.  
Twinkling stars will fade away,  
As sunlit skies proclaim the day—  
Eleanor, *my* Eleanor.

Go to sleep, my Eleanor,  
Thou whom we do most adore;  
Portals close, then rest in peace,  
Mother's vigil will not cease—  
Eleanor, *our* Eleanor.

Go to sleep, my Eleanor,  
Thou art safe for evermore.  
Angels bright from whom thou came  
Here are watching "just the same"—  
Eleanor, *their* Eleanor.

Go to sleep, my Eleanor,  
While God's guidance I implore.  
Little one, tho' thou art mine,  
His thou art, a soul divine—  
Eleanor, *His* Eleanor.

FREDERIC GILMER.



LITTLE BROTHERS.

At one of the summer hotels in the Berkshire Hills there was a flight of wooden steps leading from the higher to the lower part of the grounds. Under these steps hornets had made their nests for several years, and, although they had been smoked out again and again, back they came before the summer was ended.

One beautiful August day Willie Chapin's mother saw her little boy seated at the foot of the steps, intent on something in his hand, and as she came nearer she observed hornets flying around him and settling on his face and head. To the one

he held he was saying gentle, loving words, and stroking it lightly with the forefinger of his right hand. So absorbed was he that he did not notice his mother, who watched him for some time. Then she said:

"My child, what have you done to make the hornets love you?"

"Love them first, Mother dear," he replied, looking up at her with a joyous laugh.

Day after day the little fellow, only five years old, would spend hours in play with his hornet friends, and never received the slightest injury from them; for they seemed to sheathe their swords whenever he was with them. He had no fear of any living creature. His mother had taught him that the insects were his little brothers, to whom he must always be kind if he wished their kindness to be shown to him in return. There were no children of his own age in the hotel, and he believed that God had given him the hornets as playfellows during that summer in the Berkshire Hills.

HELEN CHAUNCEY.

GLAD TIDINGS.

The old, old Earth, yet ever new,  
Is budding again for me and for you—  
And for all whose hearts will open wide  
To let God's goodness slip inside.

The old, old Love, yet ever new,  
The Lord is off'ring to me and to you—  
And to all whose hearts will let him in,  
Redeemed to be from worldly sin.

E. TRAUT.

God has created me; God is within me; I carry Him about everywhere. Shall I defile Him with obscene thought, unjust action, or infamous desires? My duty is to thank God for everything, to praise Him for everything, and to thank, praise, and serve Him continually while I have life.—*Epictetus*.

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

**PATHS TO POWER.** By Floyd B. Wilson. 229 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. R. F. Fenno & Co., publishers, New York.

In this splendid volume we have renewed evidence of the spread of the New Thought among all intellectual classes and professions. The author is a noted New York lawyer whose name is familiar to readers of *MIND* through his contributions to our pages. Mr. Wilson is a deep student, a philosopher and scholar; yet his book is written almost wholly from the standpoint of practical experience, its value being thus materially enhanced. He sets forth, with both lucidity and succinctness, certain principles that when rightly applied lead inevitably to the goal of individual dominion, health, and success. They are shown to have *law* as their basis, to be essentially metaphysical, and to proclaim the psychic nature of man. With the keen logic of the legal mind, combined with the spiritual uplift of the New Thought devotee, the author points out, through analysis, fact, and analogy, the paths along which alone the light of true growth in power is shed. These are seen invariably to have their beginning *within* the individual himself, suggesting that real education is largely a process of self-adjustment. The book comprises fourteen chapters, those on "Genius" and "Shakespeare" being alone worth far more than the price of the volume, which we cordially recommend.

**QUEEN MOO'S TALISMAN.** An illustrated poem. By Alice D. Le Plongeon. 100 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. Peter Eckler, publisher, New York.

All who have read Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon's remarkable book, "Queen Moo and the Egyptian Sphinx," will find an especial pleasure in the perusal of this excellent poem by the author's accomplished wife. It has a most instructive prose introduction, the whole work being based on the fall of the ancient Maya empire. The submerged Atlantean continent is becoming less and less mythical with the progress of archæological research, to which Dr. and Mrs. Le Plongeon have contributed

in no small measure; and the tragic story is told in these beautiful pages in metrical form. We learn from the well-written stanzas that the Mayas believed in the soul's immortality and, in common with the advanced thinkers of all ages, its reincarnation on earth. The facts have been gathered from old manuscripts, mural inscriptions, and fresco paintings discovered at Chichen, in Yucatan, about which interesting country our author has already written two large prose works. A unique feature of "Queen Moo's Talisman" is the appendix, which contains both words and music of some Maya melodies, one selection being set to a prayer to the rain-gods. The volume is a valuable contribution to the literature of archæology, as well as to our knowledge of ancient customs and civilizations, and it tends to strengthen the belief that the human race had its origin on American soil. This work possesses much literary charm and gives information not accessible elsewhere.

J. E. M.



#### OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHRIST IDEAL. By Horatio W. Dresser. 150 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York and London.

THE WEB OF LIFE. Poems. By Augusta Cooper Bristol. Autograph edition. 71 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. The Peter Paul Book Co., publishers, Buffalo, N. Y.

CLAUDIA. By Mrs. Marion Todd. 140 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Published by the author, Springport, Mich.

THE SHRINE OF SILENCE. By Henry Frank. 273 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. The Abbey Press, publishers, New York.

FATE AND JUSTICE. By Emil Ulrich Wiesendanger. 168 pp. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 75 cents. Published by the author, Comanche, Texas.

RIGHT GENERATION. By Dr. M. E. Conger. 96 pp. Cloth, 75 cents; leatherette, 50 cents. The Educator Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

LOVE'S COMING-OF-AGE. By Edward Carpenter. 162 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.



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## NEW THOUGHT

EDITED BY

JOHN EMERY McLEAN and CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

VOL. X.

No. 4.

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THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

# MIND.

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JULY, 1902.

No. 4.

## THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

BY THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

Many persons ask: "What is the difference between *mind* and *soul*? What is the difference between the ethical and spiritual life?"

The answer to the first question implies the answer to the second. The mind deals with the exterior phase or form, the soul with the interior or spirit of truth.

The mind is not only the receiving depot for thoughts, feelings, impressions, facts, etc., but the faculty for discriminating, classifying, formulating, adjusting, and imaging into definite thought forms the material received through both sense and soul. The soul is the seat of feeling, or the emotional nature, and the conducting channel for light from spirit to mind.

Spirit is the deific center of identity; the individual; the real "I" or offspring of God; the side of being that, as Emerson declares, "is open to all the attributes of God." Upon the soul, which is the earth side of spirit, descend in *waves of feeling* these "attributes," as love, justice, wisdom, etc., and these with the illuminating intelligence of the spirit are in turn given to mind, which translates them into thoughts. Thus the mind fulfils its highest office, and becomes the handmaid of spirit.

Receiving material, however, through the avenues of sense also, the mind has a sensuous as well as a spiritual consciousness. The reasoning faculty having its seat in the mind deduces conclusions from the sense or objective basis, and neither

knows nor can know that which is above or outside the pale of objective phenomena; while the intuitional faculty of the soul, through feeling and direct perception, knows and reveals truths and principles of spirit regardless of objective corroboration. For successful operation the reasoning faculty requires mental activity, while that of the intuition requires passivity. The whole trend of heredity, training, habit, etc., has developed mental powers; hence the preponderance of the rational faculty over the intuitional.

The mind filled with concepts and convictions deduced by reason unilluminated by intuition, or the light from the spirit, is scientific, orderly, ethical; but the same mind having concepts and convictions based on the intuitional perception of a living Cause back of all effects, and the deep, warm corroborative feeling in the soul, may be none the less scientific, orderly, and ethical, but also *religious*, having the real, conscious sense of unity, or experience of being "bound back" to God.

True religion is devotional, a matter of feeling, involving all the higher qualities of being, such as love, faith, charity, patience, etc. It is, as Coleridge long ago said of Christianity, "not a philosophy, but a life and a living process." Thus we have an ideal statement of spiritual life to be attained. Spiritual wisdom is found above and beyond reason's domain, since truths of the spirit are only revealed by the spirit; yet the mind or reason illumined by the light of Spirit corroborates and points the application of what Spirit reveals. Knowing the mind to be the executive or administrator of spiritual truth, the ego or individual can intrust it with the sifting, adjusting, and classification of principles, as well as the harmonious placing of objective facts and phenomena in relation to truths and principles.

That which is first is natural; afterward cometh that which is spiritual, said Paul. And herein is the statement of progress from the rational or natural to the intuitional or spiritual consciousness. In the natural are the diversities, divisions, com-

parisons, and *dis*-unities to be found in the objective and mental worlds. In the spiritual, which alone furnishes the key to these, are qualities that summed up mean the Divine Whole, or perfect Unity.

In the natural state, or light of reason, it is impossible *not* to have bases for different philosophies, convictions, and faiths, logically deduced from objective phenomena—also strong expressions of individual likes and dislikes; while in the spiritual state, or light of intuition, it is equally impossible *not* to have the *love* quality, which *knows* rather than opines, which is unifying and a unit because it *is* Unity, which makes clear all differences, unites all factions, lives from one basis, and prefers the good of the whole rather than that of self.

In the natural state, reason demands and lives the “strenuous life,” and is the *law-giver* destined to lead the wandering children out of the wilderness into *sight* of the promised land. In the spiritual state Love is the *law-keeper* and leads the children *into* the land of joy and spiritual abundance, in no wise breaking but in all ways substantiating the laws of reason.

The natural man sees the dismembered parts, the spiritual man the perfect Whole. The natural man *climbs* the mountain of Truth, the spiritual man abides on the summit. Yet neither is complete without the other, nor is one able to express the Divine Perfection without the coöperation of the other.

Mind and soul *should* be so conjoined in holy wedlock that there should be no questioning as to the excellence of either, or the province. The spiritual life ensuing from this union is the life that is *in* God, and in which abides the love that believeth and hopeth all things. This is not the set apart, holier-than-thou life, but the spontaneous life of rich spiritual faith and works altogether lovely—the life that, in harmony with Nature,—

Writes the Gospel of the Way  
Into every glorious day.

## HELEN VAN-ANDERSON: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

The Rev. Helen Van-Anderson traces her ancestry back to the Puritans. Among her forefathers there have been many preachers—a fact that may account for her gifts as a public speaker.

Being of a somewhat retiring and sensitive nature, Mrs. Van-Anderson would probably be better pleased if this sketch should deal more with the work she is doing than with the personal facts of her busy life. She dates her highest usefulness to the world back about seventeen years, when she accepted the New Thought concept of life. Since then the work she has done has been of very great importance to the movement, and she has never ceased to rejoice over the new interpretation of religious truth which came to her at that time.

The thing that first attracted her attention was the new method of healing, as she was then suffering from a severe affection of the eyes. Being encouraged to try the treatment, which was then called “mind cure,” she responded so quickly that after a few treatments she recovered the full use of her eyes. From that moment her enthusiasm was unbounded, and, resolving to do her utmost to benefit humanity through the healing ministry, she gave up all other ambitions and pursuits and entered at once upon the new work.

After having been engaged for a short time in the practise of mental healing, she felt “led by the Spirit,” through a series of remarkable experiences, to preach the gospel from the New Thought standpoint. For seven years she gave herself wholly to evangelistic work, going wherever the Spirit led,—often-times thousands of miles from home and friends,—simply in



obedience to the leading, trusting the Father to open each door and to send all things needed; and she bears testimony to the fact that in every instance her faith was amply rewarded.

In the spring of 1893, while spending a day in Boston, where she had gone on business affairs, she felt an overwhelming impression that she should make that city the center of her work. The impression deepened as the months passed, and, though knowing no one in Boston, in the winter of 1894 Mrs. Van-Anderson left Chicago, which had been her headquarters for years, and obeyed the inner voice that called her to the East, without knowing what her work was to be, but feeling sure that Boston was to be the field of her labors. Having decided to start Sunday services as well as to carry on her regular class lectures, she conducted them somewhat on missionary lines for two seasons, and as a result Mrs. Van-Anderson was called by her congregation to become pastor of a legally organized institution known as the "Church of the Higher Life." She was formally ordained to "preach the gospel" without regard to sect or doctrine by the Rev. Minot J. Savage, the Rev. Florence Kollock, and the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, all of whom are well-known leaders in the Unitarian and Universalist Churches.

The right hand of fellowship extended by them to one who was not pledging herself to teach according to their light proved them to be disciples of that life of love which can trust the Father of Lights to guide and guard his children in the way. The Church of the Higher Life took the high stand of aiming "to aid all individuals to attain their own best development, regardless of creed, sect, or dogma," recognizing Jesus as the great Exemplar in self-knowledge and self-revelation.

Mrs. Van-Anderson wrought most acceptably in this field for seven years, but the time came when it seemed to her that she could give better service to the world elsewhere; and since 1900 she has been doing fine work in New York and Washington. She has given lectures and conducted classes in very

nearly one-half of the States of the Union, and has done splendid evangelistic work for the New Thought cause.

Mrs. Van-Anderson is the author of a number of books, which have had a wide sale, reaching all parts of the civilized world. Among them are "The Right Knock," "It is Possible," "The Story of Teddy" (a child's book that has won the approval of those who know the needs of children), and "The Journal of a Live Woman." The last-named book probably expresses more fully the author's philosophy and religion than any of her other works. It has earned no higher testimony in the estimation of the author than that expressed in a note found in a copy of the volume on its return from missionary travels, and which read as follows: "I write this to say that the reading of this book has helped a poor soldier to overcome self."

It is only necessary to quote briefly from Mrs. Van-Anderson's books in order to show the spirit that animates them:

"Not from the visible man of flesh and blood do all things beautiful and true emanate, nor from the material and unstable, but from the one Source that is God, as apprehended and realized by His idea—the real, invisible, spiritual man. Beauty, worth, can only be in idea or understanding. . . .

"We are conditioned by the thoughts we think and by the words we speak. By thinking and speaking right words we manifest true conditions; by thinking and speaking wrong words we manifest false conditions. 'As he thinketh in his heart so is he.' If we desire to manifest strength, justice, or wisdom of God, we must 'acknowledge God in all our ways.' . . .

"When we think true thoughts and catch true ideas, when we understand true meaning and love true knowledge, we are sustained by the living word which sustains all who speak and live it, because we are truly at one with the divine Word. . . .

"Revelation and inspiration are the usual terms for expressing spiritual processes, but are necessarily inadequate to express accurate spiritual meanings. How ideas are born is a question of questions. Whether they come from without or within, they must establish the oneness of God and man in mind and idea. The only 'without' there can be is that which is without the consciousness; the only 'within' is that which is within the consciousness. What is consciousness but a recognition of itself? Then would not 'recognition' more fully describe the birth of ideas? As we

grow able to recognize harmony and love, harmony and love are revealed to us.

"The more spiritual our thoughts and desires, the more spiritual our revelations. To think and talk of God, to desire knowledge of Him, creates a receptivity which sooner or later brings the revealment of more truth, and that of the highest quality. But it is not always by what we see that we are lifted into this consciousness of new knowledge. In various ways is the truth expressed to us, and whether we know how or why it should be thus and so, matters not if we receive the message." ("The Right Knock.")

"In love there is peace,—perfect, complete, blissful peace,—which includes rest, trust, wisdom, strength, tenderness. Too often those people who admire each other's company are anything but restful or peaceful, especially if they are absent from each other. . . .

"In love there is no absence, and therefore no longing. Love gives real joy, real freedom. It holds to nothing but its own sublimity, and rests in the simple fact of its existence. It recognizes only the infinite Present where continual communion is possible, because of its wholeness and unity. The meeting of two people who love in this way is like the bending toward each other of two flowers instead of the meeting between the bee and honeysuckle. It is such a meeting as that between two streams when a larger stream is formed." ("The Journal of a Live Woman.")

Mrs. Van-Anderson has also edited and written for a magazine for children and young people called "The Cup Bearer," which is now in book form and is a valuable addition to New Thought literature.

Mrs. Van-Anderson has a very pleasing and attractive personality and has won numerous friends throughout the States. To strangers she at times appears somewhat reserved, but on more intimate acquaintance this soon passes away, and is probably due to sensitiveness rather than because of any coldness in her nature.

In the progress and growth of the New Thought movement, women have played a most prominent part. Such noble workers as Helen Van-Anderson, Annie Rix Militz, Emma Curtis Hopkins, Myrtle Fillmore, Fanny M. Harley, Ursula N. Gestefeld, Emma Gray, Ellen M. Dyer, Abby Morton Diaz, Fannie B. James, Hannah More Kohaus, Josephine C. Barton, Mrs. M. E. Cramer, and many others of similar gifts, have done quite as much as the men engaged in the movement. -

## LOVE AND DESIRE.

BY DR. J. R. PHELPS.

Taking up one of P. B. Randolph's books a few days ago. I came across two words, set apparently as antitheses—*Agape* and *Stoga*. The former is a well-known Greek word, always used to define the highest form of love—not only the purest and truest and holiest love of the human heart, but also Divine Love. *Outo gar Egapesen o Theos* ("God so loved the world") and *O Pater agapa ton vion* ("The Father loveth the Son") are familiar passages. But the word *Stoga* I do not know or recognize. I cannot find it in the Greek lexicon; but Randolph defines it as the "resemblant passion." The word for the "resemblant passion," translated in the New Testament as "lust," is *epithumia*, and it stands for what is inordinate and impure. But it does not always bear this meaning. In Luke's account of the Passover feast he puts these words into the Master's mouth: "With *desire* have I *desired* to eat this passover with you before I suffer;" and the Greek word is *epithumia*. *Epithumia epethumesa* are words that carry into language all the intense longing that the soul can master. And, coming from the lips of him who not only "spake as never man spake" but loved as never man loved, they carry a deep meaning.

The close similitude existing between what Randolph calls "actual love" and "resemblant passion" is so marked that one might well mistake one for the other. In truth, one might well question if there is not a near relationship between them. Aye, do they not hang crucified side by side on the same Calvary? And what of the words spoken by crucified Love to crucified Passion when this thief turns his dying eyes on Love and ac-

knowledges it as Lord?—"This day thou art with me in Paradise." *Paradise* means a spiritual conjunction, a knowledge of interior meanings; and this poor crucified thief may be nearer to the Divine heart than that other cold, calculating, selfish intellectualism that hangs on the other side.

We are not beating the air. There are mystic fraternities that affect to scorn woman and condemn the love that draws man and woman together. The American Rosicrucians have been criticized for inviting women to enter the Temple. In fact a ban of excommunication might perhaps be laid on this mystic brotherhood were there any recognized power to issue the bull. It is doubtful that any organized occult fraternity admits women to full membership except the American section of the Rosy Cross. The Theosophical Society does thus admit them, and a woman holds the position of "Mahatma" of the Society, but we allude to fraternities that are supposed to be working along truly occult lines. The general idea held by most of the orders seems to be that to attain to universal love all personal love must be eliminated from the life, as a stumbling-block, "a gin and snare" to the one who would enter upon the "path." But a divine voice comes sounding down the ages, "It is not good for the man to be in his solitariness." Scatter your coals all over the field and you will get no fire—consequently no heat. Assemble them in your stove, and your fire burns and your house is warm. Scatter the atoms of the sun throughout the solar system, and planetary life and activity would cease. This race is so constituted that the spiritual rests on a material base. The ladder on which angels disport rests on the earth. Earthly love must center in some object, or it will not grow or expand. As well might one throw seed into the air and expect a crop of flowers or grain.

Is there only a question of terminology in this divergence of opinion? Perhaps the anti-feminine fraternities, fully sensible that true love is almost an unknown quantity in human life, would guard its members from becoming entangled in the

meshes of some mundane semblance of love. There might be color to this supposition were it not that the brotherhoods are prone to deny that a true spiritual love does reach any manifestation on the plane of matter—the sex plane, if you like. This denial the American Rosy Cross will not accept, and there is ample authority for this non-acceptance in I. Timothy iv. 1 to 5, noting that in verse 4 “creature” should be rendered “created thing.” Aye, it would seem from Paul’s words that there is *nothing* that may not be sanctified—literally, “consecrated,” or “made holy.” Perhaps Swedenborg is not far from the truth in his great work on “Conjugal Love” when he says that “it is not known in this world what conjugal love is, or that such a thing exists,” and then goes on to indicate the “doctrine of permissions,” the explanation or acceptance of which is causing a commotion in the Swedenborgian communion. A book written under the inspiration of a brother of one of these anti-feminine fraternities ends thus: “If ye be led by the Spirit ye are not under the law.” Very true; but will this suggestion bear extensive application?

And what is this thing called “love” that has no center from which to radiate? What is this diffusive, general, universal emotion that has no focal point? What more universal, more general, more diffusive love than that of the Christ?—and yet *his* human plane needed a center! It found that center in his band of twelve, and rested with its greatest meaning in the soul of John, “the disciple whom Jesus *loved*.”

Is there not something wrong with the cults that would crush out this inherent desire of the heart for *something to love*? Can one develop a universal love from this emasculated emotion by becoming a Morial—to burn his heart to a cinder on the altar and scatter its ashes over the face of creation? Is there a love that does not desire an object on which to center, to give “sigh for sigh” and song for song? It matters not if the object walk hand in hand with one in this earth life, or await his coming in the world beyond—the man’s love will

center in some one, even if in lieu of a God-given companion it center in himself.

Is there not a great danger in an attempted reversal of Divine order and intention, even although these have become somewhat distorted and perverted by human ignorance and strange experiment? The Altar stands, even though recreant priests have kindled strange fire upon it. And in this desire, longing, seeking for expression by human love, there is much of the Divine; and this instinct cannot be ignored or trampled on. For it may be that there is a meaning in Romans i. 27 that did not die out with the first century; and it may also be that the teaching alluded to in I. Timothy iv. 3 has strewn the earth with more psychic wrecks than Swedenborg's "law of permissions" can ever do.

Have not the teachings of the mystics become sadly distorted by their successors and representatives? One might be justified in thinking so after reading "Ardath." The idea of *Giounotti* that runs through that fascinating book does not seem to be that the desire of the soul should be crushed out. Rather it would seem that "the longing of Love" might compel even an angel mate to leave the world of light and dwell with the loved one on earth. "Zanoni," if I read it aright, finds it well to sacrifice occult power to human love. *Seraphita* drew the love and desire of both youth and maiden—only to fuse their two souls in one and help them to accomplish what neither could accomplish alone. The strange old man of "Eti-dorhpa" in all his journeyings could not and would not sever the tender ties of memory that bound him to wife and child. And every master of the occult who has given to the world anything that makes life grander, richer, more full of divine meaning, has at some time reached the point in his development where only the love of a woman could teach him what God meant when He called him into being.

There is likely to come a time in every man's life when he becomes false to his own better, diviner nature—and then he

plays strange pranks with himself. The apparent weakness of the Son of Man after he is delivered into the hands of sinful men disheartens the disciple; and even though Peter follows into the palace of the high priest it is only to deny the Master to whom a few hours before he swore to remain faithful even unto death. And man will, at the manifestation of what *he* calls weakness, turn against the One, for the precedence in whose kingdom he strove with his fellows only two or three days before. (Mark ix. 34.)

In ages long past Jehovah of Elohim pronounced this sentence, "Unto thy husband thy desire, and he shall rule over thee." Who made woman the patient, clinging, earnest being she is? And, taking advantage of this desire, who makes her the tool and the fool of these conditions? Has the man who accepted her adulation and allowed her to make a demi-god of him anything to do with it? It is easy to take up Paul's characterization of "silly women," but go back a verse in this same II. Timothy iii. and see who it is that captures these silly women; for verse 2 reads, "*Men* shall be lovers of self," etc. Read the first seven verses of this chapter, and see whether the old mystic lays his indictment against women only. Let us consider in another article the part of the accusation that applies to us, and, having purged ourselves of the things that he enumerates, perhaps we may see a greater use for woman in the higher occultism.



"AFFECTIONS should not bind the soul, but enfranchise it. Through them it should know larger, deeper, higher life. They should be to it as wings by which it mounts. A friend comes as an ambassador from the heavens."



MEETING God as a daily friend, questions of miracle and inspiration, of the date of the Pentateuch or the authorship of John, may be tranquilly left to the issues of learning and sound reasoning.—*James Martineau.*



## MENTAL FACILITY.

BY WILLIAM COLBY COOPER, M.D.

If we would give more attention to the *active* possibilities of the mind it would open vistas of light that are yet undreamed of. The celerity of thought differentiation and projection is certainly worth the while of any student. It is the writer's purpose merely to glance at a few facts, and a possible theory, with the hope of calling out a worthy treatment of the subject by some competent psychologist.

The rapidity with which an impulse is carried from the brain to a remote part of the body, and *vice versa*, is very remarkable, but it is not comparable to the swiftness of unshackled thought. As a coarse illustration: you see a lady, who is an expert in music, sit at a piano, and while another sings soprano she will sing alto and at the same time play the piano accompaniment. This accompaniment consists of bass, with obligato trimmings, so to speak. The bass clef is different from the treble clef, so that the left hand plays quite independently of the right hand. Has the lady three distinct and separate minds? We know she has but one mind, and it is the writer's belief that this mind is one and indivisible. This triplicate expression of her mind—what is its explanation? The ready answer will fairly leap to the ready lips of the ready philosopher—"The action of her hands was automatic."

Would the lady's fingers have acted *sanely* if the mind had not been present? Would they have acted at all if she had not *willed* them to do so? Only a negative answer will satisfy these questions, whence it follows that her fingers acted obediently to her will. It does seem nearly possible that pathological automatism is a fact, for the motions during an epileptic

seizure, in chorea, etc., *appear* to be purposeless, *i.e.*, they are not under evident rational government. In the case of the pianist, however, the motions are *subject* to her will. It is not supposable that the lady's will is not immanent throughout the performance. The assumption that a willed sum has been attained without willed reference to its parts is untenable, for it violates the fact of intellective consistency. The whole is equal to the sum of all its parts, but under the assumption referred to we have a whole without parts—at most, parts in *kind*. It is unthinkable that the whole whose parts have been in rapidly successive evidence can be intelligently conceived, or wrought, without *attention* having been given to the parts. Attention includes consciousness, though under the conditions not the power of immediate recollection. It is far from conclusive that the lady's alto was any less automatic than was her digital performance. Shall we conclude that the whole thing was automatic?

It is probably less a hypothesis than a fact that the performer's mind possessed a distributive power that will account for her feat much more rationally than will the automatic theory. This function may have been partly acquired, but the natural possibilities of the mind, in this respect, are inconceivably more than are needed in the case. It does not approximate exaggeration to say that if each note in the several parts were divided into hundredths, or even thousandths, the mind's natural agility would be vastly more than equal to a distinct effort directed to each part. Thus, in instant successions, the mind could flash through each series of fractioned triplets, producing upon the auditory sense the effect of unbroken continuity. The kinetoscope illustrates this fact. Its picture is simply a comminuted one, its parts appearing in such rapid succession as to deceive the visual sense. This but coarsely exemplifies the probable fact of the mind's absolute separateness, *in itself*, from that form of retarded motion which we call "matter." The momentous suggestion is emphasized by

recalling the difference between thought velocity and the rate of impulse through nerve fibrils. Even in the ordinary diffuse state of mind (diffuse through the distraction of the variousness and propinquity of objective relationships), it will ideate with a swiftness immeasurably beyond the transmitting capacity of our mere senses. In cases of very swift intellection, the senses return us only the sums of the ideas, as seen in the case of the pianist. Twirl a spoked wheel rapidly, and the sense of vision will return us only the *sum* of the spokes. The measureless inferiority of these servants of the mind—the senses—to the mind itself constitutes, as the writer sees it, one of the most pregnant facts in the higher realm of thought. Very directly, and urgently pertaining to it, appears to be a hint of the ultimate possibility of solving that mighty question which eternally haunts the human soul.

In startling contradistinction to the powers of diffuse mentality, as above alluded to, are those of the insulated mind—so to call it. As it appears to the writer, these are made possible only under the hypothesis of the mind's oneness. The mind is the superphysical and dominant element of our being, emotion being its alternate modification. It may be likened to sunlight whose diffused warmth is sufficient for the wants of vegetables and animals, but which, under focalization, may reach an incalculable intensity of heat. Any condition that will put the distraction of environment out of account will focalize the mind. Thus, if one is drowning, or falling to what seems certain death, everything else is banished from contemplation, and a review of one's entire life may take place in the fraction of a second. The writer had this experience once in a railroad accident. Again, one may dream (?) the solution of a difficult mathematical problem that, owing to objective diversions, he failed to get while awake. Note particularly that every step in this solution—which may have been accomplished in the tenth of a second—is remembered. The act is one of pure intellection, being free from the tram-

mels of sense and extraneous influences; and memory is intrinsic to it. As the writer has concluded, such experiences go far in establishing the unitary character of mind and in dissipating the necessity for the "subconscious" notion. The writer accepts it as one of the fundamentals that *consciousness is the basis of intellectual possibility*. Unless, therefore, auto-transcension is a possibility (absurd!), volition is a persistent and perpetual concomitant of intellection.

There is another class of phenomena which not only illustrates the unimaginable velocity of thought, but brings into view a psychic phase that strains perspicacity, defies explication, and inspires trembling awe. Scores of times the writer has had experiences similar to the one he will here relate. The phenomenon is, at least, alluded to in all mental philosophies of any pretension. The story of one of these marvelous experiences will be sufficient.

Very early on a Fourth-of-July morning, the writer was suddenly awakened by the explosion of a cannon-cracker out on the sidewalk. This explosion, by an instantaneous and infinitely occult process, became the fitting culmination of a little drama in which the writer was the leading character. If this dreamed episode were written out, it would fill several pages of this magazine. How this phenomenon was wrought out eclipses the last possibility of even conjecture. *It reduces anticipation to simultaneity and identity with the event!* Fortuitous coincidence of the dream with the explosion is excluded by the fact that such occurrences are not uncommon, and it transcends the limitations of absurdity to presume that such coincidences are *frequent*. It would amount to subtracting from the word *chance* its meaning, and supplying the deficit with the signification of the word *probability*, or *certainty*. This phenomenon exemplifies at once the amazing velocity of thought, the intrinsic resourcefulness of pure mentality, and a nameless quality that would seem to include actual prescience and a sleepless stress of congruity. It would be pleasant to

pursue this train of thought further, but the space the writer has ventured to allow himself will not permit.

Will an application of this theory of mind—to call it theory, and not philosophy—help to explain the “Piper phenomena”? Not much, if any, it seems. Admitting that the trance state somehow nullifies mentality, there is nothing left that is relationable to the monistic or any other theory of mind. Under the conditions, the explanation must come out of telepathy, or something else. There seems to be but one other possible hypothesis. Telepathy is found to be far from sufficient, as ably and exhaustively shown by Joseph Stewart, LL.M., in the April MIND. What, then, are we to do?

♦♦♦♦♦

### THEIR BLOSSOM.

The common daily deeds we do  
Of humble service to our kind,—  
On these at last the flowers of joy  
Like blaze of apple-bloom we find.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

♦♦♦♦♦

It is the moral purpose, the fidelity, the sacrifice, which makes the small things great. There is no humblest task on which a man can put forth the strength there is in him which, measured by the moral law, is not more excellent, more wonderful, and more inspiring than the most brilliant things that an immoral genius can conceive or an immoral giant can perform.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

♦♦♦♦♦

ALL our senses, all our powers of mind and soul, all our external resources, are so many ways of approaching Divinity, so many modes of adoring God. To adore, to understand, to receive, to feel, to give, to act;—there is my law, my duty, my happiness, my heaven.—*Amiel's Journal.*

♦♦♦♦♦

God's remedy for weariness is God.—*J. F. Kitto.*

## HINDRANCES TO WORLD-BETTERMENT.

### VIII. AVOIDABLE MISTAKES.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

We have supposed that numbers of those engaged in our continuous charitable and reformatory efforts have come to perceive that the effective working-ground is not in "world-betterment," and propose, instead, to devote themselves to improvements in *world-building*.

We will now suppose that, in furtherance of this purpose, delegates from our innumerable philanthropies, charities, and boards of reform and correction convene, and that they are thus addressed by the presiding officer:

"My friends, we may well call ourselves the apostles of discontent. We are not satisfied with our ceaseless labors spent in palliating, relieving, rescuing, supporting, punishing; reforming rather than right forming; supporting needs rather than preventing them; dealing with results rather than with causes. Our idea of building up a world that shall not demand these continuous efforts is a new one, and it will be stigmatized as visionary. Other ideas once as new and as 'visionary' are now in full practise. Though not practicable under the then existing order of things, they became so by themselves changing that order of things. But, first the vision—then its fulfilment. Instances are plenty: taking pictures by the sun, the application of steam and later of electricity to our various needs, etc. Thus to be 'visionary' is not a stigma. 'Where there is no vision the people perish.'

"Now, in regard to our purpose, we know that any large undertaking, of whatever nature, demands much in the way of forethought as to where and how to begin. Were this an as-

semblage in the interests, we will say, of extensive territorial possessions, the first step would be to learn all the natural resources should serve its own requirements—these latter being navigation; nature of the soil as favorable to agriculture; timber-growths for constructive purposes, etc.

“Note, please, that our inquiries would be made in the interest of a proprietorship that would take care that all such resources should serve its own requirements—these latter being the basis, or starting-point. So with ourselves. For our present purpose, then, we must first decide as to the requirements of a human world such as we have in view. This is not difficult, for as shown in our varied charitable and philanthropic work, in our Sunday preaching, in the aims of our prisons and reformatories, and of our whole vast system of laws and penalties, the general desire and effort are for a world free from whatever comes of ignorance, vice, enmity, destitution, dishonor, undue self-seeking, money worship, money greed, and depravity of all kinds. This indicates our requirements.

“Next, as to our natural resources for meeting them. For these we have the grand inborn possibilities as distributed about equally among the whole population; namely, good sense, intelligence, moral perception, sympathy, helpfulness, integrity, a sense of justice, loving-kindness, appreciation of the beautiful, fondness for flowers and music and reading, adaptability to uses, and capacities for culture in any direction. Thus it is plain that in the domain of Humanity we do possess natural resources answering to the requirements of an entirely satisfactory kind of world. The reason we do not possess it is that these resources have not been made serviceable to anything like their full extent. Thus priceless values have been lost, and worse than lost, since active forces that might have been turned to advantage have wrought disaster instead.

“Do we not see the point of all this? Nothing could be plainer. Our resources for a desirable world are found among

the entire population. What more simple plan than so to develop these capacities that they shall serve the ends we desire? Of results, we can judge by a little what a good deal would mean. Suppose that eight or ten of the poor and degraded in our worst streets, instead of being left to the influences of that locality, should come under a training such as would develop their possibilities for good and for use. Counting in all the lives to be influenced by such change, the present and future gain could be measured by the corresponding loss in the case of the oft-quoted 'Margaret,' ancestress of a long and numerous posterity of paupers and criminals."

The chairman's few words, by way of introduction, would naturally be followed by a general conference; and, remarks being in order, we will suppose that the omnipresent gentleman who "would like to ask a question" rises to the occasion. This time he is from outside the city limits; not a learned man, he says; not a knower—only a thinker, and an observer—and he thus presents his case:

"My question is this: It comes from reading the papers and keeping the run of most of what is going on. You speak of the poor and degraded, who inhabit the worst streets. Now, according to the dictionary, *de-grade* is to bring below real rank. You assert that the highest and best possibilities are common to all, and 'tis so. Then these would seem to fix the real rank of all; and for any persons anywhere, respectable or otherwise, in high or low stations, church-members or unchurched, to get money or power dishonorably, or be self-seeking, or by any ways that bring harm upon others—well, you know, we all know, there are many such of good standing in Church and State, and some holding high office. You see the point—these are no more living up to their rank than the kind you spoke of; then they are below grade, just the same. So it is plain that we have not only the *poor* and degraded, but the *well off* and degraded; why not, therefore, draw your illustration from that quarter?



“Suppose that eight or ten self-seeking Congressmen had had their birth possibilities for honor, for righteousness, for justice, so brought out by good training that, coming to high station among our lawmakers, they would always act for the interests of the people, instead of quite often making their votes bring financial gain to themselves, or else an office-holding that gives chances of financial gain. Or suppose eight or ten of the kind of business men that get wealth by ways that they call not precisely *right*, but only ‘business right’; suppose these had been trained up so good that they never would and never could make such a separation. Now, as you put the case,—namely, judging by a little what a good deal would mean in the way of improvement,—think what a change in the state of things if *every* business man, and *every* Congressman, and *every* church and parish member would act from the internal and eternal obligation of doing right; not from what they call a business necessity, nor a party necessity, nor a military necessity, but from a *righteous* necessity: would not all this be great gain?

“To me it seems a pity that, whenever it is insisted upon that only the *right* thing should be done, we find people of high standing sneering at this as ‘mere sentiment.’ Harm comes of such sneering. And to speak in the same way of the Declaration and Constitution, calling them ‘mere sentiment,’ and saying that sentiment is not good statesmanship, is equally harmful. What is statesmanship anyway? Getting hold of more territory?

“Now, I have been thinking that instead of beginning among the *poor* and degraded, as everybody seems to consider the place to begin, why not try to elevate the *well off* and degraded? Think how much more gain! For these have the influence; they are respected; they are religious—supporters of the Christian Church; they are looked up to; they set the pattern. Nobody does wrong things because the low-down people do them; a great many do wrong things because the

high-up people do them. I have been told that the open badness now so contended against in the worst streets is only the dregs of what there is plenty of under concealment in the best ones; and it has been stated in print by political managers that a man's moral character has nothing to do with his fitness for office. Yet these are the ones that make laws for the people! They maintain religion; they stand high.

"Mr. Chairman, sometimes it seems to me that if we could only Christianize the Christians and make respectability respectable we would soon be done building jails for our common offenders. Perhaps the Settlement work would bring more to pass by locating higher up—well, quite a good deal higher up—and putting the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount and the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence in circulation there, and letting the good done sink down below.

"That seems to raise a smile of incredulity, but, according to what you say about 'inborn capacities for good,' these are as likely to be found among the well off as down in the Settlement neighborhoods."

Now that our gentleman has put his question, we may suppose him listening with attention to plans and suggestions, and especially to a searching out like that of a troubled accountant going over his figuring to find his mistake. In this present case the searching is for a cause. What causes the need of so much betterment work? The chairman's statement, laid down and agreed to—that capacities for good and for use are common to all—seemed to warrant a smooth-running world as the natural outcome of these; yet millions and billions of money and multitudes of precious lives go for armies and navies, and we have our innumerable legal restrictions, our police, courts, judges, jails, and reformatories, and no end of personal effort in dealing with destitution and depravity, besides churches everywhere. And it requires all this, and more, to keep the population from preying on one another in some

form; and *with* all this, the smooth-running world, though due, is not yet even in sight.

The cause is not far to seek, and doubtless some bright working member would bring it to light. It comes of a *mistake*—a miss in taking. In doing our human sum we have taken the wrong rule; for in speaking of the necessities of life, human life, we have reckoned these merely on the animal needs of food and shelter. Now, *life* is the natural powers in full activity. In a pebble these are simply for holding together. In a plant they are for upward growth in one spot. In the mole and field-mouse they are for onward motion. In the bird they are for flight and song. Thus the necessities of life for a bird could not be measured by those of a field-mouse.

It is a simple matter for the political economist, in his well-appointed office, to calculate for how little the poor man can obtain the necessities of life. A pitiful sum, for this reckoning covers only the animal needs of food and shelter. But all that makes man *man* lies beyond the animal. Thus for human beings food and shelter, even if they be of the costliest, are not living. Human possibilities are for intellectual attainments and delights; for invention, discovery, construction, scientific research; for exalted character, spiritual unfoldment and power. The necessities of life for Man, therefore, are whatever may be required for human life in its fulness. Its entire plan, or design, must be revealed according to the special pattern of the individual. A lily has its pattern and common stock of opportunities. Its life, its religion,—its duty to its Creator,—is to work out the entire pattern.

The same is true of human beings, and we have only to glance at our present humanity—from among its rulers and millionaires all the way through the ranks of commercialism, politicians, tradesmen, day laborers, operatives, and delvers in underground toil—to learn how few can say *Man*, much less show forth the individual pattern. Dropping so much of the design implies either human sacrifice or purposeless creation.

For it must be borne in mind that mere occupation is not *life*.

Our supposed convention would find, in its searching out, that we have been building up a human world outside and below our moral standards, and on a scale utterly inadequate to the creative Design as indicated by the wondrous life-possibilities of Man, and that we are absurdly calling that *living* which bars out the very choicest and most satisfying of these, thus placing restrictions—and placing them pretty low—where none exist in the design. As if a lark born to soar aloft, and “at heaven’s gate sing,” were to remain a mute groundling and die with his song unsung!

The convention, fully alive to the vital issues at stake, would perceive and declare that what the State desires in her citizenship must be secured, and can only be secured, by a system of human culture that shall begin with children, all the children, and do its work by bringing out the *full natural values of every one*. This would aid world-builders by giving them the utmost of mechanical skill, under direction of fully developed mind, with the moral and spiritual forces in supreme control. Whatever of expense, of change, of ridicule, unbelief, or opposition this demand might bring, they could come to no lesser conclusion.

But, it may be asked, in view of the existing state of things, would they not be so overcome with the magnitude of such a proposal, with all it would imply, as to fear to mention it, except perhaps in whispers? No; that would be pessimism. But, being optimists of the first quality, they would perceive that this present disorderly state of things is all a mistake; and, recognizing the birthright qualities and potencies of Man, as born of the Infinite Life, they would know that these of themselves, if developed, would make just the right kind of world—the kind they were created for.

Some details of a practicable scheme of human culture that would tend to such development will be given in the Aug-

ust paper, to follow this. Often on the printed page a man of full stature is pictured near a residence as the standard of its dimensions. A dwarf would not answer this purpose. So in our judgment of present conditions, and of a culture-plan for changing and bettering these, we must have in mind, not a manhood dwarfed by our social, political, commercial, and theological restrictions, but one complete in all its glorious powers. If the human world has not room enough it must be planned on a grander and still grander scale, until it *shall* have room. For the human being, created in the image of the Divine, has a right to such a world.



A GREAT many people mistake information for knowledge. What a man most needs is not that he may be possessed of an accumulation of facts, but that he may know where to look for the facts when he wants them. We all know the unpleasant individual who is continually seeking information. You show him about your city and he asks: "How many miles of street railway have you in your city?" "What is the price of ice here this summer?" "How many churches are there here?" "How long has that building been standing?" etc., *ad nauseam*. You don't know; and wonder why he wants to. You know where you can find out, and that is enough for you. And then there is that equally disagreeable person who actually seems to be a tank of facts. He has more information than anything else, and delights in asking you most extraordinary questions. When you confess your ignorance he will look upon you with pity and exclaim: "What, don't you know?" and then tell you, when you don't want to know at all. For example, he is much surprised because you don't know how long the Amazon River is. He permits you—nay, he insists that you should guess, only that he may the better humiliate you. His brain is so encumbered with facts that it is almost useless. Life is too short for a man to try to constitute himself a library of universal knowledge when the reservoirs of such knowledge are ready to hand when it is needed.—*Manchester Union*.

## THE POWER IS OURS.

BY EMILY WRIGHT HOOD.

Should Christ on earth appear to-day,  
Would He not yet be moved to say?—

“O ye of little faith!”

For millions still are wrapt in doubt,  
And steadfastly refuse to rout  
The powers of darkness and despair  
That lurk like wild beasts in their lair,  
Defying what He saith

Of Light and Love and Happiness  
That wait for those who will confess

The power that in Him lies—  
Not in lip service; that alone  
Can never for a wrong atone;—  
But heartfelt love: the only thing  
That doth a potent message bring  
Of earthly Paradise.

The lower planes of life are here,  
Of sin and sickness, death and fear:

We make of them a creed.  
High time that we should substitute  
A better thing, and thus transmute  
Them into Purity and Health  
And Life—so spiritual wealth  
Shall be our Life indeed.

That God is All, and All is Good,  
Let this great truth be understood  
And evil will abate.

For God is Law, and God is Love—  
The very fulfilment thereof.  
With good is evil overcome.  
This is the Holy Three in One—  
Creator, Creature, Uncreate—

And ours the power to mold!

# MENTAL HEALING: THEORY AND PRACTISE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

(*Part II.*)

When Marie Corelli produced "A Romance of Two Worlds," and described therein the mystic *Heliobas* and his fascinating sister *Zara*, she wrote learnedly with regard to human electricity and the electric germ at the center of every organism. In that book are undoubtedly proclaimed some of the greatest scientific verities that have yet been discovered. When we realize that we all contain this human electricity, which is more than "animal magnetism" and far more than anything that pertains to the vegetable and mineral realms, and that by means of it we can perform wonders of healing like unto those recorded in that unique romance, we shall admit that truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

No novelist has ever written a work that has transcended the possibilities of human attainment in metaphysical directions. We read in the Bible that Elijah, Elisha, and other great prophets healed the sick even to the point of restoring lepers and raising the seemingly dead. It is easy for "higher critics" to question whether a Shunammite's son or any one else was ever actually dead and then raised to life again, but if there is any history at all in Biblical tradition many people mentioned in the records were believed to be dead, and were so far gone that no medical skill could do anything for them. Leprosy is regarded as incurable at the present day. Father Damien, the self-sacrificing priest who gave up his life to attend a settlement of lepers, was not acquainted with the scientific aspects of mental suggestion essential to the protection of his flesh, noble man though he unquestionably was. He carried spiritual light and blessing to the leper-colony, and when he eventually succumbed to the physical malady it was

simply because he was not aware of the means whereby a stalwart individual can bid defiance to the ravages of disease in consequence of having developed the electrical principle within his organism. This is accomplished only by considerable mental, moral, and spiritual concentration, not by any prescribed knowledge nor by any exterior operations.

In every age similar testimony has run like a golden thread through sacred literature: that which could not be done by the lesser powers of medicine and surgery was accomplished by some greater spiritual force. Reasonable Mental Scientists have not a word to say against medicine or surgery; they are not inimical to the medical profession. Doctors of all varieties do a great deal of good in many cases; still, where cases are pronounced "incurable" and people are termed "incorrigible," it is demonstrable that a higher spiritual power can come in and pronounce them curable and corrigible. We challenge the whole Christian Church to cavil at spiritual healing when it reads from the New Testament many words reported to have fallen from the lips of the "Divine Man." "They shall heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease." Had there been *curable* and *incurable* kinds of disease, such words could never have been uttered by a wise and holy teacher. But who are they who shall cure all manner of sickness and disease? They are apostles. As long as those who at length became apostles were in the disciple stage, they could only cure *some* kinds of sickness and disease, and the scientific narrative in the New Testament declares that when they had but little faith they could do but little, but when they had attained to more faith they accomplished mightily. "According to thy faith [or the measure thereof] be it unto thee." When the Christ healed a woman afflicted with grievous disease, or cast out unclean demons possessing those regarded as hopelessly insane by their contemporaries, he said on many occasions: "According to thy faith be it unto thee;" "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee;" "Be of good



cheer; thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace." He did not attribute to *himself* all healing agency; efficacy was not vested entirely in his acts, or such words could never have been chronicled as addressed to patients who were healed: "Thy faith hath saved thee; according to thy word be it unto thee." Every one who is healed heals himself; a healer is one who induces another to heal himself. Every one healed by faith is healed by his *own* faith eventually.

An intelligent "faith healer" is one who stimulates to activity faith hitherto latent or dormant. Every one who is healed speaks his own word of emancipation; it must be vibrated through his system as the result of his own utterance. Your successful healer calls upon you to speak the word for yourself. First the healer speaks alone, then you and he speak together; finally you speak rightly yourself without the assistance of any one else, just as when it is necessary to take breathing exercises for the purpose of correct tone-production. A singer or elocutionist who leads a class in correct breathing sounds a note, repeats a word, and breathes as all should breathe, in presence of the assembled students; then, having demonstrated in his own case the right way of breathing, of singing, or of speaking, he invites the students to breathe with him—so that all breathe together, sing together, speak together; then they can on their own account, in his absence or his presence, take their tones correctly without further assistance.

A healer's action can never be a substitute for one's own action. A teacher can never do your work for you; an intelligent healer is like a mathematical demonstrator. A student may not know how to solve a problem, but a professor takes chalk and blackboard and works out the example in the presence of students, saying, "This is the rule for solving this problem." When they follow him they must take their own utensils and work out the problem according to the example set by the professor; then, no matter how many people solve

a problem, it is solved by the application of the one rule, and in no other way. Until you know the rule you may wish to solve it, and yet you cannot. Knowledge is necessary as well as desire. Faith is essential, but intelligence is needed as well as fidelity to conviction. Many good people suffer from various ailments, but many who are pure minded and morally upright are intellectually deficient in that particular kind of knowledge which is necessary to bodily health. People may be versed in many sciences and proficient in many arts—music, painting, anatomy, chemistry, botany, and astronomy may be all familiar to them; but the law of health or the science of hygiene or sanitation on the spiritual plane may be utterly unknown to them.

Belief in the "necessity" for disease keeps multitudes in bondage. All disease is unnatural. Those experienced in gynecology know that it is wholly unnecessary for mothers to suffer when they bring children into the world. If knowledge of tocology were universal, and if people learned to harmonize with the order of Nature, gestation would take place normally; changes of the embryo and foetus would necessarily follow each other in evolutionary order, but childbirth would be painless. Nature would then be speedily obeyed, and order (not disorder) would be fulfilled. As the healthy child grows up it will have first milk teeth; then stronger molars will come gradually through the gums. The first teeth will loosen and fall out, but there will be no suffering, when the second teeth are coming. All natural stages of growth from infancy to maturity can be passed through without pain. There is absolutely no suffering in any natural process; it is only when something abnormal or disorderly is introduced that distress comes. It is useless to deny the existence of suffering, but it is scientific to find a way of release from it and to discover the means of its prevention. "Pain is friendly." We need the discipline of suffering after we have erred. It is good that we suffer, for if we have made mistakes it is well to

pay the penalty, that we may learn not to fall into them again. Suffering is a means to call our attention to mistakes and to their rectification.

In San Francisco several years ago a fine lecture on the uses of suffering was delivered in a medical college by a noted physician. Some gentlemen attending the college asked the writer how Mental Scientists agreed with the doctor's statement that "pain accompanied recovery." Our answer was, "We entirely agree with it." What the lecturer in substance said was that pain calls our attention to some mistake, and when we heed the warning we set to work to rectify the error; then, when we are outgrowing an error (getting on to the right path again) we suffer on the voyage: therefore, suffering frequently accompanies convalescence. Because we made mistakes in the past, however, is no reason that we should continue to make them. Because our parents or grandparents ate sour grapes is no reason why we should not eat sweet ones. While we must necessarily reap as we sow, we can radically change our sowing and thereby completely change our reaping. Mental Science teaches that every thought, every mental concept, may be compared to a seed—and every seed brings forth according to its own kind, and cannot bring forth any other kind. Every thought being a seed, it blossoms and fruits in some external condition.

Whatever we think serves as a magnet to connect us with all who think likewise. If our eyes were opened to the realities of the unseen universe, if we understood Emerson's theory of circles and knew what Swedenborg intended to convey when he spoke of societies in the spiritual world, we should know that every thought we entertain relates us to thinkers of similar thoughts; so that we become psychically united with that particular mental stratum we have made our own and with all mental strata in conjunction with our own mental conditions. It is often very difficult to get together the first \$500 when you wish to accumulate a fortune, but when you

have succeeded in getting the *first* five hundred it is much less difficult to get a good many thousands. You have become a magnet to attract money. You have developed the mineral element in your own nature, which serves as a magnet to draw external wealth to you. While you were working to bring yourself into a condition to attract, you found it uphill work, but once you got well started on the road you found that "nothing succeeds like success." When you have won one victory, it is much easier to win the second.

In music we do not start with sonatas and symphonies, but with scales and finger exercises. When one is on the stage and has become an ornament to the theatrical profession it is quite easy to study new parts, but, however much histrionic ability you may have, when you begin to study it is very uphill work. It is so with every trade and profession: difficulties are at the beginning rather than later on. The "lion in the way" will meet us early in any process, and this is why so many people put their hands to the plow and soon turn back. Many get discouraged because they expect an easy road and a flower-strewn pathway. In conquest over difficulty, remember the wise proverbs, "Nothing venture, nothing have," and "Faint heart never won fair lady," both of which mean that the greater the prizes we aspire to the greater the effort we must make. Endurance, patience, and perseverance are always prime requisites.

People who simply desire to be cured of distempers and wish to substitute mental medicine for physical; those who desire mental treatment in place of a pill, powder, plaster, or lotion; those who merely go far enough to substitute mental means of cure for animal magnetism or electricity—such persons will find that they can and do derive transient benefit from metaphysical practitioners: they can soon prove that mental methods of healing accomplish far more than galvanism or any form of medication. Yet if people go no further than that they may be *cured*, but not *healed*. The word *cure*

only means "to care for." A person cured of a distemper may be relieved from immediate consequences of error, but efficient mental healers go a great deal further than those who think of nothing higher than simple "mind cure," which palliates symptoms but fails to reach the deep places of the soul. An intelligent man may reasonably ask, Why should I take a mental treatment, if I am suffering from influenza, when I can buy a physical remedy for it? If you only want to overcome a particular attack, and are content to remain just as susceptible to another attack as you were to that one, you may reasonably employ merely physical means; but if your aim is to build yourself up constitutionally, so that you will not be so subject to disorder as in the past—if it is your object to become a stronger man in the midst of trying circumstances than you formerly were—then you need mental education; you need to learn the science of right thinking.

Mental healing far transcends mind cure. We never deny anything that is even possibly true. Some people who visit Lourdes and other shrines are certainly cured at a "holy grotto," at "holy wells," or by means of contact with many things regarded as sacred by Catholic ecclesiastics. If these invalids are simply stimulated by a psychic atmosphere they soon fall back; whereas, if they really undergo a spiritual illumination and take further steps than they have yet taken in a spiritual direction, they go steadily forward and do not suffer relapses.

Many persons relapse because they are not instructed and because they consider mental methods of healing simply "miraculous." Many are heard to say: "Well, I don't know anything about Mental Science; I only know I received treatment and was very much benefited. There was an after-glow for some little time, but soon after having discontinued the treatment I began to fall back again. Would you advise me to take more treatments?" If you only take more of the former sort of treatments you *will* fall back again; but if you take

treatment to help you out of your present dilemma and supplement all treatments with study of Mental Science, you will be able to stand on your own feet and not remain dependent on the good offices of others.

It is not desirable to be always taking mental medicine any more than always to keep some material remedy in the house, so that when we are ill we can fall back upon it. Housewives have a great many things to fly to if they want them; and the very fact that they expect to need them again and again is proof that they do not believe that they can be really *healed* by them. For a while you feel relieved; but if you felt you were really brought into a higher and stronger condition than formerly you would say, "This remedy has done me so much good that I am now strong enough to do without it." You could then give it an excellent testimonial; but to say, "I always take liver pills when my liver is deranged," or "I always take headache powders when I have a headache," proves that neither do any permanent good. Such medicines simply allay symptoms or alleviate immediate pain; and many a mental treatment does only that, because people go no further than to believe that they can be superficially benefited in time of suffering by mental processes.

When highly sensitive persons are in pain it is a very kind and useful act to give them suggestive treatment to alleviate their distress. Use mental methods whenever you can in place of chloroform, ether, nitrous oxide gas, or any other anesthetic. In place of employing agents that every one knows may prove dangerous, seek the assistance of those who practise suggestive therapeutics as an aid in surgery, dentistry, and whenever it is commonly thought desirable to administer opiates. All over the United States at present there are schools of psychology and colleges of suggestive therapeutics, in many instances headed by regular physicians. Men and women in the front rank of the medical profession are now advertising themselves as heads of schools for the practise

of mental suggestion. Suggestive therapeutics has also made progress to a large extent throughout Europe, and within the last few years it has been making great headway in Australia and New Zealand.

Mental suggestion to a great many people means "hypnotism," so whenever they hear of it they either think of old-fashioned mesmerism or conjure up a vision of *Svengali* from Du Maurier's "Trilby." Such persons probably have taken their ideas from somewhat immoral persons who try to gain undue influence over the weak-minded for their private ends. Hypnotism is in many of its phases open to very serious objection on account of the attitude commonly taken as to the place of the patient's will. Mesmer was an honorable man who revealed a great deal to the world; but he made many mistakes, and his theory of "animal magnetism" is open to grave doubts. It is often said that an "operator" has the stronger will and a "subject" the weaker will, and that the operator dominates the subject. Such is not the case in the practise of intelligent healing by suggestion. We may admit that a person who gives successful treatment has the stronger will in many cases, but the patient's weaker will is not dominated by the healer; it is rather strengthened by his influence. There is a vast difference between strengthening and dominating. In intelligent mental treatment no one's will is dominated by another.

Here follows a sample of rational mental treatment: "You wish to be well, and because you wish to be well I suggest to you that you *are* well; my will is in harmony with yours; my thought is in harmony with your intention. I say unto you, you can express health—that full measure of health you desire to express; that which you desire to do being good, upright, and honorable, that you can do. Suggestive treatment is to assist you to do your own work perfectly, not to control you but to liberate you, not to enslave your will but to emancipate it from thralldom." Hypnotic action only means sleep-induc-

ing. Provided one keeps strictly to the etymology of the term, its use is unobjectionable.

Many a person goes to a mental healer, saying, "I have not had a good night's rest for a month; I am afraid I shall become insane." The healer says: "Listen to me. You want sleep; you can sleep; you do sleep; you sleep soundly; you sleep all night; you are thoroughly refreshed with good sleep; you wake in the morning ready for your work after a perfectly sound, healthy, profitable night's rest. You sleep; you rest; you enjoy profound repose; you are perfectly refreshed with sound sleep." Genuine healers insist on giving treatment scientifically and in an orderly manner, and they often give it in the presence of others. All they demand is respectful attention. If there is any ridicule or jeering, the jeerers must be excluded. Suggestive treatment is a scientific, serious process. Where people are simply honest investigators, if they profess ignorance of the subject they can easily be enlightened. A healer may say to the wife, daughter, sister, or brother: "You may sit in the room and hear everything I say. Your friend has been afflicted with sleeplessness; he wants to go to sleep; you wish him to sleep; all agree that sleep is necessary, and it is not wise to take drugs to induce it." Mental suggestion breaks bonds; it does not matter what has been keeping you awake, you can be helped to sleep naturally; you have a right to sleep, and you can obtain all you need. Whatever has been intruding to prevent repose we must ignore. The true mental healer does not defy, denounce, or oppose, but rises superior to all intruding elements. By repeatedly affirming, "You can sleep; you do sleep; you are falling asleep; you will sleep soundly," the demon of insomnia can be exorcised. Not by naming a disease and mentioning it over and over again, not by going through a number of denials, but by positively affirming an ideal condition, do we heal successfully.

As a sure step in the direction of the scientific practise of mental therapeutics we can well remind people of Gladstone's



advice to a young man to take as his life motto, "Whatsoever things are excellent and of good repute, think on these things." We should never give any one a mental treatment in the language of denial, though we may occasionally supplement an affirmation with a denial. In giving a lesson to persons that have long been believers in the power of evil, we may say, "All power is in supreme Goodness; therefore, there can be no real power in evil." And because "the kingdom, the power, and the glory" are rightly attributable to Deity, we must attribute no sovereignty to error.

Say to the whole world, Listen and attend! If you desire to bring blessing into expression remember the texts, "Call upon me and I will answer, saith the Lord," and "I will make mention of the loving-kindness of the Lord." Whatever blessing we desire to see expressed we should *name*. If you tell me you are weak, I ask, What do you want? and you answer, "Strength." I know you want strength—strength is what you stand most in need of; therefore, I affirm on your behalf *strength*. I use the words *strength*, *strong*, *stronger*, *growing stronger*, realizing more and more of *strength*. By the use of words that affirm strength we induce it, and so with all other blessings of which we may be in need.

Continuous practise along the foregoing lines must necessarily contribute to a sure if only gradual improvement—first inwardly, then outwardly—in the state and affairs of all who follow such directions.

—♦♦♦♦♦—  
 AN! they know not heart  
 Of man or woman, who declare  
 That love needs time to love and dare.  
 His altars wait—not day nor name,  
 Only the touch of sacred flame.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

—♦♦♦♦♦—  
 AN apt quotation is as good as an original remark.—Johnson.

## WOMAN, MAN, AND POVERTY.

BY W. E. CLARK.

Every disease of the body, either physical or politic, has a cause. To cure a disease, the cause must first be removed. Our present body politic is troubled with the disease of poverty in the midst of abundance. It is the purpose of this paper to inquire into the cause of that disorder.

No one realizes how much both hands are needed until one hand is in a sling. When a leg is broken, or disabled, only those who have had the experience know how disagreeable it is. The father is most longed for when he is gone; and the old home seems painfully vacant without the bright and cheerful face of the mother. In short, the body *needs* both hands, both eyes, both ears, and both feet; and home must have both father and mother in order to be complete. It also needs equality: the man must not demand obedience, and the woman must not fear, if home is really home. And, since the government of the home is an index to the government of the State, a glance at the history of woman will disclose the cause of our present society, where one becomes rich while a thousand become miserably poor.

The absolute truth about woman is almost unbelievable, but it must be met and honestly dealt with. The first part of our investigation, however, is rather pleasant. From the researches of the last half century, much that was considered lost has been brought to light. The long-lost wisdom of Egypt has been restored to mankind; hieroglyphs have been interpreted; papyri buried four thousand years ago in the tombs of mummies have given their stories to the world. The brick libraries of Assyria and the lost civilization of Baby-

lonia and Chaldea have been discovered. The strange Zunis of Mexico have found an interpreter. We now know something of the laws, customs, and religions of the early peoples. Those records were made when *woman* was the ruler at home, in religion, and in the State. It was a form of society known as the Matriarchate, or mother-rule. Its origin was due to the fact that still earlier peoples gave to the mother the supreme control over her children. In the first state of primitive man, the relationship between father and child was not known; the right of the mother to her child was therefore most natural. Children took their mother's name, and out of that relationship the first conception of the family was based. The father, having no part in the family, remained a wanderer, leaving the mother in absolute control. This precedence of the mother extended to the primitive State, and indicated the form of religion.

The first deity was a mother, because woman was looked upon as the giver and sustainer of all life. The records show that where a god and goddess were worshiped together they were mother and son, and the goddess was in the prominent place.

Every part of the world gives evidence of the Matriarchate. Livingstone found African tribes swearing by the mother and tracing descent through her. Similar customs have been found in Asia and among the Indians of our own continent. As civilization developed under the hand of woman, man ceased wandering, remained at home with the mother of his child, accepted its name and hers, and became a part of society. Thus it is seen that woman does not owe her liberty to modern religion or government; she was the very founder of civilization.

A brilliant example of the Matriarchate was found in Malabar in the fifteenth century. Some Portuguese explorers discovered there a government under the absolute control of women. The contrast between woman-ruled Malabar and

man-ruled Europe was so great that even prejudiced historians had to make a note of it. While Europe was struggling to get permission from the Church to use type in printing, while the Inquisition was crushing free thought and sending thousands each year to a most painful death, while women were not educated nor allowed the freedom of their own homes, while the womanhood of Europe was called the "mother of iniquity and the door to hell," the women of Malabar had an enlightened government; they were free, and encouraged investigation and cultivated the spirit of cleanliness, peace, and refinement. To the question of a Portuguese missionary concerning a Supreme Being, this beautiful answer was given: "The Supreme Being has a form and yet has no form; he can be likened to nothing; we cannot define him and say he is this or that; he is neither Man nor Woman, neither Heaven nor Earth, and yet he is all; subject to no corruption, no mortality, and with neither sleep nor rest, he is omnipotent, without beginning and without end."

Among some of the ancient peoples, woman was likened to the sun, the source of all life. Under East Indian law a gift to the wife was irrevocable, and the husband could not sell or otherwise dispose of his wife's property. Woman was everywhere revered. Rameses III. of Egypt had this inscription engraved upon his monuments: "To unprotected woman there is freedom to wander through the whole country, wheresoever she list, without apprehending danger." After Rameses, the Romans accorded woman absolute equality in everything. But, while the Roman Vestal Virgins were keeping the sacred fire burning on the altars of their religion, Jewish women were not even permitted to enter the inner court of their temple. The world was making progress before Paul said: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection, but I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence."

The above facts are recalled because they are an index to

our present society. Like produces like. From the records we learn that under the mother-rule there was a free society, but as soon as man, by his superior animal strength, began to dominate over woman and her children, the germs of human slavery were sown. Furthermore, we learn that, since the Patriarchate, or man-rule, began, human life has counted for naught. Innocent babes have been sacrificed to appease what was supposed to be an angry god. As a matter of course, such a god was masculine, for under the mother-rule no living sacrifice was made; not even were lambs or doves slaughtered to pacify a bloodthirsty god. The god who craved the blood of a creature he was said to have made was not known until some man wanted to justify himself for having murdered a fellow-man. It was doubtless a Cain who ordered Moses to kill unoffending children. At any rate, it is certain that the Father about whom Jesus tells us never ordered Moses, Joshua, or any other man to slay his neighbor, pillage his home, and debauch his unmarried daughters (Numbers xxxi. 17, 18). As the tyranny over mother and child began to take permanent shape, a masculine god was needed to make slavery respectable—and the fertile imagination of man discovered one.

The idea of one having the right to rule over another did not originate until woman had been enslaved by man. The time may never be known, but it is a fact that woman was the first slave. And when man first compelled his wife to obey him he sowed the seeds of human slavery. Man was at first satisfied with having taken away the liberty of woman; but slave-masters produced slave-masters, and slave mothers bore slave children. The process was long, inasmuch as some children follow the mother and some the father; but it was sure of fulfilment. By a law of Nature, whatsoever is sown must be reaped; and when woman was first made a slave to her husband the seed of the accursed custom was sown. Our civil war was a result of that act committed thousands of years

ago. In like manner, we can trace the fiendish command of Funston to "Give the Filipinos hell!" back to the Hebrew warrior who commanded his soldiers to spare no man alive. The allied armies of the international powers, in slaughtering innocent women and children in China, have a Bible precedent in the war Moses carried on against the Midianites. Another Hebrew man-slayer, named Joshua, ordered his soldiers to put all the male infants, married women, and all the men of Canaan to death. In other words, the present is a result of the past.

Both bad and wise men are resultants of time. The wise use knowledge that was painfully and slowly accumulated through the years that are gone. Nothing is lost; nothing "happens"; everything has a cause. Sometimes a flower comes up where we did not sow. We say it "just grew." But it came from something that used to be. So with the good and bad. The wise are good because thousands before them struggled to accumulate knowledge and denied themselves to befriend their race; others are bad because of a vicious system that produced them. Whatever is sown will be reaped. If the sowing is good, so will the harvest be; if the sowing is bad, bad will be the harvest.

The ancient Hebrews degraded woman by making their religion teach her inferiority to man. They accused her of having brought sin into the world. When woman became a mother they called her "unclean." If her babe were a man child she was not allowed to enter the sanctuary nor touch what man called a hallowed thing for forty days. But when she through whose suffering the world is populated became the mother of a maid child the period of her degradation was eighty days. And then, before she could enter the temple of her religion, man compelled her to bring a sin-offering to what he called "God." Because she had given birth to a child of her own sex, the sweet-souled mother was an outcast from the temple of her religion, where her husband, the father of

that child, worshiped the Almighty. Such teaching was enough to make woman dread motherhood. It degraded her and injured all mankind; for men are not good when they dishonor woman. Says a Hindu proverb: "He who despises women despises his mother. When women are honored the divinities are pleased; when they are not honored all undertakings fail." The truth of that can be verified by a glance at the Middle Ages.

Under the Matriarchate woman was free; she was revered; human life was held sacred, and there was freedom in the State. But when man began to consider woman an inferior being slavery began. The records of ancient peoples prove that woman was once free to choose and do as she pleased; and wherever she has been made a slave there has been inequality in the State. In ancient Wales a child born out of wedlock had to be supported by the father. In old Scandinavia a man who insulted a woman was considered an outlaw; any one could kill him without fear of arrest. Those regulations, however, were set aside with the advent of the people who taught that woman was made for the use of man. Religion was used as a cudgel with which to enslave woman and her offspring—humanity. Women were not permitted to sing in church, nor to take the eucharist in their bare hands. Wives of priests were called "harlots," and many of them were sold into slavery when the Church established celibacy. Under canon law no woman could be a witness in ecclesiastical courts, nor attest a will. It required the evidence of seven women to impeach the evidence of one man, and if that man were a priest he could justify himself by his own oath. Man made his religion to say that woman was made for the use of man; that man was the head of the woman, even as Christ was the head of the Church. Woman was threatened with everlasting perdition if she did not obey man, and thousands of them were burned at the stake because they did not agree with the doctrine that taught woman's inferiority to man. As late as

the sixteenth century, Earl Brent of Crawford enforced the law of Scotland that compelled young girls to pay a sum of money or be ruined. For centuries women were under the absolute control of man, and poverty is a result of that slavery.

Look at the blood-stained pathway of man since woman was made a slave. Coöperating with her children, woman laid the foundations of civilization. Her son, trained at her knee, took advantage of his superior animal strength and compelled woman to be his servant. He later developed the process, making servants or slaves of his neighbors. He claimed Divine authority, and extended his rule over the tribe and eventually over the race. His religion gave to his heirs the right to rule after he was dead. His god gave rules for the people to obey, and the penalty for the violation of those rules has always been severe, often death. It has been a crime to speak ill of one who said he was chosen of God to rule, or be king or priest. For ages the king and his retainers held the people in obedience by the doctrine of "divine right."

But the world has been gradually breaking away from the old teachings. Slavery made way for feudalism, which was a long step in advance. It was a recognition of man's right to a *part* of his time. It was a dangerous step for the ruling class; and the good work that might have resulted when the masses began to ask why they should give *any* of their time to an idler was counteracted by capitalism succeeding feudalism. The latter was frank. It said: "Work for me three days, and I'll let you work for yourself three days." Capitalism is hypocritical. It says: "In working for me you are in reality working for yourself all the time;" when as a matter of fact the laborer gives the capitalist eighty-three per cent. of his work instead of fifty per cent., as he did under feudalism. The system of one having the right to make another work for him is as firmly intrenched to-day as it was under slavery; and it is a fact that no one will work for another when he can make



more or as much by working exclusively for himself. It is poverty, or the *fear* of poverty, that compels the laborer to work for another. Why, then, is there any poverty?

We have seen that woman was the first slave, and how in a natural way slavery was extended to the State. By a claim of Divine right, people were dispossessed of their freedom; they were made landless by the claim of Divine ownership on the part of the king. As a matter of course, when the slaves were given their liberty after centuries of bondage, they were without land and property. They were illiterate and dependent upon the ruling class (who had denied them an education) for an opportunity to earn a living. They were too poor to command respect, and too illiterate to demand an equal chance with every other inhabitant of the land. Centuries of mastership had made the ruling class selfish, hard-hearted, and vindictive; and centuries of servitude had left the dispossessed fearful and, with a few noble exceptions, contented with their lot. The great majority of people were poor because they had no land; they had no land because they had been dispossessed; and centuries of dependence, with their religion telling them to obey, had made them fit subjects for further servitude as wage-workers. In a word, the poverty of to-day is a result of the people having been dispossessed of the land. That dispossession came about by the enforced inequality of woman with man, and the consequent inequality in society of woman's offspring—humanity.

Knowing the cause of poverty, it rests with the people to remove it. The land belongs to society—Woman and Man. The inequality of either will inevitably cause the downfall of both. Society must repossess itself of the earth. And if my conclusion is accurate, that the inequality of woman has produced the enslavement of her offspring, and if the enslavement of mankind has resulted in poverty under the capitalist system of society, then a recognition of woman's equality with man will insure the downfall of poverty.

## HAECKEL'S "RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE."

BY JOHN H. STEVENS.

Every age brings forth a new philosopher and a new attempt to explain the problem of existence. But each philosophic system is in turn modified, corrected, or overthrown by the next builder. "Now we have it!" is always the cry of the last comer. With this cry upon his lips, Ernst Haeckel erects a glittering monistic structure in his "Riddle of the Universe." Gathering into one beautiful entirety all the achievements of modern science, he uses them as building-stones for his new temple. He cements them together with hypothetical concepts, and, by piecing out the scanty foundation-rock of observation with the sand and rubble of conjecture, lo! the work is complete, and the world is called upon to admire it.

It is with his philosophic conclusions, not his magnificent assemblage of scientific discoveries, that we have to deal. Most men are pygmies beside his vast intellect. But giants are children in many things, and this great thinker, dazzled by his knowledge and led astray by his eagerness to solve the mystery of life, has gone the way of all the rest. And yet we gain much by the spectacle; for his own personality, the many-sided mirror of his intellect, the universe of beauty and fact within the narrow compass of his own brain, increase our wonder and admiration at Nature's work and render the theory of a self-originating soul more puerile than ever.

Let us call attention to a few points of weakness in this new (and yet not entirely new) system, which does away with an Intelligent Eternal Energy and treats the Universe as an unconscious mechanism whose only law is the law of chance. On page 185 we read:

"As everybody knows, the new-born infant has no consciousness. Preyer has shown that it is only developed after the child has begun to speak: for a long time it speaks of itself in the third person. In the important moment when it first pronounces the word 'I,' when the feeling of self becomes clear, we have the beginning of self-consciousness."

Now, as a parent myself, I can say, with other parents who have observed the interesting development of their children, that this is not the truth. A child speaks of itself in the third person because it has always heard itself spoken of in the third person. "Does baby want this?" "Take her up!" "Isn't she sweet?" These are the expressions the child hears. About the beginning of the thirtieth month the average child, by observation and reflection, decides that the first personal pronoun can be applied to itself in the sense in which it is used by those about it. In fact, one of my children, who is just learning to speak, has never used the third person at all. Her first connected words were in answer to the question, "Did you hurt your head?" The reply was, "I did."

This birth of self-consciousness in the child is but one aspect of Haeckel's reasoning on the nature of the soul. His monism declares that the human soul and the simple sensitive-ness of the lowest form of organized matter are the same. They only differ in degree. He says:

"We consider the *psyche* to be merely a collective idea of all the *psychic functions of protoplasm*. In this sense the soul is merely a physiological abstraction like 'assimilation' or 'generation.' . . . In all cases, in the lowest as well as the highest stages of the psychological hierarchy, a certain chemical composition and a certain physical activity of the psychoplasm are indispensable before the 'soul' can function or act. That is equally true of the elementary psychic function of the plasmatic sensation and movement of the protozoa, and of the complex functions of the sense-organs and the brain in the higher animals and man. . . .

"All living organisms, without exception, are sensitive; they are influenced by the condition of their environment, and react thereon by certain modifications in their own structure. Light and heat, gravity and electricity, mechanical processes and chemical action in the environment, act as *stimuli* on the sensitive psychoplasm, and effect changes in its molecular composition."

To put it more plainly, this soul-energy, which some have had the temerity to call immortal, is voiced alike in the prayer of the dying martyr and the snarl of the Bengal tiger tearing at his prey. It opens the fragrant petals of the rose in spring-time and squirms in graveyards at the feast of death. It dwells in the love-glance of motherhood and lurks in the fang of the rattlesnake. All of which is very interesting if it affords us a closer glimpse of Nature's plan, or substitutes for pre-conceived notions a better view of the methods of the Great Architect. It is no more inconceivable than the fact that the same stone forms a boulder in the forest and the Venus de Milo in the Louvre; or that the same pen and ink writes the scrawl of "Jack Cade" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam." It does not detract from the beauty or power of the developed soul. Indeed, it promises infinite possibilities of further growth.

But Haeckel pushes these conceptions so far into the region of the unknown that he becomes confused. This mind, which has so clearly defined the soul as a phenomenon of associated molecules—let us follow it as it looks far down into the nature of the atoms from which the molecules and psychoplasm are built up. Remember, Haeckel has described the soul as an attribute of organized matter. Conversely, I suppose, we are to regard the simple elements or atoms as dead, thoughtless, non-sensitive, soulless particles; in other words, the end, the bottom, the extreme limit. But this does not satisfy our philosopher. He stands in wonder before the "affinities" of the atoms and finds a new world. He says:

"Even the *atom* is not without a rudimentary form of sensation and will, or, as it is better expressed, of feeling (*æsthesis*) and inclination (*tropesis*); that is, a universal 'soul' of the simplest character. The same must be said of the molecules, which are composed of two or more atoms."

Here is a plain contradiction of his theory of the soul; for at first it was confined to organized matter, and now it is an attribute of unorganized matter. Besides, when he shows us

these soul phenomena in the atoms, he recognizes a soul beyond the limits of matter—a soul that dominates the last indivisible particle. We may safely conclude, then, that *soul* is *an unknown something* whose existence is only shown to us through its association with the objects of our senses. The riddle begins to elude his mental grasp, mighty as it is.

But what is this atom, which he acknowledges to be "indispensable for a truly monistic view of substance?" If we can find a flaw in this foundation-stone of his edifice, down comes the whole Babel-like structure, which stares with puny defiance into the face of the Ever-living. In his chapter on "The Law of Substance" Haeckel adopts Vogt's pyknotic theory of the origin and nature of the atom. He says:

"The modern 'theory of condensation,' or the pyknotic theory of substance, . . . is most ably established in the suggestive work of J. C. Vogt. . . . Vogt assumes the primitive force of the world . . . to be . . . the condensation of a simple primitive substance, which fills the infinity of space in an unbroken continuity. Its sole inherent mechanical form of activity consists in a tendency to condensation or contraction, which produces infinitesimal centers of condensation; these may change their degree of thickness, and therefore their volume, but are constant as such. These minute parts of the universal substance, the centers of condensation, which might be called *pyknatoms*, correspond in general to the ultimate separate atoms of the kinetic theory. . . . These atoms . . . do not float in empty space, but in the continuous, extremely attenuated, . . . uncondensed portion of the primitive matter. . . . As a consequence of this division into mass and ether there ensues a ceaseless struggle between the two antagonistic elements, and this struggle is the source of all physical processes."

In other words, space was originally filled with a continuous ethereal substance, parts of which *condensed* or *contracted* to form the atoms from which suns and worlds and living things are built up. The ether and its products of condensation, according to Haeckel, "are endowed with sensation and will," though he does not tell us the source or nature of this non-materialistic "sensation and will," which still whispers its existence out of the black depths beyond the simplest element to which he has reduced his cosmos.

Now, this condensation or contraction theory is, in plain language, illogical. Certain axioms have been adopted by the human mind as necessary to the very beginning of a reasoning process. Among these axioms are the following: (1) Two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time; (2) you cannot take quantity from quantity and leave the same quantity; (3) you cannot add quantity to quantity without increasing quantity. These axioms form the real basis of the belief in the indestructibility of matter, and they have forced chemistry and physics to adopt the main features of the atomic theory as a "working hypothesis." For instance, some such theory is necessary to a conception of how matter can expand and condense. Water expands into vapor when its molecules are driven apart to greater distances—say, by heat. Oxygen condenses to form a liquid or solid when its molecules are compressed or brought nearer to one another by cold. The original matter (represented by the atom itself) is non-compressible. It cannot change its volume. *Two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.* It is non-expansible. To expand it would be equivalent to rending it in pieces. This would leave a space between. Hence, we have this theory of separate atoms that can be brought together or forced apart to form gas and liquid and solid, or to change the volume of any one of these consistencies. So long as this theory confines itself to an explanation of the forms of matter it is reasonable and useful. It is only when it trenches upon the domain of energy that we are justified in calling a halt and pointedly asking it to explain what moves the atoms or excites those affinities which impel them to form the living universe. We may also ask, "Of what is the atom composed?" Prof. Haeckel, while adopting the atomic theory, brushes aside the logic of its conception and immediately gets his monistic system into a tangle by insisting on the following contradictory theses:

"There is no such thing as empty space; that part of space which is not filled with ponderable matter is filled with ether" (page 220).

"Ether fills the whole of space, in so far as it is not occupied by ponderable matter, as a *continuous substance*, . . . and is not composed of atoms" (page 227).

"The two fundamental forms of substance, ponderable matter and ether, . . . experience an inclination for condensation" (page 220).

This abandonment of the idea of empty space between the atoms is based on the axiom that *a thing cannot act where it is not present*. But Haeckel is immediately impaled upon the other horn of the dilemma. His monastic ether is what remains in an "attenuated" consistency after part of it has been condensed or contracted to form the ponderable atoms. But, as "it fills the whole of space" it presents the anomaly of "*a continuous substance*" that can part with a portion of itself and still occupy the same expanse! Again, it has no interspaces from which it could spare a portion of its mass, for "it is not composed of atoms." Then where in the name of logical reasoning did it find room for that portion of itself which was condensed or contracted to form suns and worlds? One volume of ether from 10 volumes leaves how much? Answer—10 volumes.

Haeckel says of the ether: "The best idea of it can be formed by comparison with an extremely attenuated, elastic, and light jelly." Perhaps this word "elastic" means the property of expanding and contracting? If this is the idea, then perhaps we are also to understand that, as portions of the primitive ether condensed to form the orbs and planets, the balance expanded under some nice adjustment of pressure in order that no part of space should present a vacuum; for a vacuum nullifies this new theory. But this in turn is incomprehensible and assumes too much. Again, our imagination is said to be aided by this conception of the ether as "an extremely attenuated . . . jelly." Jelly is only *attenuated* by adding something to it; *i.e.*, water. Hence, we cannot conceive of this jelly-like ether aside from its dilution with some other substance, or (according to the atomic theory) a separation into parts with wider distances between them. But enough. We have to con-

clude that Haeckel is reasoning beyond the confines of the knowable. It is the fish of the Mammoth Cave trying to solve the mysteries of astronomy.

Haeckel says further that this ether, which "is boundless and immeasurable, like the space it occupies, . . . is in eternal motion." Physicists explain eternal motion as the slipping or rolling over one another of the particles of a substance. Here, then, is a new problem for them. Haeckel adds: "It is immaterial whether we conceive it [this motion] as vibration, strain, condensation, etc." Perhaps not. But would not "strain" tend to pull at the walls of space? Where is the fulcrum, or the anchorage? Can a thing lift itself by its bootstraps?

In concluding his argument he tells us:

"I. The extent of the universe is infinite and unbounded; it is empty in no part, but everywhere filled with substance.

"II. The duration . . . is equally infinite and unbounded; *it has no beginning* and no end; it is eternity.

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"IV. This universal movement of substance in space takes the form of an eternal cycle, or of a periodical process of evolution.

"V. The phases of this evolution consist in a periodic change of consistency, of which the first outcome is the primary division into mass and ether. . . .

"VI. This division is effected by a progressive condensation of matter as the formation of countless infinitesimal 'centers of condensation.'"

This great pendulum of time is a surpassingly beautiful and immeasurably grand conception so far as it concerns the eternal cycle of creation. It is Plato's Great Year, which has been sung by the philosophers and poets of every period and clime. It is the New Heaven and the New Earth of Christian mysticism. But this "*beginning*,"—what is it? Not, as we were led to suppose, the *first* condensation of a primitive substance or universal ether, but a *recurrence* of this mysterious event in sections of space. Here he apparently slights the Vogt pyknotic theory; and it is well he does so, for this theory calls for a beginning—and Haeckel says there was no beginning.



This sectional interchange of mass and ether involves him in new difficulties. He says that the ether "may probably . . . pass into the gaseous state . . . by progressive condensation, just as a gas may be converted into a fluid, and ultimately into a solid, by lowering its temperature." But we vainly ask how the final clash of worlds can restore ponderable matter to the etheric consistency? This process is certainly necessary in order that the primitive substance can *begin* its work anew. We can readily conceive how "the elements shall melt with fervent heat," but only the exigencies of monism can expand solid, liquid, and gas into the non-atomic, strongly contractile ether without increasing its mass. For the problem is the same as before, though reversed. That is, the worlds are all supposed to be again turned into ether. This 1 volume of ether is to be added to the already existing 10 volumes, but not to make 11 volumes, for space wouldn't hold so much—it is already filled. The operation is: 1 volume plus 10 volumes equals 10 volumes. Truly, this monistic space must be inclosed in a copper cylinder to stand these variations in pressure.

To sum up the whole matter, it seems to us that Haeckel's primitive (?) ether and also his condensed matter are sufficiently endowed with unexplainable forces, inclinations, and soul power rather to increase the problem than otherwise. The question still remains: *What is this tendency, affinity, soul, motion, predetermined direction, eternal energy, or whatever you may call it, which lies outside of any possible conception of substance?* Thus, from the first dawn of the soul in childhood back to the birth of motion in a conjectural primitive atom, Haeckel has led us through a series of difficulties that are only explained by raising others. How, then, are we to accept his final conclusion?—

"Our monistic view . . . marks the highest intellectual progress; . . . it definitely rules out the three central dogmas of metaphysics—God, Freedom, and Immortality."

*The riddle is not yet solved.*

## A LAYMAN'S VIEW OF IMMORTALITY.

BY GEORGE E. OVERMYER.

Substance is immortal; the perceptible things of Nature are everlasting; the elements are not to be destroyed. Nay more, time never was when a single atom of the Universe was not, and "void eternity" can never come when it shall have ceased to be. Forms change; conditions come and go; embodiments are built and crumbled by the hand of Time: but the materials of God's labor are eternal, and however again combined or isolated they are never lessened and never lost.

"The Universe is governed by Law," of which "Nature" is the Authoress and unrelenting Ministress. Her rules of spiritual conduct through her endless jurisdiction are as certain and as stringent as are her apparently stronger material laws; and darkness, degeneration, and debasement as surely follow their disregard as do wisdom, evolution, and advancement their observance.

Human life, like all existence, is neither chance nor accident; nor is it the design of "special Providence." Our present state is neither an experiment nor a penalty. The human body is not the "prison of the soul," but, in the worldly stage of the latter's flight throughout the universe of time, the body is its magnificent terrestrial abode, its splendid present residence, the grandest evolution of earth and air.

Mind is the light of life—the guardian and protector of the soul. The mind is endowed with a competent knowledge of right and wrong, and is granted the power of choice in the course that it shall pursue.

The soul, or character, is the essence of the mind's achievements and defeats, respectively as champion of, and antagonist

to, the laws of Nature. "The evil that men do lives after them," but the good is *not* interred with their bones; for character is constantly being molded by the powers that ever play upon it, and the intellect is qualified to choose between the positive and negative that it meets on every hand throughout its eternal course.

Thus, Now is the seed-time and the harvest; heaven and hell are ever coming and are ever present. Our brief experience here is not a period of mere probation, behind which all is oblivion and before which all is eternal sorrow or eternal joy; for Now is the realization of joy or sorrow as our infinite past has made it, and our knowledge of and love for Truth and Nature are our happiness and reward, and our lack of hope and moral courage is the suffering and the penalty we pay for what we have been before. Thus the most descending spirit, as long as a spark of intellect remains to guard and guide it, may see the error of its way; may change its course; may begin to rise in ever-increasing happiness and knowledge and ever-ascending benevolence and hope; may participate in an ever-grander sphere of Nature; may bear that which it has by virtue and honor molded nearer the very seat and realm of purity and spirit—nearer "its Father and its God."

But the range of the height of character is infinite, for understanding is the base of quality and the sphere of understanding widens with the passing hour. Verily, an eternal betterment, an ever-more exalted view, is the future of the normal nature. The pinnacle of perfection is ever to be labored for but never to be attained. Though it accommodate its altitude to the hope of every climber, the distance heightens to the peak with each ascending stride, for the goal of yesterday we only reach to be lured to a grander view.

Then what and where is God? Shall we conclude that He is a definite embodiment, a much magnified and gloriously radiant (yet a conceivable and certain) Personality; who from His celestial throne especially directs the present happenings

on this most essential world; who, though He devotes some leisure moment to the movement of the spheres, centers His grand exertion on this wilful creature, Man—in whose future he nurtures His fondest hope and from whose sempiternal presence in the “promised realm of rest” He is to realize His sweetest joy? Shall we thus confine Him to a certain “where”; thus give shape and measure to Him; deny His all-extensive comprehension; reduce His omnipresent being to a creature of our conception; make to appear inglorious the transcendent grandeur of His endless works—by proclaiming our poor selves the climax of His creative genius, the output of His profoundest labor, the object and center of His chiefest care?

Shall we thus paint God in the hues delightful to our purely childish fancy; attribute to Him crudely human tendencies; corrupt Him with our human weakness, vengeance, that He may wreak His wrath upon *our* enemies; clothe him with a blind and credulous partiality; extol by word of mouth our virtues to Him—give Him to know our saintly grace and spiritual completeness, vouched for by our own good evidence? Shall we, indeed, persuade the Master of this Universe that we are His elect, His superlative creation; the *only* of His subjects in all the vastness of His operation on whom He has “cast a special favor”—nay, even toward whom He has shown a barely moderate solicitude? Shall we thus put serious inquiry at rest; thus stand blindly, hopelessly self-satisfied? Shall we cease all further search for Truth, although the true solution we may never reach, and supplant the glory of progressive thought with this abortive concept? Nay, shall we deliberately thwart our souls’ development; restrict the limits of our mental possibility; retard the growth and glory of our native grandeur—by emulating mere materiality, by proclaiming the human “image” Lord and Author of Infinite Existence: He cumbered with our faults and weaknesses, limited in purpose to the range of our conception, delighted to ecstasy at the

summit of our vain desire? And all this only to establish some "sure thing" and some "sure place" on which to hang our faith?

Or shall we not, on the other hand, after we have sought the remotest limits of our conception—confused and mystified and brought to naught the labors of the most sublime imaginations in our effort to discover God—shall we not conclude, with proper modesty, that "we cannot define Him"; indeed, that "He is not to be defined"; yet that intuition tells us that He is, and that Nature manifests His presence everywhere; that of necessity He must be the embodiment of Wisdom, the whole of Perfection, the unit of Power; that He deals with proportionate and proper justice unto all existing things; that He grants no indulgences by way of special favor, nor visits pains or penalties, but in accordance with the just judgment of highest Law—the rigid, everywhere-effective Law of Compensation? Shall we not conclude that though communion with Him may be held in a thoughtful contemplation of His least attractive thing, still He lends no ear to wordy praise or mouthing flattery; that He pays no heed to formal prayer or fawning supplication, but places His highest prizes within the reach of man *as man*, for honest, unpretentious purpose and modest virtue, and this by reason of the everlasting truth that advancement to the next of His successively ascending goals is only realized through a strict conformity to the regulations governing the way; yea, that to those whose views of life are truly philosophic and tolerantly patient to all things, whose guiding effort is to be and to do as the dictates of honor and a reasonable conception of the conceivable laws of Truth demand they should—that to them an ever-closer insight into the affairs of Nature is the sure reward: a "Nearer, my God, to Thee" the grand remuneration?

Indeed, shall we not at last presume that we, as well as all things else, at present and forever are a part of God; that "God" is our synonym for all the untold forms and tendencies

of force; that "He" is the grand harmonious blend of all the powers that be; that "He" is the pulse-beat, the life-throb, the spirit of all existence, the indomitable active principle, the never-to-be-subdued progressive essence of everything that is; that "His" seat of residence is coëxtensive with the range of possible existence, and "His" grandeur gleams from every portion of the home "He" occupies; that "He" impels creation to the recognition of a purpose in its being, prompts it to a proper and healthy exercise by virtue of which all survives, becomes continually more highly wrought and more gloriously transformed, and ascends through each strong deed and thought to an ever-grander sphere of action—to a realm of radiance ever more resplendent, ever less confined?

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"A PURE heart," as Saint Bernard saith, "doth two things: it maketh thee to do whatever thou doest either for the love of God only or for the good or benefit of another." In all that thou doest have one of these two intents, or both together; for the latter coincides with the former. Keep thy heart always thus pure, and do all that thou wilt. Have a perverse heart, and everything is evil with thee.—*Ancren Riwle* [Morton].

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JUSTICE, piety, and every affection of the heroic mind would be willing to adopt the Castilian maxim that "every man is the son of his own works," so that when a man performeth any heroic enterprise, or any virtue, or any extraordinary work, then is he new born and named the son of his own actions, and so becomes a hidalgo of a "suffycyentè gentyl lynage."—*Kenebm Digby*.

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TIME passes. Sterling said, "We paint our lives in fresco: with every stroke which our hand gives, the ductile material changes into stone." What have we painted in the past week? The pictures stand there in our memories ineffaceable. What shall we paint in the galleries next week that God now flings open to us?—*W. H. Channing*.

## LIBERTY TO STAND FAST.

BY HELEN CHAUNCEY.

The seeker for Truth should expect to find it everywhere. Thus alone will he realize the brotherhood of souls, the unity of religions; for Truth cannot be confined within the limits of a creed, or restricted to the necessities of a few. It is all-pervasive, as the atmosphere; and he who seeks it aright, wherever he may be, will never fail to find it.

The tendency of denominational belief is to narrow the range of individual thought and chain it to prescribed limits. So productive is this of spiritual myopia that many Truth-seekers prefer to remain outside of church and creed.

Each soul must be its own judge as to the course to be pursued in the gradual unfolding of the higher consciousness and the realization of its inherent divinity. Freedom of vision and wideness of outlook are inalienable adjuncts of clear Truth-perception. Separation from the organized bodies of believers, however, so frequently antagonizes that there is often a struggle in the mind of the separatist as to what he should do. He feels that antagonism should be avoided by those who wish to live in accordance with the dictates of the highest Truth. He believes that Love is "the fulfilling of the law." But he who loves his neighbor as himself will not offend him in word or deed.

The question then arises, Can one who has emerged from the traditionary doctrines of religious belief remain in the so-called orthodox church and still increase in spiritual stature? The answer should be at once in the affirmative, for—

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise  
From outward things, whate'er we may believe;"

and he who treads the old familiar paths with loving heart and unclouded vision will find the germs of Truth lying all around him.

A woman who had been restored to health by thought processes was urged to leave the church in which she had been reared. She consulted with herself and, obeying the Inner Voice, decided to remain where she was, believing that Truth was omnipresent. She engaged in church work with renewed enthusiasm, while she brought to the hearing of every sermon a mind open to conviction and free from prejudice. She realized as never before that—

“ . . . the fiery Pentecost  
Girds with one flame the countless host,  
Trances the heart through chanting choirs  
And through the Priest the mind inspires.”

When listening to a speaker it was her rule to send toward him the unswerving thought that his word would be clothed with power, and that Truth would make him a messenger of good tidings. On one occasion the preacher was a recent graduate of an ultra-conservative divinity school. He was bitterly opposed to Christian Science, mental healing, and other modern theories, holding them as profane and vain babblings. His discourse was a tirade against them; but this woman, unheeding his denunciatory epithets, steadfastly held the thought that he would be the mouthpiece of Eternal Truth. He was near the close of his sermon when she heard him say:

“ ‘Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.’ This is the secret of all achievement. Fully realize the power of God’s might, and nothing shall be impossible to you. You can then do the very works that Jesus did. Yes, to you may be fulfilled his promise to his disciples, ‘*Greater* works than these shall ye do.’ Therefore, once again I charge you, ‘be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.’ ”

The words rang out like a trumpet call, bearing to every



listener the accent of conviction. None received his message more joyfully than the Truth-seeker, whom the young clergyman joined as she left the church. To his surprise she thanked him for the uplift he had given her, and he replied: "I hardly thought you would enjoy my assault on Mental Science!"

She then repeated the closing sentences of his sermon, to which he listened incredulously, and then exclaimed: "I have no remembrance of this 'message,' as you call it. Indeed, it is not at all in line with the theme uppermost in my mind. Besides, I read from my manuscript and I know the words you have quoted are not written there. It is inexplicable!"

"Truth must be revealed," said his companion; "and you were its channel to many this morning, for you were God-possessed."

As in every place of organized worship some germs of Truth invariably came her way, so in the routine of daily life each experience revealed its highest meaning to her receptive soul; each person whom she met responded to her loving glance by giving of his best, and her sympathies, wide as the world, went out to the whole Universe.

Her example is one to follow, since she apprehended the liberty of the children of God in its true significance. To stand fast in that liberty is the secret of the perfect life. When seekers for Truth shall realize that it is theirs for the taking wherever they may be, there will be less separation from the churches and greater harmony within their walls. Infinite Mind, the Oversoul, works through humanity for the redemption of the world. He who understands will not be entangled with the bondage of traditionary beliefs. Having come out into glorious liberty, he will live for the uplifting of the world, knowing that Love is mighty to save—that Truth must and will prevail.



SHALL I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts?—*Emerson.*

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### THE PASSING OF DR. HEPWORTH.

**I**T was with a sense of genuine sorrow and loss that multitudes of people all over our country, and in fact throughout the civilized world, learned of the passing away of George Hughes Hepworth on June 7th.

The Rev. Dr. Hepworth was without doubt one of the most remarkable men of our time. Although modest and unostentatious in demeanor, he nevertheless exerted an influence upon the religious life of our country more profound than possibly that of any other man. He was never a theologian—never a dogmatist. The writer remembers hearing him preach in St. John, N. B., in the early summer of 1876, and though he spoke in an orthodox pulpit his whole sermon breathed the spirit of liberality.

The humanitarian ideal was always uppermost in the mind of Dr. Hepworth. He believed in the gospel of faith that was to find its evidence in works. He was too broad-minded a man to stay in any church or accept any creed; yet there was that love and sympathy in his life which in a way related him to all humanity. He never allowed prejudice to sway him to the right or to the left, but was always anxious to get at the facts in any given case. His journey to Armenia and his reports sent to the *New York Herald* show the absolute fairness of the man. At a time when the Christian world was demanding that severe action be taken against Turkey on account of the Armenian massacres, it would have been very easy for a man courting public approval or popularity to have so colored his reports or so prejudged the case that the Sultan and others in authority in Turkey would have been made to bear the full responsibility for the trouble; but Dr. Hepworth's investigation was thorough and impartial. He traveled hundreds of miles on horseback, often in the most inclem-

ent weather and under the most trying circumstances. The result of his study of the situation showed very plainly that the provocation was not all on one side, and that the Sultan and his ministers were not directly responsible for the outrages. In a communication to the *New York Herald*, he said: "When I say that the Armenian massacres are caused by Armenian revolutionists, I tell a truth, and a very important truth, but not the whole truth. It would be more correct to say that the presence of the revolutionists gave occasion and excuse for the massacres."

While Dr. Hepworth did splendid work in whatever he undertook,—whether as a clergyman of a Unitarian or of an orthodox church, or as the commissioner of the *New York Herald* to relieve the wants of the starving poor in Ireland, or as its commissioner to Armenia,—yet his popularity and the greatest good accomplished will undoubtedly rest with the short "sermons" that appeared regularly on the editorial page of the *New York Sunday Herald* as well as in the Paris edition of that newspaper. These contributions have given hope and courage to thousands.

It is very difficult to place any just or adequate estimate on such a work. The *New York Herald* comes more directly in touch with the people than almost any other great newspaper. It is the far-sightedness of its conductor and its thoroughly competent corps of editors and managers that keep it abreast of the times. Knowing the popular needs, it spares no expense to give the public what it demands—not in that sky-rocketing way which exploits a certain thing to make it a sensation of the hour and then passes it by, but in a manner that produces lasting benefit. The *Herald* has accomplished as much good as any other journal of our time. It was the first great newspaper to discern that tens of thousands who have never attended church nor engaged in any form of worship could be made interested and helped through a practical exposition of the teachings of the great Master, and it could not have selected one better fitted to render such service

than Dr. Hepworth. Multitudes of people eagerly looked forward to the publication of the *Sunday Herald* in order that they might read Dr. Hepworth's contribution. It is hoped that these "sermons" may be collected and issued in book form, because they would thus prove of lasting benefit and perpetual service.

In a conversation between Dr. Hepworth and the writer, held nearly two years ago, he expressed himself in a very sympathetic way in regard to the New Thought. While not connected with the movement in any way, his presentation of religion and philosophy showed him to be in thorough accord with its teachings.

George H. Hepworth was a man of strong, generous nature, quick to recognize the needs of others and never slow in doing good. His gospel of life was fittingly described in Matthew Arnold's work, "Sweetness and Light," and, although he has passed from this plane of life, that gospel will still remain in the world to benefit and uplift mankind.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.



### PROGRESS IN THE PULPIT.

WITH the exception of the convention of the Presbyterian General Assembly, no incident of recent church history in New York has attracted wider attention than the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton's resignation of the rectorship of All Souls' Church. In accepting a call to preach henceforth under the auspices of Leland Stanford University, Dr. Newton is consistent and faithful to his ever-expanding ideals. The highest usefulness has always been the goal at which he aimed, although in his conscientious endeavors he has had little encouragement from his brethren of the cloth. To teach the truth as he himself saw it, from an inner conviction based upon independent study and experience, he was frequently obliged to disregard authority and convention, creed and custom, and even the wishes of those com-

municants who have protested most loudly against the acceptance of his resignation.

This act on the part of Dr. Newton has elicited much newspaper comment, not less among secular journals than among press representatives of denominational religion. That his public work is appreciated by those who know him best, and that he is far in advance of the ordinary student of theological matters, is shown by the following extracts from an editorial in the *New York Sun*:

"Dr. Newton made the pulpit of All Souls' Church distinguished among New York pulpits, and American pulpits generally, as a fountain-head of the extremest liberality and radicalism in religious thought. For more than a generation he taught from it with courageous consistency a religious philosophy which was no nearer the received or professed theology of even the most liberal school of the Episcopal Church than is the 'ethical culture' of Prof. Felix Adler. Attempts to silence him were vain, though episcopal authority was invoked to sustain them. This free lance in religion kept on unmolested, and his resignation from All Souls' was of his own free will purely, and was resisted earnestly by his devoted congregation.

"Dr. Newton cannot be called strictly an exponent of the 'new theology,' or the theology whose supernatural foundation is as undiscoverable by old-fashioned religious belief as by new-fashioned agnosticism, for he does not use any of the evasions with which that school usually seeks to cover its infidelity. Theologically, he is not classifiable; but for that very reason, probably, he was all the more satisfactory to the crowded congregations which gathered to listen to his religious speculations at All Souls'.

"The circumstance that he is a vice-president of the 'Liberal Congress of Religions,' or a body which might more correctly be called a collection of people with no positive religion at all, is a sufficient indication of his position and of the courageous honesty of the man. His opinions may not be essentially different from those of many theologians who preserve a semblance of conformity, though in their hearts they are as rebellious as he is. His distinction from them may be in the boldness with which he declares his convictions rather than in the convictions themselves."

If there exists any such philosophy as "the new theology," which the *Sun* writer seems to suggest as a term descriptive of the process that is now revitalizing Christianity, Dr. Newton certainly is its ablest "exponent." And that "its supernatural foundation is undiscoverable" is its strongest recommendation to scientific minds. The world has had enough of supernaturalism.

The alleged revelations of a supreme, all-potent Personality have served for centuries as a substitute for immutable Law, which has nevertheless continued to operate and automatically to enforce equal and exact penalties for disobedience. The race has suffered because ignorance is not an acceptable excuse therefor, and the thinker who lights even the smallest taper in this historic world-darkness is entitled to the praise and the gratitude of men. Both the bottles and the wine of our many-hued orthodoxy have been tested in the crucible of experience; and this teaches that in the entire Universe there is no reality that is not *natural*.

We are governed by law, not caprice. Cosmic processes are the result of creative volition, not of prayerful pleading. Human events are subject to the disposition of human minds, not of an extra-cosmic ruler. There is no "divinity that shapes our ends" save the divinity that, according to the Great Nazarene, has its abiding-place within each human soul. Salvation is through love, not terror, and no man needs to be "saved" from anything that is worse than himself. We are daily making and modifying our individual destinies, and in this we are aided most through true spiritual *science*. Belief in the supernatural and miraculous is always on a par with growth in superstition and moral fear.

In the development of this science of the spirit, Dr. Newton's aid has been important. He knows and advocates the truths of metaphysical healing, has familiarized himself with the phenomena of the psychic plane, and is officially prominent in the New Thought movement. To the extent that he is *not* "theologically classifiable" he is religiously useful. His conspicuous service in his original field is seen in that liberalizing of the modern Church that has contributed so largely to the progress of genuine religion.

California's gain in the acquisition of Dr. Newton is this community's loss, for every good citizen of New York who believes in freedom of thought and spiritual advancement along rational lines will hear of his departure with regret.

J. E. M.

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

*Conducted by*

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

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FOR THE PARENTS.

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## THE SUBJECTIVE SIDE OF CHILD NATURE.

A mother writes :

"My little girl of five is an only child, never having had any brothers or sisters. Although she *knows* she is telling an untruth, she persists in saying she has a little sister, whose name is 'Stella,' and that 'Stella' comes every day to play with her. As far as appearances go, it certainly seems so, for she is always unhappy if a place is not prepared at the table and a chair set for 'Stella,' who, she says, always eats when she does. Although I tell her that play is 'make believe,' and that 'Stella' is only her 'make-believe' sister, she still insists that 'Stella' is a 'really truly little girl, and *not* a "make believe."' Will she outgrow this, or what must I do to break this habit of story-telling; for such it seems to be?"

She probably will outgrow the seeing of visions, and all other phenomena connected with the soul senses, if you continue trying to make her believe it is all *wrong*, dear Mrs. C——; but do not deal with this matter ignorantly or carelessly. Your child is one among many who act and talk in the same fashion. All little children are more or less near to the borderland between the subjective and objective realms, and often from their baby lips come strange and wonderful words, which if heeded might lead

to many hints of truth. Did not the Master himself say many things were "hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes?"

That peculiar sensitiveness to subjective conditions which is indicated by the psychic or soul side of the senses is the key to marvelous powers, and should be thoroughly understood and properly guarded. Possessing it, many children who might become wonderfully developed through right training are dwarfed, stunted, and sometimes turned in completely opposite directions, and made miserable all their lives through lack of understanding on the part of their parents in their tender years.

Naturally, you wonder how this can be. A sensitive instrument needs careful handling. The brain of a child is the most delicate instrument in the world. It is, too, the most precious—more valuable perhaps because of its possibilities than older brains that have been more or less warped and stunted in their growth. That question aside, however, consider the momentous importance to the child, the family, and the world of his having the fullest and most perfect expression of every gift of his being, among which are included every faculty on the subjective as well as the objective plane.

At the outset, then, his parents should understand what environments, what influences, what training would be most conducive to the favorable and perfect development of his body and brain, in order that his soul faculties as well as his intellectual and physical powers might have free and full expression.

This means first of all what kind of care would best develop the brain as a transmitting instrument. Professor Gates says: "Almost *everything* depends on *first impressions* on the brain cells of a child—that if he is left unguarded *even a few moments* there



may be malefic thoughts or acts impressed on the brain, which if not *immediately* counteracted may mar the whole after life." This, as the writer heard it from the lips of so noted a scientist, is profoundly significant. It emphasizes the necessity of caring for and protecting this marvelous machinery of the child's organism, so that it may be ready for his intelligent and consecrated use when he is old enough to take the reins of management into his own hands.

How can this be done if there are continual reflections cast upon the child's integrity of purpose or action? We know in the sphere of Nature that all growing things must be surrounded by the right conditions, and left free to evolve *from within outward*. Would this not be the law equally for subjective as well as objective Nature—for mind as well as matter?

We repeat what we have said so many times, in so many ways: Surround the child with an atmosphere of love, faith, and harmony; teach the *few things* concerning life principles; be a living example of their application in your own character; keep the child close to you by sympathy and comradeship, and *let him grow*.

But, you will say, what about this matter of living in imaginations and telling stories? This is a matter to be dealt with more by tact and suggestion. In your special case, Mrs. C——, I would advise that you let the child talk and play with "Stella," and show your sympathy by acting as if it were *true*; but, when you can do so without grieving the child, turn her attention to something more practical. Divert her mind by taking her out to walk, giving her something to do with her hands, and in many ways provide her with objective amusements. Let her have kittens, a dog, a bird, or some other living pet or pets. This will have the effect of absorbing her thought and giving an opportunity for normal objective development, without blighting

or in any way injuring the possibility of the subjective. Keep her from children, or from people of a larger growth, if their examples or atmospheres are antagonistic to what you are teaching her.

Give her the best possible insight into the truth of her spiritual nature, the omnipresence of the Divine Life, the omnipotence of Divine Love, etc. In this way will she grow as a plant or a tree grows—straight up and out, without hindrance or limitation. You will find after a time that her sensitive nature will register and report many wonderful hints of the spiritual truth and life, and it will be literally true that “a little child shall lead;” for her pure, open mind will receive impressions concerning universal truths, which her careful training, through association with and instruction from you, will enable her to express. Thus will her intuitive nature, with all its rich possibilities, be gradually and harmoniously unfolded, and add untold blessings to her life.

How many persons we meet that tell us of the revelations, the visions, and the beautiful faith of their childhood, which were rudely and cruelly shut off because no one understood them! It is not *extinction*, but *direction*, of these gifts that is necessary. Shall we, simply because we do not understand a phenomenon, say it is evil? That has been the custom of past ages, but it belongs not to the new. *Now* are we in the day of revelation. Let us not only open *our* eyes and ears, but so justly and lovingly deal with our children that they may see and hear and know even more than we may be able to conceive of. To this end let us give them the *all-round* development—so that, like the machines of latest invention, they may have improvements and attachments that will register and express any truth on any plane in God’s universe.

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

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"First, April, she with mellow showers,  
Opens the way for early flowers;  
Then after her comes smiling May,  
In a more rich and sweet array;  
Next enters June, and brings us more  
Gems than those two that went before;  
Then, lastly, July comes, and she  
More wealth brings in than all those three."

—Herrick.

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WHAT HAPPENED TO MARIE AND HENRI.

It was two days before the Fourth of July; and little Henri and Marie Belanger started for the factory where their father worked to ask him for some pennies, so that they could buy some firecrackers.

The children crossed the bridge over the Farmington river, and then stopped to look at the great dam that no water was falling over now, as it was all needed to turn the factory water-wheels that set the machinery in the buildings whizzing, whirring, and humming. Then the little ones went over to a pile of lumber, underneath the window where their father worked, sometimes on machetes for South America, Cuba, and Spain, sometimes on spears for China, and at other times on bayonets for the United States. Henri and Marie climbed up on the lumber so that their round faces just showed above the window-sill, and shouted:

"Throw us some pennies, *please*, Papa, for firecrackers!"

Mr. Belanger smiled, then took some pennies from his pocket, wrapped them in paper, and threw them out the window. Two dimpled hands flew up to two rosy mouths, and two loud-sounding kisses were "thrown" to Papa, who threw ever so many back. Then away strolled the children to a shop near by, where they bought firecrackers, torpedoes, and "punk." They started toward home, walking slowly and chattering gaily. After crossing the

bridge, instead of taking the road that led to their house they turned into the road leading in the opposite direction and up a steep hill, and they had gone quite a distance before they discovered their mistake. Then Marie said:

"Brother, let's go on a little further. We'll come to the woods soon, and Georgie Bliss told me there's lots of red raspberries there."

So on they went and soon reached the edge of the woods, where the berries were indeed plentiful. They gathered and ate them, and tempted by the luscious fruit they left the road and went further and further into the woods. Now, these woods were very thick and full of underbrush, as are the forests in many other places in Connecticut; for the great lands of the West have tempted the farmers to leave their little meadows among the Eastern hills. Thus, much of the farming region of Connecticut has become a wilderness of trees, and the deer are coming back and there are many wildcats in the woods. Perhaps there will come back, one of these days, the wolves and bears also!

It was six o'clock, and Mr. Belanger went home. But five-year-old Marie and her brother Henri, two years older, did not come running down the little garden walk, as usual, to greet Papa.

"Too busy looking over their Fourth-of-July things," said Mr. Belanger, smiling. He had come from France to make his home in America, fifteen years ago, and like many another foreigner he had become a good American and enjoyed the Fourth as much as if his fathers had helped to make that day great and glorious.

But the children were not in the house—only the baby brother. The mother said she had not seen the children since two o'clock, when they had left to go to the factory, where she supposed they had been playing, waiting to come home with their father.

Mr. Belanger did not stop for his supper, but went out hurriedly and looked all about the neighborhood for the children. Then some of the neighbors began looking, too, and the poor mother, carrying her little one, walked along the road, peering here and there, asking every person she met if he had seen Marie and Henri.

All night long Mr. Belanger and his friends searched for the children, while several neighbors stayed with Mrs. Belanger trying to console her.

Some one had seen the children walking by the edge of the woods late in the afternoon, and so the men tried to push into the dense forest; but it was impossible to go far without axes to cut one's way, and little could be done but to wait for the morning light. All night the wretched father walked up and down near the edge of the woods, calling, calling for Henri and Marie. Not a mouthful of food had passed his lips, nor had he a thought for anything except the little ones lost in those dark woods. He remembered how, in the cold weather, the fierce wildcats had boldly come out from these very woods to steal the chickens in the farmyards.

Morning dawned, and the factory hands plied their axes on trees and underbrush, trying to force their way into the woods, hoping to find the children. But seven o'clock came, and they sadly went to their work, leaving the wild-eyed father frantically searching this way and that, but remembering to notch the trees so that he would not get lost also.

At noon the order came to shut down the factory, so that all might hunt for the lost children, the owners of the mill offering a large reward to the man who should find them. The people gravely shook their heads as they talked over how long it had been since the little ones had had food or drink. They might do without food; but to be all that long time without water! And there was none in those woods so far as any one knew. No; Henri and Marie must be dying!

Nevertheless, two hundred men began scouring the woods. They had to go in parties, so that they might not get lost.

All the afternoon—all the evening passed; then dark night came, and the stars shone out. From other villages on the shore of the river came the noise of cannon and of exploding firecrackers. The searchers wondered, with tears in their eyes, if the noises would rouse the children, who must now be unconscious.

The people in the village watched the twinkling lights of the lanterns the men were carrying, while searching near the edge

of the woods. About ten o'clock a far-away shout was heard; then another, and another, until the good news was shouted in the village streets that the little girl was found. She was scratched and bleeding from the briars, and insensible. But she was still living! Over her were spread her brother's clothes; on the branches of the bushes above her head her apron was laid to shield her face. Henri's coat was her pillow. Near by was a large leaf with a handful of berries on it. When the big strong men saw this evidence of the seven-year-old brother's loving care, they cried, and they were not ashamed to be seen shedding tears.

Tenderly one of the men carried the little girl home, and the others worked with redoubled effort to find Henri. It was not until the next morning that the weary father stumbled upon his little son, unconscious and quite naked—for had he not taken off his clothes to use them in making his sister more comfortable?

It was a long time before Henri opened his eyes, and his first question was: "Where is Marie?"—though the parched tongue had hard work to say the words; and when he was told that she was safe his black, swollen lips tried to smile.

But Marie was quite able to talk, and she told how Henri comforted her when it was dark and she was afraid the wildcats might come and kill them, and how he saved all the berries for her and would eat none himself.

When Henri was well again he was asked if he were not very frightened, and why he left his sister.

"Oh, I was so busy trying to comfort Sister," was the answer, "I had no time to think of being afraid myself! I left her to try to find the way out and get some one to go back with me for her—our shoes were so torn and it hurt her feet so dreadfully when she tried to walk."

Brave little Henri! It was weeks before his own bruised, torn feet were healed.

But what a Fourth-of-July celebration Henri and Marie had that night! Loving hands propped them up on a big pillow-covered sofa that was drawn up in front of the window, and the village fireworks were let off right in front of that window instead of on the public square!

F. P. P.

MY MISSION.

To carry joy to every one  
Is what I have to do;  
To bear a heart, from sun to sun,  
So glad, and brave, and true,  
That all I meet upon their way,  
As I go out on mine,  
Will feel it is a happy day  
And full of Love Divine.

HELEN CHAUNCEY.



PHILOSOPHY FOR CHILDREN.

(II.)

..

The other day I went on an excursion to Elephant Rock. It is a great mass of beautiful faun-colored stone, shaped like an elephant. At some distance the resemblance is so striking that one almost looks for the rock to walk away!

Once this part of the country was all under water, and layers of different kinds of soil were deposited, forming great masses. Afterward these masses were pushed up from underneath, and the water receded. In time, being subjected to frost, rain, and wind, pieces began to crack and drop off, changing the shape.

This rock is truly wonderful. When we climbed to the top of it we saw where the piece had fallen out leaving the eye, and where it had cracked and crumbled around to form an ear. The trunk was a massive stand of stone, and an immense archway formed the hollow between the trunk and body.

We looked about us and saw other rocks of different shapes, formed the same way. Some day a great piece may fall out and spoil the shape of the elephant.

Change is ever going on; nothing stands still. The rock could not resist the frost, but *we* have the power to change for better or worse. If any one asks us which it will be we all answer quickly, "For the better." But as soon as something happens to try us we give way to anger and a mark is made. Thus we go blindly

on; the days pass away and we can never bring them back. Nature, our great teacher, is neglected.

But there are those who do not neglect her, and they become our great ones. Then we complain because we have not had a good chance. We have had our chance, and allowed it to slip away.

We are conscious of our bodily self, our lower self, all the time. We want to have a higher consciousness, a consciousness of our souls, a consciousness of divine power, which our souls share. When we listen to this higher consciousness the small things of life—anger, selfishness, silly thoughts of dress and show—have no place, we are so filled with thoughts of higher things. You may think you will not have so much pleasure; but it does not mean to give up your wholesome play nor your interest in life. Rather it means to have more.

MARY ATWOOD HARDING.



THE chrysanthemum now so varied and perfect in form and coloring was once, a long, long time ago, a worthless weed. But within that crude wild plant were latent the marvelous possibilities of the chrysanthemum of to-day. What is this wonderful flower? It is the beautiful soul of the plant developed to a high degree of perfection—God's idea of the chrysanthemum manifested to our senses. A weed is a plant, the meaning and use and beauty of which are not yet discovered. What is in a little child, the God who made and loves it only knows in its fulness; but we do know this much, that it is a divine germ of an immortal blossom on the tree of life.—*Minnie S. Davis, in "Ideal Motherhood."*



In some hearts there is an ever-blooming springtime of cheerfulness, which makes all around them forget the flight of seasons and of years. Such hearts never grow old, and they spread far and wide the sunshine of immortal youth. Every man, woman, and child of us might be such a fountain of gladness, if we would. Love is the only eternal springtime in whatever world we live.—*Lucy Larcom.*



## A LESSON FROM THE BIRDS.

"Mary, come quickly! See the birds, how happy they are!"

Mary came at her mother's call, but with a pouting face. Matters had gone wrong this beautiful spring morning—washing dishes and running errands seemed so much to ask of a little girl who wanted to play.

Mary watched the birds, and noticed them carrying bits of string, straw, and other things in their little beaks. Sometimes, being frightened, they would drop what they had gathered and return for it again and again. Mary wondered at their patience. She peeped into the rose-bush and discovered the cause of their work and patience. A little home was building, and what delight was shown in the construction of it!

Mary ran into the house, ready to work with a will. How strong she felt with arms and hands to carry things for Mama, while the birds had but their little beaks, which seemed so tiny and yet accomplished so much!

The birds' home was watched with interest. The dainty eggs that Mary found therein were not touched. Soon came the funny, helpless baby-birds, to which Mary became a second mother.

The time came when the baby-birds must learn to fly. What awkward attempts they made at first! But finally they mastered the art, with Mama bird always near, seeing that no harm came to them.

Mary missed the twittering in the rose-bush, but the birds had taught the lesson of patience and cheerfulness that Nature alone can teach her little children.

EMMA L. STAMPER.



## THE TEA-KETTLE'S SONG.

Softly I sing by the firelight's glow,  
And many a heart console;  
For those who are sad  
Are oft made glad  
By the music I sweetly troll.

Merry indeed is the song I pipe,  
Invoking the thoughts that cheer ;  
    Then list to my lay,  
    Good friends, I pray,  
And the shadows will disappear !

Sorry and sore must the trouble be  
That will bide in your bosoms when  
    You float on the stream  
    Of my song, and dream—  
I make poets of common men.

Under my spell fondest mem'ries wake,  
And the joys of the past re-live,  
    And faces long missed  
    And lips once kissed  
Will their tenderest greetings give.

'Tis a lovely world, my good masters all,  
If you have but the eyes to see ;  
    But a land more fair,  
    Beyond compare,  
Is the land where I'm leading thee !

The sun in this beautiful land ne'er fades,  
And the flowers never cease to bloom ;  
    All its people are young,  
    And of joyous tongue,  
Aye, with never a touch of gloom.

Listen then, pray, while your souls I charm  
And waft to this realm I know,  
    To return refreshed,  
    With a joy unguessed  
In your hearts that will overflow.

CHARLES BÉTHUNE ROSS.

---

COURAGE begets strength ; fear begets weakness. And so courage begets success ; fear begets failure.—*Ralph Waldo Trine.*

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE UNSEALED BIBLE. Vol. I.; Genesis; or, The Book of Beginnings. By the Rev. George Chainey. 388 pp. Cloth, \$3.00. Published by The School of Interpretation, Chicago. (For sale by The Alliance Publishing Company.)

This is the initial volume of a stupendous literary undertaking—a thirty-volume work, “disclosing the mysteries of life and death,” and bearing the sub-title, “Revelation Revealed.” The author is a man of much erudition; he was once a Methodist clergyman and later joined the Unitarian denomination, and is widely known as a lecturer on ethical and spiritual subjects. His book gives evidence of profound research, and from the standpoint of scholarship, “higher criticism,” and psychical science, is so ably constructed as to stand in a class by itself. Mr. Chainey declares that “the two modes of knowing God are by the operation of intelligence in consciousness and of consciousness in intelligence.” This capacity is acquired, he says, only when the thinker is able consciously to function on both planes of thought—the subjective and objective. His experiences in the unseen realm seem to corroborate many Spiritualistic claims, although he emphasizes the importance of *motive* in seeking communion with invisible helpers. The author’s own purposes are plainly of the highest, and the result of his studies as embodied in this suggestive work should strengthen the reader’s perseverance in the higher life. While devotees of the New Thought who have outgrown the concept of a personal God will be disappointed by many assertions that seem predicated on such a Deity, yet every one of the seventy-seven interpretations has more or less metaphysical instruction and may be profitably read by all students of human life and destiny.

THE SCRIBE OF A SOUL. By Clara Iza Price. 201 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Published by the author, Seattle, Wash.

The literature of Spiritualism is marred by both books and periodicals that serve only to bring ridicule upon the very important projects of psychical research. They are often crude in style, false in teaching, preposterous in their alleged revelations,

and the product of illiterate pens. Yet beneath the mass of rubbish thus doled out as "instruction" in spiritual things there have been found some facts for which the world of science should be forever grateful. One of these is the established truth of automatic writing. That some sensitives are endowed with this faculty, so called, no longer admits of dispute; but as to the *source* of the information thus obtained there is much difference of opinion—due entirely to recent discoveries concerning man's subjective mind. That, however, actual communications from disembodied entities are sometimes received by mortals through this channel seems conclusively proved in "The Scribe of a Soul." This remarkable book purports to have been written by the hand of a Christian woman, a non-Spiritualist, wholly independent of her volition and in some chapters directly in opposition to her will. The experience and the revelations of the invisible world are considered of such importance by A. Van der Naillen that that famous occultist has contributed an introduction to the volume. The teachings plainly emanate from a high source; they inculcate principles of a fine order, and the scientific and logical arguments presented in behalf of the preëxistence and reincarnation of the soul are unanswerable. The work is the best production of the kind we have yet seen.

J. E. M.

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#### OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE IDEAL: ITS REALIZATION. By Lucy C. McGee. 78 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. James H. West Co., publishers, Boston.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH. By H. P. White and K. E. Dunham. 3 papers: "Facts and Fallacies" (50c.), "Image and Likeness" (75c.), "Immortality" (\$1). The Truth Publishing Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

WHO AND WHAT AND WHERE IS GOD? Metaphysical poems. By L. Estelle Day King. 84 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, New London, Ohio.

SHAKESPEARE'S MACBETH AND THE RUIN OF SOULS. By William Miller, LL.D. Cloth, 126 pp. G. A. Natesan & Co., publishers, Madras, India.

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# NEW THOUGHT

EDITED BY

JOHN EMERY McLEAN and CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

OL. X.

No. 5.

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MRS. M. E. CRAMER.



# MIND.

Vol. X.

AUGUST, 1902.

No. 5.

## MY SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.\*

BY M. E. CRAMER.

He who knows what Truth is speaks of the One Eternal Self-Existing Source and Cause as constituting all that is real and permanent, and of conditions that have passed away as temporary beliefs and opinions.

It was early one morning in the year 1885, during an hour of earnest meditation and prayerful seeking, that I asked myself the following questions. They were asked with faith, believing they would be answered, and with a willingness to abide the decision whatever it might be: "Is there any way out of these conditions? Is there any Power in the vast Universe that can heal me?" An immediate and all-convincing reply came. The reply was not in an audible voice, nor was it in an inaudible voice in the sense that it could not be understandingly heard. It was not as one person speaking to another; it was, instead, an intuitive response from the depths of Being, which embodied its very nature. The realization pervaded the body throughout, illumining and vivifying its every atom with newness of life and strength. Instantly Omnipresent Spirit was realized and everything was transformed into Spirit. What I heard of Spirit, with the hearing of the ear, from early childhood, became an actual reality—a conscious, living presence. From the depths of this knowledge of the conscious presence of Spirit, or God as all,

\*From advance sheets of "Divine Science and Healing," by Mrs. M. E. Cramer. (In press.)

I felt and knew to a certainty that "if I ever got well it would be by the power of Holy Spirit."

At that time I had been under medical treatment the greater part of twenty-three years out of twenty-five of invalidism. During that period I had received the best of medical advice, which I endeavored to obey implicitly. For the first time I had given up hope of obtaining relief from medicine or through any other material means, and was determined to do the best I could without it. My good husband and several friends who were anxious for my recovery were urging me to see another physician—a specialist. My case had baffled the best physicians, both in the East and in California, and twelve had pronounced me incurable. The verdict of physicians, as well as of the best magnetic healers, electricians, and the majority of my friends, was, "She is incurable." Out of the kindness of their hearts, my friends urged me to see the specialist, saying, "It will do no harm, if it does no good."

Being unwilling to experiment further with medical treatment, I found myself opposing their suggestions, but finally concluded to consult two physicians whom I had come to regard as personal friends; one of them had treated me five years and the other two. I was somewhat surprised when they both advised me to conform to the wishes of my friends, "for," said they, "judging according to symptoms, you have need of the services of a specialist." With this advice I grew more positive within myself, which at the time surprised me. My answer was: "I thought you were my friends. I will see no other physician."

One morning, shortly after this experience, my husband anxiously inquired what I intended doing in the matter, to which I replied (not understanding the full import of my words): "Get well, of course; but I will not see another physician." After he had gone to business I thought, "Why did I speak in that positive and determined manner?" I had never before spoken so decidedly in opposition to his sugges-

tion. So I went to my room to contemplate the nature of my conduct, and to criticize if I found it merited criticism; but to my surprise I grew all the more determined to abide by my decision not to see another physician. It was during this contemplation that I asked myself the above questions concerning my healing and received the all-convincing response of realization.

The last physician employed, who treated me about two years, said: "The only hope I have of your recovery is based upon your remarkable patience and willingness to endure pain and suffering." Quite different, this, from the opinion of one of the best and most prominent magnetic healers and physicians, who, after having treated me several weeks, wrote: "I would have hope of your recovery if you were not so patiently enduring your conditions, and so submissive to your sufferings; you are altogether too resigned."

During the entire twenty-three years of medical treatment I was either taking medicine or applying some external method of cure, fully imbued with the belief that "something must be done" to recover health. I thought constant "doing" essential to overcome conditions to which I supposed myself to be subject, the most of which were believed to be inherited. During that entire period there was no realizing sense of bodily ease, mental rest, or spiritual satisfaction.

While under treatment in New York, the physician advised the California climate as my only hope of relief, which, of course, necessitated a long journey in search of health, which I now know was always with me. I returned from New York to my home in Indiana, where I remained a few months, and then came to California. Those who believe they are subject to conditions and environments, and believe in the efficacy of climate as a means of cure, will be somewhat surprised to learn that I lived in the breezy and balmy climate of San Francisco fifteen years before experiencing any real and lasting benefit. When I did experience health it was not

attributable to the climate, but rather because I had learned that neither locality nor climate is the cause of health, but that which makes whole is One—is whole in all climates and in every locality.

The answer to my earnest inquiry, as to whether there was any power that could heal me, was an all-absorbing realization of a presence and power not before realized. This presence was more than personal: it was omnipresence; it was more than any visible object before me: it was *real* and permanent. It was so vivifying and illumining that I knew I was one with it. I realized it to be my life—the very being, knowledge, health, and power that I am. It was a “consuming fire,” in that all things became It and were this One Presence manifested. Simultaneously with finding myself in God, I experienced the indrawing of all things, *i.e.*, that all are in the embrace of one eternal Good. As I looked out over creation, I beheld a “new heaven and a new earth; old things had passed away.”

That hour was the beginning of my realization of the oneness of Life. A gleam of its truth flashed across my mental vision at that time which I now understand to be the at-one-ment of the whole—Creator, creative action, and creation. From that moment I have not questioned concerning “the Way,” nor have I known or taught any authority but self-evident Truth.

Prior to this experience, the presence and omnipresence of God had been but a vague belief; it was with me, as it is with many others, a mere hope, or Truth unrealized. If any one had asked me if I believed that Absolute Good was everywhere present, that the Infinite Life was manifest perfectly within all living,—in that there is one God and Father of all, who is in all, and through all, and above all,—my answer would have been: “I do not. I have no realizing sense of it.” This is the test of realization or non-realization.

This realizing sense of things was, to me, going unto God.

I then knew I must think and speak from His standpoint, would I abide in Him and demonstrate that Good is All-in-all. I was certainly changed, mentally, in the twinkling of an eye, and each succeeding day I was able to say, understandingly, "God hath begotten me; I am here to testify to the Truth of Being."

In most convincing and satisfactory ways have I realized and enjoyed the freedom of Truth. I certainly know that I have everything to be thankful for. Through living the Truth I have cast mountains of seeming difficulty into the sea of oblivion. With the first realization of the omnipresence of supreme Being, I made my first promise, which was essentially this: that if I could be healed through a knowledge of Truth—which to know makes free—I would, with singleness of purpose, endeavor to proclaim the Truth to the best of my ability. I was ready to affirm that, with as much Truth as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel. I was conscious that the One to whom this promise was made was expressed in all living.

When the full import of the promise dawned upon me, it was somewhat startling, but I said, "Truth will present its own simple method of expression," and it has done so in the teachings of Divine Science. The truth of being whole now was so much more than the hope of becoming whole that it destroyed all disposition to say, "Lo here, or lo there;" for the kingdom of heaven was found to be within, and was very evident. The actualization of the presence of one living and true God rent the veil of separateness and made Truth visible.

At this point the question that naturally arises is, "Were you instantly healed?" The answer is: I at once saw the unreality of the conditions of dis-ease and was free from the belief that they had any power, or could control for either good or ill. Thus the axe was struck at the root of the tree, and the old conditions passed away as fast as I disowned the old habits of belief.

When my friends heard that I was recovering health, they called to ascertain what remedy it was that was benefiting me. They found me, as they expressed it, "looking like a new person," and asked: "Is it possible you are getting well? Is it true that you can sit up all day? Can you go upstairs alone?" etc. This enabled me to see with what strength of conviction they held me as being incurable. This determined me to free myself from their beliefs, and I saw that the only way to accomplish this was to free *them* from their false beliefs about me. So when any of my acquaintances inquired about my health I told them that I was quite well. I discovered that to enjoy health it was necessary to break up the habit of inquiring about feelings of ease or dis-ease. Putting this discovery into practise enabled me to realize freedom from the beliefs of others. It was not long until my friends asked me to give them treatment, and as I believed that I should do unto others as I would that they should do unto me, and as I wanted to appear in their sight as being whole, I was glad to treat and hold them in the consciousness of being whole.



"If our sincere desire be to advance the kingdom of righteousness upon the earth, ought we not to give ourselves more freely, to share the culture and refinements that have graced our lives with those less fortunate, and, above all, to exert all the influence in our power to win the shallow and selfish to a higher plane of living?"



"THERE is a vast difference between doing and being. We may consciously express in action what we may have not yet attained and made our own, but our unconscious actions are according to our true attainment."



ICONOCLASM is worth little more than dynamite. I would rather build me an ant-hill than pull down a citadel.—*W. S. Maverick.*

## M. E. CRAMER: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

"The means necessary to carry on any work is included in the necessity for the work. . . .

"My entire experience is proof against the belief that it is necessary to have money in the purse before commencing any enterprise for which there is a demand."

Mrs. M. E. Cramer, the author of these inspiring words, is doing great work for the cause of truth in that she sounds the note both by word and works of a blending into one of the subjective and objective minds. Many there be who have reached the latter plane. Love, Harmony, and Freedom are realities in the subjective mind; but few as yet have learned, even to a degree, how to actualize the spirit in the objective consciousness.

In working for the Cause, even though the cosmic consciousness may frequently be ours, we are prone to think and act as personalities, hampered by the habits of the carnal mind rather than as universal Energy working through an individual body. We thus put ourselves in the singular position of attempting to crowd Infinite Life into the confines of finite consciousness. It cannot be done; instead, the objective mind and body must be transformed—the old habits of caution, the worldly methods and sense of dependence and contrivance, must be utterly renounced—if light is to spring forth speedily.

Mrs. Cramer's attitude is that of one who penetrates the veil of flesh. She sees that the spirit is present in those to whom she speaks—that all things are not only ours (those who have awakened to the fulness) but all people's; and it has ever been her practise to speak to the spirit *in* others instead of trying to present truth in a way suitable to supposed limitations. "From the beginning," writes Mrs. Cramer, "I

have written and spoken as if my readers and hearers were already illumined with the Divine Mind. If this is not done, what regard is shown for Omnipresence, and what reward have we in rightness?"

Mrs. Cramer began teaching classes in 1887, and it has been her effort to present truth in a systematic form. To this end she has arranged primary, training, theological, and normal courses of lessons. She has also published "The Divine Science Text-book," "Science and Healing," and a logical and practical little work called "Basic Statements and Health Treatments of Truth."

In connection with C. L. Cramer and F. E. Cramer, she has also edited and published the monthly magazine, *Harmony*, since October, 1888. The account of her decision to start this publication should be given in her own words:

"In August, 1888, I decided to publish a magazine in connection with the College, setting forth its teaching. The intentions then were just what they are now. Since realizing what Truth is, my habit has been to commence a work as soon as I saw it was the right thing to do. I have neither asked for nor tried to see the ultimate result before commencing the work, but have met the detail of it from day to day as it appeared before me. When I decided to issue the first number of *Harmony*, in October, and spoke to Mr. Cramer of my intentions, he said, 'You have had no experience in that line of work!' to which I replied, 'No, but I am to have, and it is for me to commence its publication.' He then said, 'Have you a subscription list?' to which I replied, 'No, not even one subscriber; I have not even thought that a subscription list is essential.' He then pressed his questions further, and asked if I had sufficient money; to which I frankly replied, 'I have not enough as yet to pay for the first issue.' He then continued: 'If you have but ten subscribers, you will be obliged to get out a certain number each month, and it will be as much work for you as if you had a thousand; the work will be constant, and you will take upon your shoulders the expenditure of about a thousand dollars the first year, besides your work. Now, let us consider the matter. Are you ready to meet it?' This was the first time my husband had made suggestions that in any way seemed opposed to what I had planned to do. I took the matter into consideration for about fifteen minutes, and viewed it from the standpoint of his suggestions. It brought a very uncomfortable feeling; I felt as if a dense cloud had settled over me. I then said: 'I will not question the outcome; this work is for me to do, and I will do it. The first number of *Harmony* will be issued in October.'



"I fully realized at that time, as I do now, that there is no way by which good can be accomplished that is not open to those who act from the plane of Divine Being—from the Spirit of Wholeness—for it is the Spirit that works all things together for good."

The college referred to in the above quotation is the Home College of Divine Science, which was opened in May, 1888, and was chartered for educational, ethical, and religious purposes: for instruction in Divine Science and its therapeutic application—the Christ method of healing.

As many are first attracted to the New Thought because of its benefits to the physical man, the experiences that Mrs. Cramer has had as a healing agent may be wisely included in this sketch. She writes as follows in regard to her work:

"Among my first patients were three cases of healing that stand out more clearly in memory than others. My first patient was a young lady friend, whom the doctors had pronounced as having quick consumption. Her friends were contemplating taking her to another physician for a special examination of the lungs. The day before the examination was to take place, she called to see if it were true that I was getting well, and I persuaded her to come to me every day for a week, before going to the doctor, which she did; and before the expiration of that time she realized perfect healing, and has been free from that condition ever since, and is a well woman to-day.

"My next patient was one who had been an invalid for seventeen years. She was thoroughly healed; and from that time has demonstrated the freedom of Truth in perfect health for herself and family. After the healing of this case, the wife of a physician who had attended her for several years asked me how I came to heal her. She said: 'How did you do it? What did you call her disease? What was the matter with her? My husband believed her to be incurable.' To which I replied: '*Truth* made her whole, and I neither saw nor named disease.'

"The third case was one that had suffered extreme pain, at times, for more than five years, and had tried the remedies of the best physicians. She was faithful in coming to me every day for three weeks, and at the expiration of that time she suddenly realized relief.

"I then decided to set apart one afternoon each week for free treatment, and invited all to come who would. The number that generally came was from fifteen to twenty. After experiencing good results from the treatment, they requested me to instruct them in my method of healing. My effort to comply was the beginning of my teaching. I found myself ready and willing to do whatever was requested. I felt just as though previous preparation had been made.

"During the hours devoted to silent meditation and affirmation of the good, I realized that the mental change taking place was the mental act of passing from the personal to the Universal. . . . One day, after having treated seventeen cases with a marked degree of success, I experienced spiritual wholeness beyond all former conceptions: I realized the passing from and blending of the individual into the Universal Spirit of consciousness. In thought I paused to ask myself, 'Am I drifting from my family and friends?' But intuitively I knew that where I am in Being there dwell my family and friends; 'that where I am, there ye may be also.' Truth never separates family or friends. It embraces each member of the family or community; there can be no Truth in the belief that separates families in their feelings or interests. All seeming separation is but a negative condition, a non-acceptance of Truth. The principal thought that I held while treating the seventeen cases was the Infinitude, Omnipresence, and Allness of God; that God is Spirit—hence, all that *is* is Spirit; that the Holy Spirit comprised the Whole, whose law is Love. I affirmed that the perfect demonstrations of God were before me, and that His Love reigned everywhere in all living.

"Upon retiring that evening I was blessed with a realization that was more than a mere mental conception. It was a knowledge of being Omnipresent Mind. As soon as I laid my head upon the pillow I consciously withdrew from the body and looked upon it lying on the bed, and realized it to be a thought within my Mind. I then said, inquiringly, '*Where am I, and what am I?*' Simultaneous with this question, I saw a white, ethereal form, vapory and cloudlike. This form enveloped the body lying on the bed, and pervaded it through and through. They were both perfectly transparent. My realization was beyond all question that all form was a thought in my Mind. Then, with increased earnestness, I thought, '*Where am I, and what am I?*' In answer to my question there was a center of light, something like unto a six-pointed star, pure and clear as diamond light—its center as calm and as transparent as pure crystal. This center was radiating the light of Life—the pure intelligence or consciousness of the one Self-existing Omnipresence. It was an inseparable, individualized center of the One Presence. Again, I knew to a certainty that it was a thought in my Mind. I intuitively knew its connection with the body and with Omnipresent Mind. Then I said with even more emphasis, '*Who am I, and what am I?*' Simultaneous with the asking of this question the third time was completed the realization unto full consciousness of Being. I was that Omnipresence which lies back of all form; the Divine Mind which contains within Itself the things that are seen; the Mind not seen, but which Itself is Consciousness. I was not only conscious, but was consciousness Itself. The consciousness that I realized myself to be was absolute stillness and illimitable Light. As soon as I thought of the immensity of Omnipresence and of my being it, form appeared within me, and I pervaded it. Then I knew that God never thought

without producing form; that the universe of form was within Omnipresent Being. Then the whole of visibility was transparent and I embraced, pervaded, and lived all. I had outpassed all forms, and was the Source and Cause of them.

"This consciousness of Being was the actualization of the Truth of the Allness of God, which I had with earnest conviction claimed for the patients I had treated during the day. In this realization I experienced the true relation existing between cause and effect. I saw the unity and at-one-ment existing in the Mind Infinite—its action and the result.

"As my attention was again directed to the body lying on the bed, and I opened my eyes on the world of form, my experience was that the state of Being is the most blissful peace imaginable; my feelings were harmonious beyond compare. Do you wonder that I know and teach the *Unity of Life* and the *Divinity of all living*? You will not wonder at my earnestness in preaching this gospel of Supreme Being and freedom alike for all, and at my determination to do all in my power to forward its cause and extend it throughout the world, that all may be brought to a knowledge of the Truth of Being and of Brotherhood. This Consciousness of Being has been the one and only basis for all the work in which I am now engaged, or have been instrumental in inaugurating."

In 1892 Mrs. Cramer was instrumental in forming the International Association of Divine Science, which aims at drawing Mental Science workers into closer touch with one another. The first congress was held in San Francisco, May 29th to June 3d, 1894; the second was held in Chicago in May, 1895, and the third in Kansas City in May, 1896.

The writer had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Cramer last winter, while on a visit to the Pacific Coast, and became thoroughly convinced that she was not only alive to the need of spreading the gospel of the New Thought but was actively at work in every way that it was possible to achieve results.

Mrs. Cramer, her husband, and their son are doing a grand work for the elevation of humanity, and there is no question that it will become an ever-increasing one, blessing their own lives and those of all others who may be brought in contact with them or their teachings as given forth in their books, magazine, and lectures.

The writer hopes that the success that has marked Mrs. Cramer's work will be a long and continuous one.

## JESUITICAL OCCULTISM.

BY DR. J. R. PHELPS.

In the section of Boston known as the South Bend, but which really is now far north of the territorial if not the populated center, stands a large building devoted to the manufacture of fine woven fabrics and webbings. Originally erected for the manufacture of a totally different line of merchandise, it passed into the hands of the present company, who stripped it of all its interior finish except the bare frame-work and made it a modern, exceptionally up-to-date manufactory. As one passes it, particularly if on foot, his attention is certain to be drawn to the building from the profusion of plants and flowers at every window, which in summer stand on the shelves outside the windows and in winter smile at the passer-by through the protecting glass. The attractiveness is as thoroughly evident on the inside, and I question if there is in the country a factory of whatever nature in the arrangement of which greater attention has been paid to the comfort and convenience of the operatives, even to the claims of esthetic detail. The machinery in this factory is very complicated, delicate and ingenious, and each loom, if not endowed with thought, has a marvelous faculty of responding thereto.

But the great feature of this perfectly arranged factory is that there is not a belt or a shaft above the basement. In the engine-room, which is neat enough for a parlor, are three beautifully constructed steam-engines, which operate a number of electric generators. From these generators wires run all over the building, attaching to tiny motors, of which nearly every machine has one. There are a few cases in which a larger motor operates three or four machines, but most of them are independent. There is a sort of witchery about this

manufactory when in full operation, owing to the absence of belts, shafting, and pulleys, which are features of nearly every other manufactory. The power that operates these looms is unseen, unheard, unfelt, and one who has never seen such a plant would be apt to wonder what force turned all these wheels.

What a type of some organizations, confraternities, mystic orders, religious and political combinations! They are many and diverse. It is our purpose here to speak briefly only of one form—the mystic orders.

What a grand machine the Roman Catholic Church is! How completely the minds and conceptions of the people are held to the dogmas and teachings of "the church!" How willingly the people seem to yield obedience to church authority! What is the secret of it all? Not blind ignorance on the part of the devotee—it is a mark of the grossest misconception for one to hold that idea for a moment; for in that communion are many bright minds. What, then, is this subtle influence that enables the priest to hold his parish together, and the bishop to rule his diocese, and the Pope to control the entire church in one congruous mass—a conglomeration of incongruent material?

There is a deep question just here that goes back to the beginning of things—or, if you deny that they had a beginning, to the beginning of the present arrangement. "He that made them made them from the beginning male and female." And whatever may have been the nature of the people of the first creation—those who lived on the earth during the period of the "Elohistic" creation—it does not enter into the present question; for I am inclined to agree with Swedenborg's assertion that the present race cannot understand the nature and characteristics of the first race in even the least degree. Any effort to attain to an androgynous state patterned after that most ancient people must and will be futile: the whole thing is beyond our comprehension. The Jehovistic creation pro-

duced a totally different race from the Elohist, and the separation of the feminine from the masculine, and ultimately the difference between the two in the physical and mental planes, was a necessity—and this distinction will exist *forever*. I know that this will be denied, but it stands on as good authority as does the dogma that denies spiritual sex distinction. However, there is not space here to discuss this point.

The Catholic Church is the only church of Christendom that recognizes the feminine quality, element, or attribute in Deity, and it is by means of the deep hold on this *mother* instinct of the heart that the Roman Church has that it maintains its influence over the minds of its devotees. If this is not the secret of Romish perpetuity, what is the secret? It is a power that is not to be lightly considered.

The Protestant Church has set up a masculine God as an object of worship and is fast losing its hold on the hearts of its adherents, and the consequent loss of their allegiance is not far off unless this church *remembers*.

Had Mary remained absolutely virgin, and not given birth to the Messiah, would she ever have been heard of? Would her name have been the rallying cry of millions? What does this question mean, do you ask? Simply this—a virgin symbolizes affection for spiritual truth; but what is this affection unless it *bring forth* something?

While the virgin principle claims the worship and adoration of the devotee, the mother love, with its glow and warmth, causes every other light to fade and lose itself in the greater effulgence. And we would ask whether the powerful love that, finding expression in the plane of material manifestation, results in motherhood does not possess a divine dignity and meaning?

Granting this point and the existence of a network of psychic wires that encircles the affectional nature of a man as the windings of the induction coil, there must be a power that flows through these wires, and that power must be controlled

by a mind that understands. And when we seek for it, do we not find that the Jesuit order is the engine in the cellar, and that the Jesuit provincial is the engineer?

Occult practises, even to the limits of magic and beyond those limits, are no strange thing to the inner circles of the Catholic Church. For this grand old religious system is old. It undeniably runs back to apostolic times, and its earlier fathers have told enough in their writings to indicate that they not only understood but practised occultism. And even in these modern times not every master of the science has left the church fold, with Eliphas Levi, the Abbe le Cœur, Count Guionotti, and some others who rebelled at the declaration of some dogmas and came out taking their knowledge with them. If any one questions this fact, let him read Van der Naillen's "Heights of Himalay" and "In the Sanctuary." Or, if he wishes evidence that there is some saintship yet left in the old church, Marie Corelli's fine book, "The Master Christian," will bring some enlightenment. For it will not do to forget that the Apocalyptic exploration revealed something worthy of commendation and vivification in every one of the seven churches, from Ephesus to Laodicea—with perhaps the greatest balance in favor of Laodicea.

Coming as many practical mystics did from the Catholic communion, they brought with them some of the plunder that had better been left behind. I do not make this remark in any spirit of unkindness or critical depreciation. In the ranks of these mystic fraternities there are those whom I esteem, almost venerate. The *Heliobas* of Marie Corelli's "Romance" and "Ardath," and the old master who makes a brief appearance in her "Soul of Lilith," and the *Bishop Angelo* of Van der Naillen's books, are not imaginary characters. They have walked among us, and some of them are walking among us to-day. They make no outward sign. They do not "strive nor cry," nor does any man "hear their voice in the streets."

Knowing the requirements of active membership in some

of these fraternities, and recognizing also the fact of human limitations, I assert it is impossible for a man to remain in active connection with a genuine mystic fraternity and be a bad man at heart. One may even deny, betray, forsake his Master, and still not entirely sever that cord of love by which that same Master will some day draw him back. Absolute perfection exists in this world—in some people's imagination—but it does not come into close contact with the world at large. *Our* angels wear coats of skin; when they divest themselves of these coverings they leave this realm of the seen.

We question if the world has the slightest idea of what it really owes to the silent, spiritual work of these mystic fraternities, as carried on by them during the last forty years. The inner circles have given no sign, and the outer guards have only dropped hints.

But every movement in this world, whether physical, psychical, or spiritual, reaches a danger point at some period of its history, and Achan's "wedge of gold and mantle of Shinar" may work evil in Israel. Working along psychic lines has its temptations, and, when one gains control over the psychic plane of the human race and acquires the power of shaping thought and action, the temptation to use that power and control is apt to be too strong for the average man. A Christ may turn his back on the offer of universal dominion, but we are not yet Christs. There is a palpable gap between the best man on earth and the Master. Not all the pleadings of Joab and his captains prevailed against the determination of King David to "number the people," and it may take the mystic seventy thousand victims from the people to even up matters and adjust the balance.

There is a proverb attributed to the Jesuit order that runs thus: "The end justifies the means." If it is of such origin, the Jesuits have long since lost their patent on it, for its spirit permeates all our social, political, and religious systems. But who knows the end? And who knows whether *his* end



is the Divine end? Fighting against God is a losing conflict. It always has been, from the rebellion of the Nephilim to the Philippine war, and always will be; and, when man thinks to shape affairs in this way and God desires to shape them another way, the Almighty carries His design—and perhaps in the process affairs get twisted. Now, we do not mean to deny that one may work along the deepest occult lines and work with God, but one needs to get acquainted with God.

“Soldier of God, lose thou not heart,  
But learn what God is like;  
Then on the darkest battle-field  
Thou wilt know where to strike.”

There is an old mystic maxim, “All power is from the *She* side of God.” We have hinted that this acknowledgment of the mother-feminine-love principle in Deity is the secret of the power of the Catholic Church. Not that its rulers are over-actuated by this infilling of their own souls with Divine Love, but that it is the living dogma of the masses of her devotees—and Jesuitism has got hold of the string. And a full measure of this same love that flows from the “*She*” side of God is a necessity to one, or a band, who would set out to elevate and reform the world with any hope of success. It is not the Christ in one’s soul that leads him to look down on struggling, suffering humanity as *canaille* (literally, dogs), or to give a cold, hard stone to him that asks for bread. The most tender, gentle, loving master of mysticism in the world would swamp himself if he stepped on to this hummock.

Marie Corelli, in her “Soul of Lilith,” makes *Feraz* sing a story of a deeply learned mystic, whose very austerity and surface goodness attracted the people to him. From becoming annoyed at their continued interruption of his devotions he came to despise them and he finally hid himself in a dense wilderness. One day, being disturbed by the song of a bird that entered his hut, he killed the little thing, and immediately an angel appeared and rebuked him for slaying *his* messenger.

And then the mystic began to see that his great regard for his own sanctity stood as an obstacle in the way of his usefulness to God and humanity—and he became a changed man.

Are the desire and aim of the mystic fraternities of our day the elevation and regeneration of the race? If so, are we all working toward that end? Does "the end justify the means" that some of us are employing? Does the contempt with which we regard the occult adventurer—the sneak-thief that looks for occult power for selfish ends—belong to the honest although ignorant seeker after light and life? Is there any end that one would wish to gain to be attained by this means? Will this course even bring about the end that true mysticism would seem to desire—the uplifting and ennobling of humanity? One may gain a certain temporary power by standing aloof from the world, coming into touch with it only to "number" it as David did his people. The desire of the human heart is for dominion, for Babylon is not yet entirely fallen. Is it not well for mysticism to look within its own ranks for the evil that causes it to fail to stand in the face of its enemies? And, finding it after diligent search, is it not well to make a holocaust of the plunder and everything connected with it?

It is difficult to understand the contempt with which some mystic orders seem to regard woman. In view of the fact that it was the *feminine* in the Master's nature that drew all to him in a loving, undoubting trust, this slighting, belittling estimation of woman is a manifestation of Jesuitism that is inexplicable. But I must qualify that statement—the Pharisee and Sadducee elements were *not* attracted to him. They would spurn the woman who washed his feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair, but *he* did not. Perhaps woman, in her cramped, distorted condition, may show a clinging, longing, intensely desiring tendency, which clutches at whatever extends to her a hope of deliverance from her bondage—and she may extend this desire to the teacher. So that

poor despised woman followed the Nazarene into the Pharisee's house, and in reply to the criticism of the sanctimonious host he said, "For in that she cast this ointment upon my body she did it to prepare me for burial." Aye, and when a man is slowly working himself free from his inherent "evils," and coming to the last grand passion through which he lays them down forever, who senses the meaning of the process? Some *man*? "They all forsook him and fled." Only *woman* stood by him from the beginning to the end. And when the struggle between the man and the angel comes on in the human soul, it is only woman that understands.



FOR every suffering heart there is at hand or can be found some noble task into the energy necessary for the doing of which it can transmute the energy of its grief and pain.—*John White Chadwick.*



Go through the world and find those who are intrinsically weary—weary of the purposes, weary of the results, weary of the conditions of life. They are those who have lost their *ideal*, or who never had one.—*Philip H. Wicksteed.*



UPON the Light, O soul, keep thou  
Thy vision fixed, nor e'en in  
Memory turn back to shadows  
Thou hast left behind.  
The Light, which is to thee  
Best known as Truth, transforms,  
Redeems, and strengthens, until  
Thou hast grown to the fulness  
Of the stature of thy Word,  
And thou canst hold the rein  
O'er every faculty of thy being,  
And so take up thy matchless  
Privilege of living.

—*Rev. Helen Van-Anderson.*

## THE CONCEPTION OF UNITY.

BY EUGENE DEL MAR.

The test of truth is its universality. Truth is ever at the center, and may be reached from any point of the circumference. There is but One Truth, and, whatever name we give to our philosophies or religions, they all teach the same Truth. We are all voicing the same wisdom. Whatever language we may use for its expression, *it* always remains the same—eternal, unchangeable. And to the extent that we comprehend it, do its forms of expression become immaterial to us.

In the philosophy of the New Thought a distinctive name has been given to each aspect of the thought that is represented by able leaders. Mental Science, Divine Science, Natural Science, and the Science of Being are each and all teaching the same truth—though each, of course, is looking at it from a different standpoint; and each individual teacher of any one branch is taking a view somewhat different from the others. While all are looking at exactly the same thing, each is observing from a different point of view and with varying means of observation.

The key-note of all wisdom is Unity. Each new discovery in the scientific world tends further to demonstrate the truth that the Universe is an expression of Oneness, or Unity—governed by one Principle and actuated by one Purpose. The basic principle of Nature is seen to be immutable: it has always acted as it does now.

Physical scientists tell us that matter and energy are one and inseparable, that they are indestructible, that they may not be identified after passing from one form to another, that the study of matter is the study of energy, that there is but

one energy, and that it is the expression of intelligence. Mental or spiritual scientists say exactly the same thing, and in language only slightly different. They understand that Universal Energy is the manifestation of Intelligent Mind—that it is Intelligence itself; and, as there is but one Energy, All is One, and All is Mind or Spirit. The physical scientist calls it energy, and, looking at it from his point of view, describes it as he sees it. The mental scientist calls it Spirit, and depicts it from his point of view. Each uses a language that is foreign to the other; each colors his conceptions differently in looking at it through the dominant light of his individual mentality. Each is right from his own point of view, and each is entitled to his own opinions; but, broadly speaking, from the point of view either of physical or mental science, each is inclusive of the other. There is but one Science, and it includes all aspects of all subjects.

There is one Substance, and it is physically expressed in the form of innumerable atoms. Not a single atom may be lost or destroyed, for each is an inseparable and indispensable part of the Whole. Each atom ever continues to subserve a necessary purpose, which at any particular time may not be fulfilled by any other. Each occupies an individual position, different from every other, and is ultimately destined to express the highest forms of harmony. All that is constitutes a Unit, the integrity of which is inviolable; and *all* worlds are influenced for good when *one* individual atom is made better.

As in the physical, so is it in the spiritual, of which the former is always a manifestation and correspondence. Not a particle of energy or mind or spirit may be lost or destroyed; for mind and matter are one and inseparable, and neither could be destroyed without the annihilation of both. Body and mind merely serve to designate different aspects of the same Spirit as viewed from the physical plane, as matter and energy denote contrasting expressions of the same Substance from the point of view of the material,

In all of Nature's workings there is a beautiful correspondence—a beautiful analogy. The law of progress is one and the same for the individual, the race, and the whole Universe. The same principle governs the growth of a mineral or a plant as that of a human body; and all natural law applying to the lower forms of life applies to man. In the latter case it is simply more varied and complicated in its workings. The same law that now controls the development of an egg has presided over the creation of worlds.

The life of each individual affects the life of the race, as the welfare of each organ and member of the body influences that of the others; and these, in turn, but express the combined growth and harmony of their constituent atoms. So long as individuals are "diseased," social disorders are inevitable; and, conversely, the prosperity of society is the prosperity of its members. Neither may suffer without injury to the other. Society may no more escape the penalty of a false philosophy than the individual can escape the result of his own ignorance.

The Universe is a Perfect Whole. As Spirit, or Mind, we are now and have always been unconsciously but potentially perfect. And our growth in individual outward manifestation, in consciousness, and in the form of physical life, is evidenced by the increasing material expression of this spiritual perfection. We grow consciously to evidence more and more of the unconscious harmonies of our being. We do not "create" in the sense of making something out of nothing, but we cultivate into expression. And evolutionary growth on the physical plane is the material expression of soul development. There is but one Growth.

Not only does the Universe express a oneness and completeness, but each of its component parts is essentially complete. A plant, an animal, or a man is a unit, and is equally expressed in all parts of the form. It is possible mentally to conceive, and even materially to construct, a whole physical form from any distinctive part of it. A man's character is

expressed in his hands, or face, or feet, or any other part of the body. It is said that the record of a life-time may be read from the thumb alone. Character is not only written on the body: it is expressed in speech and conduct, and sent forth as a thought atmosphere. Were we able to see the vibrations caused by a pleasing voice, we would discern the rhythmic motions that give the voice its melodious influence and understand the character of the person expressing it. Were the forms of thought vibrations visible to and interpretable by us, we might mentally reconstruct the thought forms from which they originated.

There is but one Purpose—that of growth; and this fundamental attribute of the principle of attraction is evidenced in what we call the law of evolution. In its relation primarily to space, the operation of this principle is manifested as attraction, and in its relation to time it expresses itself in the form of growth through evolution. But we use the terms *attraction* and *evolution* merely to distinguish between the application to space and to time of the one universal Principle.

The same principle of life and of growth has always prevailed, and will ever be operative. It held universal sway before organic life appeared on this planet, and will similarly assert its authority when all such life shall have passed away and the earth itself have completely lost its present identity. This planet of ours is but a small matter in the affairs of the Universe, and the principles of Nature make no exceptions in its favor. It was only after the appearance of organic life that the Principle of Life was afforded an opportunity for manifestation—but the Principle itself has ever prevailed.

There is but one Life, and its different forms are the expressions of its various phases of development. There is no life that is not a manifestation of the one Life; for life cannot die, nor is any new life created. In their historical order, inorganic was followed by organic life, and animal life was brought forth in ascending qualities of complexity and

differentiation until man appeared; and, without each and every manifestation of his ancestral life, man would not have been possible. One and the same universal Principle governs the apparently involuntary affinities of mineral and vegetable substances, the passions of animals, and the loves of men.

The evolutionary growth of life, as of all else, is the manifestation of a continuity of Progress. The history of all life, from conception to birth, is an epitome of its ancestral growth through the prior or lower forms of life; and human development from infancy to adult age is a condensed history of racial progress from savagery to civilization. Each phase of ancestral growth that any individual form of life has passed through has bequeathed a beneficial legacy; and in their totality they have conferred on mankind the accumulated wisdom of countless ages. The family history is repeated in the individual history. Creation is the expression of one infinite, all-embracing Design, stretching across infinite space and continuing unchanged through infinite time—which has neither beginning nor end, but is One and Eternal.

In whatever department of life, of thought, or of phenomena we institute an examination, the deeper we search and reflect the more may we discern the evidences and proofs of Unity. Underlying infinity of detail and diversity of appearance, do we ever find simplicity of Law and unity of Principle. Under the influence of environment that forever changes, one Principle serves to create forms that may never be exactly duplicated. The same Principle, as it operates through all domains of material, physical, animal, and spiritual life, produces countless analogies and endless identities.

The conception of Unity of Principle governing diversity of appearance may be most clearly understood and objectified through orderly groupings and classifications. In the expression of any conception of unification, it is extremely useful to adopt some such formula as has been accepted by the naturalists, whereby they classify all life under the headings



of individuals, species, families, orders, classes, sub-kingdoms, and kingdoms. And a complete identification and scientific grouping of the various manifestations of the Principle of Attraction, throughout the material and mental aspects of existence, would inevitably set forth a clear conception of the perfect unity of the Cosmos—a Universe of Love and Harmony.

It is this conception of a living, impersonal entity that we designate as God, the Infinite, the Supreme Being, the One Life, the One Self; and man's conception of this Unity is the corner-stone not only of his wholeness and happiness but of his entire being. Science, more than all else, infinitely ennobles, simplifies, and purifies this conception. God is immanent, resident in Nature; and the laws of Nature are the modes of operation of omnipresent Energy. They are invariable, and therefore "perfect." One by one the phenomena of Nature are being explained by resident forces operating according to natural laws, until the whole course of Nature may conceivably be thus explained.

The practical lesson taught by the unity of all that is is of transcendent importance. It marvelously simplifies all life, while it infinitely glorifies it. We are members of a Universal Brotherhood of Life, cemented by common ties and bound together by a community of interests. We may rise to a living consciousness of this Unity, and live the life of beauty that its recognition dictates.

When we come fully to comprehend our intimate relation to all other expressions of life, we shall understand that individual and social interests are identical; that only as we give may we receive; that only as we love others do we best love the Self. And we will seek to elevate our unconscious harmony with others into the domain of consciousness, knowing that seeming discords are but the evidences of our ignorance. Then will we attain to a vital consciousness of our oneness with others, and in that wisdom live a life of harmony, of peace, and of love.

## THE ART OF ENJOYING.

BY LIVINGSTONE C. ASHWORTH.

Spencer, in "The Data of Ethics," shows us that pleasures are a necessary part of the law of development. They "raise the tide of life," while pain has the opposite effect. The ideally developed man will, he says, take pleasure in the normal exercise of all the functions that make up our lives, and, still further, with the evolution of the moral sense, what are now called duties will also become a part of the pleasures, because such a man has become in harmony with his environment—he has reached that happy condition when he does just what he likes because he likes to do what is right.

This age is preëminent for the general diffusion of the means of enjoyment among the masses, especially in this country; but we cannot so confidently assert that the amount of genuine enjoyment is in any degree commensurate with the opportunities. It is probable that the native tribes of this continent, when they roamed the plains in full possession of their strong limbs and acute senses, enjoyed themselves far better in proportion to their capacities than we do with all our boasted civilization.

It is proposed here to inquire what are real pleasures, aside from those connected with the performance of our moral and religious obligations, and how we can best get the full benefit of them. For this purpose a broad division may be made, and a rough definition given of three kinds of pleasures:

(1) Animal pleasures—such as we have in common with the lower animals, including those connected with physical exercise and sport.

(2) Intellectual pleasures—such as proceed from the ex-

ercise of reason and judgment and the general powers of the intellect, both in reflection and action.

(3) Spiritual pleasures—those which proceed from the realization by man of his own spirit and the Spirit of the Universe, and their affinity; and a consequent conception of the underlying principles and purposes of Nature.

To illustrate by a ripe peach on the tree: The animal pleasure would consist in plucking and eating it; the intellectual pleasure would be found in admiring its beauty, reflecting on the laws of its growth, and speculating as to its origin and relation to other similar fruits; the spiritual pleasure would be found in realizing that the fruit was the consummation of all the tree's efforts, the goal to which through twig and bud and blossom it had been ever striving.

As another illustration we may take a woman possessed of beauty, both of body and mind: The animal man would view her from the standpoint of animal pleasures; the intellectual man would value her for her powers of conversation—the charms of a bright intellect revealing themselves through a fascinating exterior; to the spiritually-minded man she would possess those attractions but also something else underlying them all, and whence they originated—a radiant spirit, in the pure atmosphere of which he could take delight and gain communion even without the aid of conversation.

Pleasures as above specified we distinguish here as real or positive, as distinct from some presently to be mentioned that we should call negative or imaginary.

These three kinds, though in some respects so dissimilar, are yet alike in one important respect; they all have the element of nourishment—they stimulate. Animal pleasures either directly nourish or send the blood coursing through the veins with extra vigor and consequent exhilaration. The other pleasures obviously nourish the mind or spirit, or both.

There is another class of pleasures, by no means so intense as the foregoing, that may be variously distinguished as

negative, imaginary, and subjective. Such are the sense of relief after pain; the pleasure of anticipation, as in a child; of reminiscence, as in aged persons; and those of introspection, as enjoyed by an ascetic, or one under the influence of a narcotic. There are also pleasures in which the person is deluded or self-hypnotized into considering as pleasures what are really not so. A "whirling dervish," for instance, finds some kind of enjoyment in his gyrations, but it is not a *real* pleasure as we are using the word. A drunken man has no genuine enjoyment, except perhaps at first when drinking; but in his maudlin condition his chief pleasure is the negative one of being to some extent insensible to worries and annoyances (and also, it should be added, to his own degradation). The pleasure of a "woman of fashion" who dresses in a splendid costume, hoping to gain great admiration, seldom passes the imaginary stage. The people to whom she looks for her triumph are mostly indifferent or too much occupied with their own little vanities to bestow on her much sincere admiration.

In general it may be admitted that the pleasures proceeding from the gratification of our passions and "weaknesses," such as envy, anger, jealousy, vanity, etc., are among the real (animal) pleasures; but they are hardly worthy to be ranked as such in this age, because they usually afford very little satisfaction even at the moment, and are always followed by a reaction in which the pain is undoubtedly palpable.

The reading of standard works is a positive pleasure, both intellectual and spiritual. Novel-reading is intellectual enjoyment, and partakes also a good deal of the imaginary; but this pleasure is easily abused and does not rank with the more natural enjoyment that may be obtained by actual contact with men and women in real life.

How to bring more of these full, real pleasures and less of the negative or imaginary ones into our lives is a vital question. The first and perhaps most important consideration be-

longs to the prenatal period, of which little can be said here. If parents have fewer children, and possess a strong desire for those that are given them, they have at least one guaranty for the future capacity of pleasure in their offspring.

Then, again, health—the balm for so many evils—is the *sine qua non* for the attainment of real pleasure; and all means and methods having for their object the attainment of a sound mind in a sound body deserve the warmest encouragement.

But probably the greatest hindrance to real pleasure is the habit of hurrying and worrying and being under continual excitement. Such conditions take away entirely the freshness and point which give zest to our daily lives and often make the merest trifles pleasurable. Even animal pleasures cannot be enjoyed under such conditions. Intellectual pleasures then cease to be such and become tedious, while the spirit shrinks within itself and is only revealed as a source of sensitiveness and irritation.

Then, again, if the mind becomes artificial the pleasures will correspond. The thousand affectations considered indispensable to “style” militate strongly against real enjoyment. Mother Nature shows her hatred of pride by debarring its devotees from most of the solid pleasures of life. On the other hand, the poor are favored in this respect, as it seems to be the order of Nature that work should be the necessary precursor of real enjoyment, and that only in the reaction from that daily round of duties or hard work imposed upon poor people can that condition be obtained which is necessary for the enjoyment of real pleasures. Physiologically, this might be explained by the fact that, during this enforced rest of certain portions of the brain, such parts are recuperating, and this is followed by a sense of power and consequent pleasure in their renewed activity. From the spiritual standpoint we should regard this as a provision of Infinite Wisdom by which the possibilities of real happiness are more evenly divided among poor and rich. People of leisure commonly fritter

away their energies for enjoyment by continually dabbling with every form of it. Their daily life is a sort of feeble diletantism; consequently, there is never a sharp appetite either for material or intellectual nourishment, and satiety and ennui soon take the place of wholesome relish.

Hence, it would seem that a second condition for real enjoyment is the enforcement of the rule of one thing at a time in this part of our lives also. After a regular period of work (if not too easy, so much the better), when the time for recreation comes there should be a determination to enjoy one thing at a time and get what pleasure there is out of it. If a man comes home from work and romps with the children for half an hour in a genuine spirit of play, he can then take up his book or magazine with a more sure expectation of solid pleasure. So also if he goes to a theater. If he converses with a friend on the way, let him enjoy that; but during the performance "the play's the thing," and it should be followed through every scene and word for all the pleasure or benefit there is to be got out of it.

There is much real pleasure in common things that cost nothing: a little flower by the wayside, a simple poem by Longfellow, a melody by Mozart or Schubert. People should not leave such things to children, who can at most have but a faint appreciation of their real meaning, but try themselves to appreciate them, think about them, talk about them, and make them part of their daily lives. The good is too often sacrificed to fashion and style, in literature and the higher arts as well as in such things as dress and furniture. Among the cultured the rush after all sorts of extravagant fads and cults in literature and art only means that the capacity for real pleasures is enfeebled and the imaginary ones have to take their place. Hence, far happier in this respect is the lot of working men and women, who are only too glad in their spare moments to gain genuine enjoyment out of the common things within their reach.

Happiness is a duty, though not by any means the first or foremost. We are getting rid of that gloomy Puritanical spirit which regarded this life as a vale of tears, and innocent pleasures as bordering on sin. Even material science now assures us that happiness is becoming the "order of the day," and that by the mysterious law of sympathy we insure by our own happiness an increase of happiness to others; and from the spiritual side we realize that Mother Nature has given us abundant means for enjoyment, not only in the beauties she lavishes upon us in wood and sky and field and ocean, but also in the productions of genius—the wealth of poetry and music and of artistic creations that is our heritage in this glorious age, but that so few even yet are sufficiently developed to appreciate. Perhaps this century will be remarkable rather for retrenchment than for great advance—for the getting rid of superfluities and a more careful and complete realization of what we have achieved rather than the indiscriminate striving after what is considered new and marvelous.

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IF there be in us a Divine element, no wonder it should instinctively seek communion with its Source, and that our religious belief and our religious fervor should be in proportion to this clearness and force of the witness of God's Spirit with our spirits, that we are His children.—*Thomas Sadler.*

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THE one right use of our faith in *immortality* is neither as bribe nor as menace, but simply to free us from all disturbance about the consequences of righteous action, to give us strength to look singly at the *quality* of our life, not at all at its results.—*John Hamilton Thom.*

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THERE is a fine passion in feeling the heart of humanity beat, and in setting your heart to its music, which will lift you above a diseased self-brooding in a glorious way, and link your whole life in healthy union to God through union with man.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

## REMINISCENCE.

BY LAURA M. DAKE.

Dear, I sought thee as in silence—two atomic germs we hung,  
Suspended in the darkness, while round us worlds were swung;  
There, vibrating in the ether, atom seeking atom mate,  
I sought thee, and I found thee—clasped thee; we were *one* by  
fate.

Then, in Nature's laboratory, onward, forward we were  
whirled,

Working out the tasks assigned us in the making of a world.  
Once, dear, side by side we sported, protoplasmic, in the sea;  
Then a flint's heart held us buried till a chance blow set us  
free—

To be caught again, imprisoned, and twin pansies now we  
were.

You, a timid, white young creature, nestling trustful by my  
side,

I, in robes of gold and purple, faced the world in conscious  
pride.

"Pansies for thought?" Yes, sweet one, I remember that I  
knew

Your tender eyes were purple, and I wished they had been  
blue—

Just such eyes of heaven's own azure in whose liquid depths I  
see

The love that has been mine alone since atom mates were we:  
Mine alone, as onward, upward, through eons of growth and  
change;

Living, dying, meeting, parting, in shapes all new and strange;  
Battling, struggling for existence, with the instincts of the  
brute;

Sowing evil seeds in darkness that must bear but bitter fruit;  
Pouring many a red libation to a Moloch in the skies;  
Blundering on through dark confusion, stumbling, falling but  
to rise;

Dying, but with swift reversion still returning to the fight,  
And with courage all unshaken scaling many a weary height;  
Even seeing in the distance those pure mansions in the sun,  
Whose gates of pearl will open when our life's work here is  
done:

When, exulting and triumphant in the radiant light of Truth,  
We shall know the Laws of Being—know eternal life and  
youth.



## HINDRANCES TO WORLD-BETTERMENT.

### IX. "HAVING EYES, THEY SEE NOT."

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

These papers are written to show that in Humanity itself are all the requisites for a world in every way desirable, and how these may be made to give us exactly that kind of world. For this it was needful first to recognize the "hindrances," prove them to be of our own setting up, and to make plain the hopelessness of dealing with wrong-doers by legal enactments and with destitution and improvidence by present methods, of which some, even of the wisest known, perpetuate what they were designed to remedy.

The preceding article supposes a large number of our earnest workers, convinced of this hopelessness, beginning upon a movement for a human world that will not require a continuous betterment. Should such a movement be undertaken—as sooner or later it must—it will meet with the same ridicule and unbelief as have always been encountered by the new and untried; and for the same reason, namely, its actual impossibility under existing conditions. When steam was first proposed as motor-power, people looked upon their wagons, stage-coaches, and water-craft and said "Impossible!" But it was found that steam, and later electricity, could not be thus judged, since by their recognition and application as practicable working forces they were making all things new.

Yes; *recognition* is the word to be emphasized—the recognition of a basic Law, *no matter how limited its working when noticed*. For, as has been shown, the boy Watt's *recognition* of the power of a vapor to lift the solid iron cover gave us our world-wide steam travel and all that has come of it; and from

Morse's *recognition* of a meaning in a seemingly insignificant tap of a rod, we have our whole system of telegraphy and all that has come of that.

Surely, these two men have given us a new world! And how was it made? This *how* is just our point. It was made from what were close at hand, known by name, and at last recognized as motor-powers for general use.

Looking back it would seem that applying natural resources to the enlargement of his own opportunities is what man has been doing all along. At the beginning he had just himself—what he could do with hands and feet. The first uses of other than himself were stones, to pound with and to throw, and the elasticity of wood, whereby a sapling bent downward ensnared prey he could not lay hold of with his hands, or by running. Later this force, working by its own laws, was applied to more extensive service in sending off arrows; also, water-power, working by its own laws in the grinding of grain, was found an advance beyond pounding with stones. Using hands and feet, man could swim, though not far. A hollowed-out log, with hand-force extended by wooden paddles, gave him wider range; but wind-power, working by its own laws, took him across seas and enabled him to bring to his native spot articles of beauty and convenience as well as the wisdom and knowledge of far distant lands. Winds, however, assumed control, often blowing adversely. Thus steam-power, working by its own laws, was immense gain. In regard to more recent advance we know that, while steam is making ready to start, electricity, working by its own laws, will take the errand half way round the earth and bring returns.

Thus always has a new world awaited us, or, rather, awaited our recognition and application of the forces that would create it. But are we to stop here? Why not go on?

We are *not* to stop here. The natural resources still awaiting recognition as motor-power are the grandest of all and will

work out the grandest results. The varied mind-activities, with their co-workers and guardians, the ethical forces—justice, love, truth, honor, good nature, compassion, beneficence—developed by an effective scheme of human culture and working by their own laws, will give us a world as far beyond our present conceptions as are ours beyond those of the days of tallow candles, tinder-boxes, spinning-wheels, and stage-coaches.

It is important to say “working by their own laws,” as this shows that our part is only to recognize them for all they are worth as practical motor-powers, and to bring them, as such, into general use. For these, too, are self-acting, and that they neither will nor can fit in to present conditions is not the slightest reason for saying “impossible,” since, like those others, they themselves will make all things new.

Now, in regard to those others, it was found that if a self-acting motor-power will work for assured results, *however small are these when noticed*, it will work wherever applied and to any extent. This is a point of import; for that we find these mental and moral forces among us everywhere, and active within limits, means for their ascendancy in human affairs all that the little tap of the rod meant for us in the way of telegraphy, and all that the lifting of the iron cover meant for us in the way of steam as applied to our industries and for transportation.

Following this up, we will suppose the higher human activities have entire control in just one household, say of twenty persons. The power of love, acting by its own laws, would cause each member to further the good of every other. In the same way, truth would prevent the possibility of deceit; honor would exclude meanness; good nature would make ill-temper unknown; injustice could not prevail where justice was dominant. Thus no laws would be needful other than those written upon the heart. Mechanical skill, working for excellence rather than for competitive money-making, would supply

demands in that department. Surely all these, with Mind in full manifestation—genius and talent, active in their varied lines—would make a household needing no “betterment”! And this is not at all an unsupposable case.

Now, the workings of any self-acting motor-power are always the same, and, if the above-mentioned capacities can be so effective in one little community, they may be intrusted with the whole conduct of human affairs, and will, of themselves, bring our desirable kind of world. The varied individual activities will supply whatever is needful or enjoyable of every kind and degree; and, the intellectual and moral values having the ascendancy, the present ignoble striving for wealth, with its accompanying moral debasement, will be unknown; for mere money-worth will be thought vulgar—human worth out-ranking every other.

In regard to our supposed little community, it will be objected, doubtless, that such experiments, though on a larger scale, have been made, and always with failure. True, attempts of this nature have been now and then undertaken—looked upon by the generality as being apart from the proper order of things, a little off, queer, odd, having no base of reality. But to those of deeper discernment this repeated demand for social conditions based on mutualness, or oneness, is the outcropping of *realities*. It is the great heart of humanity asking for its own; and, so far from being out of order, it is virtually an arraignment of our present civilization—a calling it to order. If asked, What order? the reply would be—The Order of the Universe; in other words, the great creative Plan of oneness, or mutualness, as seen in Nature, where in every form of growth each part must work out its own capacities: this individual completeness aiding that of every other and of the whole.

At various times, whole-souled persons, seeing in mutualness—religiously termed Human Brotherhood—the only solution of our complicated human problem, have tried withdrawal

from the world as a means whereby the vision could be lived. Now, if they only *could* have thus withdrawn! If there only were a small planet—a very small one would do—where a community with high ideals and varied capacities might supply all its own needs, success would be assured. The reason of failures is that every little company of this kind, in order to supply its needs and dispose of its produce, has had to depend on the outside commercialism and thus become a part of it.

But even on another planet we could not conduct affairs outside the laws of the Universe, any more than an accountant could carry on his work outside the multiplication table, or a builder erect his temple outside the laws of gravitation. And from planetary systems all the way down to the tiniest mosslet the just-mentioned laws of Oneness prevail. Everywhere, as has been shown, the prosperity of each part contributes to that of every other and of its whole, and derangement by law-breakage in any component part would bring disaster upon all. That our human world is trying to build itself up outside these universal laws brings the disastrous conditions so many are striving so hard to remedy.

There will be, must be, great changes. The desirable world herein pictured as coming from the utmost development of the human capacities is no mere picture: it is sure prophecy. Of course, such forecast will be received with a smile of incredulity. But as we of this generation look back with pity and some amusement to the days when all needful appliances—cloth, carpets, bedding, tools, farming implements—were made by hand, and journeying was merely a plodding along on foot or horseback: as we reflect upon those primitive times, sensible that the requisites for our superior conditions were all the while right here, close at hand, awaiting recognition of their possibilities for use, so they of the future will look back upon these primitive times of ours and say:

“What a pity those people were not more practical! They

had goodness, truth, honor, integrity, justice, humaneness, capacities for every high attainment, every requisite for our superior conditions; but instead of applying them to the making of a truly enjoyable world, abounding in all the virtues, fine culture, grand achievements in every line of art, they held them largely as mere ideals, or as *sentiment*—a word then defined as ‘something good, not to be applied to uses.’ Even their finest impulses and their self-sacrificing labors were often misapplied. Instead of our complete system of human culture, whereby, beginning at the right place,—the children,—the utmost capacities of the individual for self-sustenance and for contributing to the common welfare are developed in full, they began at the other end, so to speak, with their innumerable and ever-increasing charities, reforms, and philanthropies, demanding and getting whole life-times of precious energies. To us it seems absurd, but it is a fact that as long ago as 1902 this kind of thing became a profession, with its own colleges and national conventions and college training, besides money-cost beyond calculation, much of it being supplied by private contributions. In 1900 their national expenditure for criminals (the wrong end again!) was two hundred millions; and the money-cost was trifling compared with the moral wreckage of the individual and what it brings upon friends and kindred. And this estimate did not include the wrong-doing—or rather whole systems of it—not amenable to law. The annual cost of reformatories was several millions; and even if their object could have been largely secured, *right forming* would have been cheaper, and very much surer, and so effectively accomplished by methods now in common use and just as available then. There was great talk of religion, and of political economy. Seemingly it never occurred to them that these were not *two*; that the Human Brotherhood of religion is the surest political economy—the cheapest plan being that every individual shall be made to do and to be all that he was created to do and to be; though nothing could be plainer than that

with a general giving forth of the best everybody will receive of the best."

But why should this so effective culture scheme be a thing of the far-distant future? Why not ask now, in the beginning of this new century, that the wisdom and enlightenment of the country hold counsel to devise a scheme of public education grander and more complete than as yet has been scarcely dreamed of—one that shall make humanity reveal its highest possibilities: physical, mental, moral, spiritual? Wisdom, and to a large degree justice, demands this of the State. If she punishes her children for going astray, justice demands that she set their feet in the right paths.

Moreover, though the capacities for good and for use are abundant, as has been shown, the arena for their working out is correspondingly vast, and our advanced culture system can have no smaller aim than to develop these *wherever found*, whatever may be their nature and however high their range. The country needs the whole amount of its human values.

Suggestions as to methods and to two special departments, having as yet no place as such, will be given in the closing paper next month.



SOMETIMES when sunset lights adorn the western skies,

The east takes on a glory not its own;

So we can oft reflect the noble thoughts and lives

By greater minds upon Life's mirror thrown.

JAC LOWELL.



How many an unworthy thought, how many small anxieties the good man avoids—nay, how many weights of real trouble and affliction does he make lighter—by merely walking each day up to the Mount of God, and breathing there, if only for a few minutes, the transfiguring air of that pure height!—*Charles Wicksteed*.

## SOME NEW THOUGHT TEACHINGS.

BY JULIA IVERSON PATTON.

The New Thought movement has no oracle. It has, so far, escaped the fatal weakness of dogmatism. Each individual adherent claims the right to accept as truth only that which appeals to his reason or fills his needs, leaving all else in solution until such time as it shall crystallize into vital beliefs or evaporate into the mist of transcendentalism. There are, however, certain fundamental articles of faith held by all, with more or less diversity of opinion as to their relative importance. That it is a great and growing movement no one will deny who realizes that already several millions of people in the United States bear witness to its sane and helpful teachings.

The man who strikes out into unbeaten paths may be both a hero and a philosopher—the world usually calls him a “crank.” But what would the world be without such pioneers? What a “crank” was Moses to leave the palace of the king, where he was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day, to lead a motley lot of bond-slaves to a land that it would take 40 years to reach! What a “crank” was Martin Luther to set himself in opposition to the Roman Catholic Church, which represented well-nigh all the power temporal and spiritual, of the sixteenth century, and undertake to reform the religious thought and practise of his time! What a “crank” was Galileo to declare that the earth was round and revolved round the sun, when all the wise men of the day knew it was flat, and like the negro preacher declared that “the sun do move”! What a “crank” was Columbus for daring to suggest that there was a land beyond the seas, and that he could reach it by sailing long enough, when everybody



else was sure that the world ended at the Pillars of Hercules! With all due reverence, what a "Crank" of "cranks" was the Man of Galilee, to teach that sin, sickness, and death could be overcome through the understanding of a law that, to his enlightened mind, was as natural as the law of gravitation! The people of his time called him crazy, a blasphemer, a pestilent fellow, because he healed the sick, raised the dead, cast out devils, fed the hungry, gave sight to the blind, made the lame to walk, and told his followers that they could do even greater works than these if they would but follow his teachings.

Have not all the world's great benefactors been classified as "cranks," or the old-time equivalents of that expressive word? Have not all the great inventors been ridiculed and derided for having "wheels in their heads"? What would the world be now if it had not been for the dreamers, the idealists; the men who dared to think, and who had the courage of their opinions; who found in imagination the promise and potency of things undreamed of by the masses of mankind, and whose ideals have been worked out into practical uses for the benefit of the common life? But for the imagination man might still be sitting on a rock, waiting to get his dinner by killing some passing animal with a club; but for the imagination we might still wear skins and go barefoot—might still be traveling in stage-coaches and burning tallow dips and lighting our fires with flint and steel. Imagination is the wings of the mind, and has been the lifting power that has brought the race up to its present state of development.

It is easy to see why the past has been, to a large extent, devoted to expressing ideals in a strictly material way. It was a stage of evolution through which the race had to pass; but, while that stage is far from finished, enough has been accomplished to leave progressive minds free to dream of other worlds to conquer. We are getting to a point in the development of the race when the unseen forces of Nature are becoming subject to man's dominion. Electricity but awaited the

growth of his intelligence to become his obedient servant instead of his enemy and destroyer. It is but a step from the telegraph to the telephone; from the telephone to wireless telegraphy; from the physical to the metaphysical; from the world of the senses to the eternal verities.

It has taken the physicists a long time to come to the conclusion that back of all phenomena there is but one Force, or Substance. As Herbert Spencer expresses it, "we are ever in the presence of an infinite and eternal Energy from which all things proceed." The chemist uses the atom as a hypothetical unit for the justification of a chemical equation, but he knows that it is impossible to conceive of a thing that cannot be divided into still other things—that the ultimate atom is unthinkable. The mathematician knows that his unit can be divided into infinity; the astronomer can perceive neither beginning nor end to the myriads of worlds that stretch beyond the reach of the most powerful telescope. The physiologist knows that "this too, too solid flesh" is invisible to the eye under the X-rays, and that with a still higher rate of vibration bones will be dissolved and metal will disappear. Scientists have been bold enough to declare that the visible universe is but a mode of motion—one force, or substance, in ever-varying degrees of vibration; that, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as matter, because everything is composed of this invisible stuff, and that the world of the senses is but an infinitesimal part of the great Cosmos.

Experiments have proved that there are colors the physical eye cannot perceive, and sounds that the human ear cannot hear. We must believe, then, that there is a realm above and beyond the cognizance of the five senses, just as real as our planet and governed by laws just as natural as those that obtain in the material universe. To come into communication with this unknown realm requires the development of senses that transcend those used in every-day life. These spiritual senses are commonly called clairvoyance, clairsaudience, psy-

chometry, and telepathy—all being embraced in the one word *intuition*. Intuition, then, is the sixth sense, that godlike quality that puts man in tune with the Infinite, that makes him one with all life whether it be that of man, or bird, or beast, or tree, or flower, or fish, or rock, or mineral.

The statement, then, that all life is *one*, interactive, interdependent, is the fundamental principle of the New Thought.

The New Thought is new in name only. We find glimmerings of it in Plato and Aristotle, in Socrates and Paracelsus, in Liebnitz and Spinoza, in the Vedas and the Talmud, and most of all in the Bible—that wonderful transcript of heroic minds struggling through Nature up to Nature's God.

The old worm-of-the-dust idea has given place to the certainty that man is potentially all that is grand and noble, and that Jesus did not mock us when he said, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." To reach that state of perfection, or godlikeness, is the "far-off, divine event to which the whole creation moves." Man is still in a state of becoming; he has not yet worked out the ideal of himself that existed from the beginning in Eternal Mind.

We believe with Emerson that we are thoughts or expressions of this Mind; that we are all a part of it as drops of water are a part of the sea; that each is distinctly individual but of essentially the same substance, partaking of the same nature, and fitted for the same glorious destiny. We believe that man is a soul and *has* a body—not that he is a physical organism with a sort of annex in the shape of a soul, that will be "saved" if he asserts his belief in some system of theology or "lost" if he denies or cannot accept those things which a small section of humanity considers essential to salvation. We believe that no soul can be lost, just as no atom in all the universe can be destroyed. We believe that physical evolution corresponds to mental and spiritual unfoldment, and that as we grow in wisdom we grow in health, strength, and beauty;

that involution precedes evolution, and that the organism is simply the soul expressing itself according to its stage of development. We believe that the spiritual man has a right to control the physical man, just as the positive controls the negative in all natural manifestations. We believe in a system of elimination by substitution: in replacing thoughts of disease with thoughts of health, thoughts of evil with thoughts of good, thoughts of death with thoughts of life. If we flood our minds with light the darkness disappears.

We believe in appearing cheerful even if we do not feel so, and if we are not happy in looking as if we soon expected to be; for, by the law of correspondences, whatever we demand in our thoughts and assert in words and believe in with all our hearts will be brought forth in our lives. This it is to "pray without ceasing," for prayer is the soul's *sincere* desire—its earnest aspiration. Desire and expectation are the two elements in prayer that insure an answer, but to be effective the desire must be all-absorbing, and the expectation of faith without the shadow of a doubt. It has been said that demand is the scientific basis of prayer, and that in the divine Economy the supply is always equal to the demand. Concentrated thought, or intense desire, sets in motion vibrations corresponding to the things desired; and the thing desired, being already ours and joined to us by invisible threads, only needs conscious coöperation on our part to bring it into manifestation. Does not the Scripture say, "All things are yours," "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you," "Whatsoever ye ask, believing, ye shall receive," and a hundred other things in confirmation of the statement that desire and faith, directed by a steady will, insure an answer to prayer?

We dare to believe that all our ideals are embodied in Infinite Spirit, which is "above all and through all and in all." Even the cry of "Pantheism" does not affright us or make us regret the larger faith that claims for this enlightened age a

greater God than the Jehovah of the ancient Hebrews, whose delight was in battles and burnt offerings and bloody sacrifices—who concerned himself with the well-being of a handful of people while the rest of his creatures were condemned without the shadow of a chance, either in this world or the world beyond. With the coming of Christ and the advance of civilization, man's ideal of God had grown to fit the age. The Gentiles and other outer barbarians were graciously permitted to share in the love and favor of the "God of Israel," but they were expected to count it a special privilege and be grateful accordingly. Can thinking men and women still hold to a Deity so inadequate—so unjust? The Father of whom Jesus so lovingly spoke is to us creative Spirit, both immanent and transcendent: Life, Love, Wisdom, Power; in a word, the all-embracing *Good*. Who can say that we of this age have not also enlarged and magnified the ideal of God?

Heaven! What is it, and where? Can it be a walled city with gates of precious stones and streets of gold? Would it not be possible in these days of wealth and splendor to reproduce on earth the material image of the Oriental idealist? Astronomers with their wonderful telescopes have not been able to locate this Beautiful City in all the vast firmament. It does not come with observation; it is not built with hands. Have we not the best of warrants for believing that the kingdom of heaven is within each one of us? That both in this life and the life beyond it is the condition of harmony that is born of love and service, the *heaven-up* condition of the soul that is at peace with itself and the world?

Do we believe in hell? This has been aptly called a "burning question." If God is Love, as we are so fond of affirming, in the very nature of things He is incapable of vengeance that would shame a savage, or of a scheme so devilish as the orthodox hell. Such a threat as the everlasting punishment of the immortal soul may have seemed natural and necessary in the animalhood of the race, but it is not through such means that

enlightened men and women are turned to righteousness. We refuse to believe that punishment lasts any longer than the necessity for it continues. We believe that the punishment inheres in the sin itself; that sin is ignorance, and that when through suffering, whether it be mental or physical, the needed lesson is learned the punishment ceases. We believe that there is always hope both in this life and the next; that not only is God too good to damn man, but that man is too good to be damned; that life is unending and eternally progressive, and that through the change called death we occupy in turn the "many mansions in our Father's house"—our planet being but one of the stations on our journey round the circle of eternity.

We believe that every day is a judgment day, and that we are our own judges; that sooner or later the book of our lives will be spread out before us like a scroll, and in the white light of an awakened conscience we will see all our faults and weaknesses and sins written in letters of fire. We will see where we have failed to love our neighbor as ourselves; where we have taken advantage of his necessities; where we have passed by on the other side when he needed our help and sympathy; where we have been lacking in the charity that thinketh no evil; where we have spoken words that sting and cut; where we have sinned against our higher selves and desecrated the temple of our bodies, which should be holy unto the lord that dwells therein. Could any judge pronounce upon us a severer sentence than we ourselves will on that day when we come face to face with our own souls? Earthly courts may err—the guilty may escape or the innocent be condemned; but there is one law that never fails of exact justice: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

We believe that thought is an actual substance, and not the less real because it is invisible—indeed, all experiments with steam, electricity, and compressed air prove that forces are powerful in proportion as they are imponderable. Thought,

directed by a conscious intelligence and a trained will, is the most powerful of all the invisible forces. As man increases in the ability to concentrate his thought force he is enabled to perceive that which he interiorly thinks as if it were objective and external. The Yogi who can make a tree grow from seed right before the eyes has learned this lesson. "Hypnotism!" you say? Hensoldt, a hard-headed German scientist, who contributed a notable series of articles on India and Thibet to *The Arena* some years ago, declares that he actually climbed into the branches of one of these magic trees.

The wise men of the East have learned many things that are as yet mysteries to us here in the West. Telepathy with them is as common a method of communication as the telephone is with us. During the mutiny in 1857 the Indians had news of battles long before the English could communicate it by telegraph. It is no argument to declare that these things are impossible simply because they are outside of our own experience. Every age advances to the knowledge and control of things that were totally unheard of by the men of times gone by. At the present stage of the world's development, telepathy is no more remarkable than the telephone was a score of years ago. It is a marvelous thing, this thought force—so marvelous that we are only now beginning to realize its possibilities. Concentrated, focalized, and controlled, as are the other unseen forces, its power is inconceivable.

Those who have mastered the secret of its control are able to create conditions to suit themselves. Daily practise and a rigid adherence to a simple rule are guaranteed by all who have faithfully tried it to be followed by wonderful results. The rule, which will prove useful to all who would better themselves in mind, body, or estate, is this: Never think anything about yourself, your friends, or your surroundings, but that which you would like to see realized as truth. Is it not worth trying?

## THE COMPLETION OF HUMANITY.

BY LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

"As many ages as it took to form the earth it takes to form the human race," sang a poet-philosopher. So far as the record of history discloses and the present development of humanity on this planet signifies, the statement appears to be a true forecast. We may reasonably conclude that the highest types of humanity already produced are but a prophecy for the race. The essential quality of real being, that which is the I Am, must be the same in all. Who will claim that the animal appetites and passions are the essentially human? The admiration and reverence of all classes and grades of development, to the very downmost in attainment and intelligence, for the nobler characters whose lives are an expression of wisdom and beneficence, prove their possession of a nature capable of attaining somewhere, some time, the nobility and grandeur admired and revered by them.

Very slowly has the perception unfolded in mankind that human agency is a formative, a so-called creative, power. Only very recently has the power of mind, of thought, been recognized and analyzed. What thought can do is evidently to become the persistent search of the thinker and scientist of the future. That thought can be controlled, directed, and set effectively to accomplish the end desired is but a recent discovery. Adown the centuries the power of thought to produce physical formations and malformations, or to destroy portions of the form in foetal life, has been demonstrated; yet till a recent date the medical profession not only failed to study the phenomena, but frequently treated them with contempt—even in such demonstration as when Nature answers the persistent thought of a berry, for instance, accompanied by the intense *desire* of the mother, by forming a perfect imitation of the fruit



in the tissues of the embryo, and which season after season displays at the time the product of the vegetable kingdom develops the same stages of growth and ripening. The quality of being now termed *psychic*, the attraction and assimilation of tissues by the generative force of thought, and the "suggestion" of hypnosis, are all demonstrated in the "mother's mark." Lacking knowledge of the mighty forces of mind and soul, and consequently failing to exercise the mental alertness needful to protect the plastic embryo, the mother, seeing severed fingers on the hand of a child and failing to muster instantaneously the power of mind and will to counteract the possible results of suggestion, deprives the unborn child of the same fingers. This phenomenon is the effect of sympathy—the soul energy that is the distinctive quality of motherhood. Had Jesse Pomeroy's mother been well informed concerning the law that would inevitably create destructive impulses in her unborn child, and exercised mind and will power to restrain and overcome her impulse to perform the function of a butcher, the lives of children would not have been imperiled by her boy nor he doomed to a life behind prison bars.

The human maternity that scarcely transcends the animal plane of breeding and sustaining during the period of lactation lacks the high artistic and soul-energizing quality worthy the designation of motherhood. This is a soul quality; a capacity to live in and for another life; a ceaseless giving of one's self to help another life develop. During the formative, embryotic stage it is in the power of the intelligent mother to exercise soul force for the higher endowment of the child, unless she is overborne with physical fatigue, unfavorable environment, or the conflicting and depressing influences of inharmonious associations. The endowment of the child physically, and often mentally and morally, is enlarged or diminished by the industrial position of the mother. A social system that compels child labor and that of the toil-worn mother is digging the grave of civilization.

Human knowledge, having reached a stage that enables man to master and control the mighty forces of the material universe and subject to his convenience the power of electricity, indicates that man must possess faculties of intelligence superior to these forces. Finding a ray that makes transparent his fleshly envelope, he ought to find a degree of insight that will reveal to him his own faculties. The greatest study is the study of man—the greatest art the formation of the most perfect human species. Though agreeing with a writer that, “in the light of a higher science, man and woman exist for living, learning, and loving, and not merely (as contributors to species) for feeding, breeding, and battle,” I am not willing to concede that “the struggle for self-completion does not and cannot (primarily) take progeny into account,” nor that “neither passion nor sympathy nor love ever has been nor will it ever be evoked in the interests of the unborn.” The latter statement is disproved by many experiences.

When the union of parenthood involves the whole being, when the parents are united by the love, sympathy, and adaptation that make each a help to the other for self-completion, the paramount impulse in parenthood is for the best interests of the unborn. And this impulse and its outworking have an immense bearing upon the self-completion and expansion of soul energy in the parent. Talent, artistic faculty, superior moral quality, and philanthropic tendencies have in numerous instances attested the love and passion “evoked in the interests of the unborn.” It was a profound truth, a law of completion for manhood and womanhood, recorded as the utterance of the Nazarene: “He that loseth his life . . . shall find it.” The higher life of soul is found in giving—in losing the grasp of self.

Expanding soul energy to bless other lives, even to promote “the interests of the unborn,” brings greater power, sweeter harmony, deeper joy, larger grasp of understanding to the individual man and woman. A fulfilment of responsi-

bility is the most searching test of character and integrity. A normal result of the union of positive and negative qualities is a new life. To evoke a life is the mightiest human responsibility. The fulfilment of this responsibility is an education and training that develop the supreme activity of mind and soul, and a love that inspires and tends to the completion of manhood and womanhood.

*Motherhood is not breeding and feeding, but the soul-energizing of the race.* It may not evolve forms, but may work in channels of human uplifting; yet when a life is evoked woman can seek completion of herself under no more favorable conditions than by exercising her mind and will and the soul-energy of love in the interests of the unborn. Unintelligent as it has been, slowly as its power has conquered the brute in the animal man, the soul-energy of mother love has saved the race from degeneration and helped it to a small degree of attainment in the higher and diviner nature. The status of a people is invariably that of its womanhood.

The religious exhorter and evangelist and the successful salesman have exhibited the power of suggestion for centuries, but only since Mesmer's day has science admitted the power of mind in directing and controlling mind.

Despite the barbarities perpetuated by warfare; surmounting the limitations, hardships, and distresses of poverty; subjected to mental famine up to the fourteenth century of the Christian era, because not allowed to learn the alphabet; remanded by the Church to a subordinate position—motherhood has been nevertheless the most effective agency in unfolding the divinity in mankind, because, ante-natally and post-natally, her life-giving, uplifting soul-energy has been void of degrading selfishness.

It is easy to realize why the formation of humanity has necessarily been slow. This formation is not alone the development and refinement of a physical organism, wonderful and beautiful as that is, and helpful to the ego according to the

degree of its perfection; nor is intellectual attainment the completion that constitutes the whole man. The real man and woman must be masters of the physical organism, of all passions and appetites, and conscious of powers transcending the capacity of fleshly brains to express. The real manhood and womanhood will readjust the social organism to the law of love and harmony. The race cannot come into its divine inheritance till this is accomplished.

When the mental equipment of womanhood includes a knowledge of her powers and possibilities of soul-energy and thought force, and of her normal position as the formative agency of those higher powers because hers is the receptive and absorbing quality of being; when the aggressiveness of man becomes non-invasive in the sanctuary of love; when social organization establishes justice and promotes harmony—the formation of the real human being in whom the diviner qualities can dominate will proceed more rapidly.

The last half century has developed the thinking woman—the woman learning self-dependence and cherishing higher ideals of womanhood, of motherhood, and of life. This growth is a preparation for her recognition of the power by which she can help complete both herself and the race. The manhood of to-day is more or less clearly gaining this important insight. It is a long stretch from the experiments of Jacob in suggestion by placing the “pilled” rods in the watering-troughs, which added to his cattle “speckled, spotted, and ring-streaked,” to the recent acceptance and announcement by a medical writer of the important fact that the mother’s mental and psychic power is demonstrated in embryotic formation. But we have now Mental Science, and through its teachings the understanding of human parenthood must ultimately become an illuminated agency in forming a more perfect humanity. For the purpose of wholesale slaughter on battle-fields, as mere victims of the schemes of conquest and gain, quantity irrespective of quality, numbers regardless of development,

may constitute the greatness and power of a people. But for a Republic, for a people claiming equal human rights and freedom, only the continuous progress, unfoldment, and growth of its citizens can be recognized as its greatness or a guaranty of its perpetuity.

In proportion as the higher ideals of a nationality are maintained, the ideals and responsibilities of parenthood are enhanced. In proportion to the ennobling of the individual by the ideals of parenthood and the moral growth of citizenship, its sequence, is the real prosperity of a nation assured. Every citizen is a fiber and tissue of the collective life and order. This is equally the fact in intellectual strength as in physical constitution. The education that fails to produce mental and moral fiber through parenthood as well as physical stamina fails in the most important requirement of individual and national greatness and power. The development of love and its unselfishness with the enlightenment of reason is equally indispensable to the formation of a perfect human being.

At the present stage of social evolution and the advancement of the arts of civilization, it is clearly evident that each member of the social body is directly affected by the environment, improvement, and welfare or ill-fare of each and all. The more complete interdependence of each and all increases the responsibilities of each and all as factors in the formation of the human race. The last half century of unfoldment of mental and psychic power, of advancement in science and invention, justifies the forecast that the possibilities of human development far transcend that of average humanity to-day. Evidently humanity, as a race, has barely entered upon the adult stage of unfoldment. When this fact enters the conception of the great mass of people, when it becomes an accepted idea in the education of youth morally, ethically, religiously, it will begin the transformation of civilization that will bring the new heaven and new earth.

Already a few types of the coming race have established

higher ideals, more blissful hopes of the future of mankind, a stronger faith in human possibilities and endeavor that are illuminating and energizing the souls of mankind. A Tolstoy and a Booker T. Washington, born in the very extremes of social position, in the conditions, advantages, and hindrances of wealth and poverty, are demonstrating that the essential human, the diviner nature of man, may outwork and glorify the race under any environment. But the millions now in the infantile degree of growth need all the uplifting influences of improved environment.

The most important of all obstacles to be removed is the error that has greatly weakened or completely paralyzed soul energy in so-called Christian civilization—the teaching of the total depravity of human nature and the consequent estimate of man as merely a more intelligent animal with a moral nature. The faith the human race most needs is faith in itself, faith to believe that every noble aspiration of which a soul is capable is a guaranty in the very fiber of being that sooner or later that aspiration will be crowned with fruition. When our educational systems are carried forward to develop the whole man, of which we already have a partial promise, when each child is expected by parents and teachers to be good, not bad, and conscience is enlightened and strengthened by placing responsibility upon each child to do right because he is capable of doing right, the completion of the human race will proceed with mighty strides.

A child of five years, on scanning the Sunday-school class of children belonging to poor and uncultured parents whom her mother had in charge, asked her mother, "Did God make those children?" When answered, "Certainly, my child," she remarked, "They'll look better when He gets them finished, won't they?" The intuitive perception of this child discovered the mighty truth that humanity is not yet "formed," but only in the process of formation—of completion. The imperfections, ignorance, and moral weakness encountered would not

so severely try faith, and "the sublime courage called patience," could we always bear in mind that it is but a partly formed humanity with which we have to deal.

The ceaseless devotion, the measureless love of true motherhood is the most indispensable agency in the formation of the race. Struggling toward her individual completion through a better knowledge of her powers of mind and soul, woman will become more and more the spiritual mother of the race. In this she will emancipate herself from errors in teaching, law, and custom that have held her in subjection to the lower nature.

Man and woman, stimulated by the grander conception of human progress in parenthood as that of artist in the formation of the new life, by the aspiration to express this sublime potency of being, and seeking knowledge wisely to exercise thought force for the higher endowment of the new life, will at the same time develop and educate the noblest powers of mind and soul in man and woman as individuals.

Man, waiting at the portal of ante-natal existence, can only protect, sustain, and bless with ministrations of tenderness the burden-bearer of race formation. In doing this he is completing manhood. In the harmonious coöperation of man and woman united by indissoluble affection, guided by intelligent exercise of thought force, and in unity of purpose to help forward race progress, a nobler manhood and womanhood will be born to help the race toward completion.



THINK of yourself, therefore, nobly, and you will live nobly. You will realize on earth that type of character and faith which is the highest ideal alike of philosopher and hero and saint.—*Charles W. Wendte.*



NOTED instances compel the reflection that next to medicine nothing is so uncertain as surgery in critical cases.—*New York World.*

## WHY DO WE SUFFER?

BY C. G. OYSTON.

The emotional and illogical interpretations of the anomalies of material existence have hitherto been tacitly tolerated by the philosophic mind; but an intuitive refusal to indorse such propositions has characterized the perceptive powers, and absolute conviction has been held in abeyance. Life on this planet is such a paradox, in the light of our limited mental analysis, that all philosophic ratiocinations have been utterly inadequate to solve the mysterious problem of being.

The civilizee can discern that there is Intelligence operating externally on earth, and that this transcends his own circumscribed possibility, as well as that of his more fortunate compeers. Recognizing that Intelligence as being synonymous with the human, which is his highest conception of the expression of thought power, he naturally looks for a display of sympathy and love commensurate with that manifestation of power; but what does he find? The altruist, whose labors are a living sacrifice for his fellows, usually becomes submerged by the remorseless tide of adversity, and his divine usefulness is overwhelmed by circumstances over which he has apparently no control. Seemingly no benignant soul is sufficiently interested in his noble career to rescue him from misery and death, and he goes down to the grave "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." Why do not the great and good, both in the visible and invisible worlds, present a phalanx of power sufficient to assist his holy designs?

From our superficial point of view we reason thus, but we are very limited in our perception of the eternal fitness of things. When we recognize that there are human beings in the higher regions of spirituality and power who are blazing



suns of light and beauty to their less-developed compeers; whose glance is as a lightning flash; whose presence is so transcendently glorious as to dazzle the most piercing gaze; whose spiritual potency is omnipotence in degree; whose surroundings change obedient to the breath of their souls, and who are very gods indeed—then do we pause in our impatience: for these august souls maintain that it is by virtue of *adverse* conditions encountered in the far gone past that they have been enabled to aspire to that godlike condition to which they have attained. Onward and upward went these exalted ones, from the coarsest environment that forms a line of demarcation between the animal and the human, through fire and sword, sorrow and pain, anguish and despair, bereavement and disappointment and humiliation; and these grand and noble beings, having ascended the rugged heights one by one, even now utter pæans of gratitude for that which we their brethren (suffering on with the same high destiny before us) so thoughtlessly and persistently bewail.

These masters in the realm of spirit would no more think of diverting the stream of adversity from passing through the souls of earth than the wise mother would imprison her child to protect it from the rude outside world. No spiritual athlete was ever made without a struggle—and the fond parent would shrink with horror from the possibility of her offspring ever remaining a physically mature babe. Though the love of the mother may savor of the divine—though she would offer her physical life a voluntary sacrifice for her child—yet in the promotion of practical education to fit that precious possession for its manly duties she steels her personal feelings for the facilitation of its ultimate good. The dangers that “stand thick through all the ground” will not deter her from her manifest duty, because the results will counterbalance the inconvenience endured.

How suggestive are the evolutions of struggle! The millions of worlds whose illumination, traversing the incompre-

hensible ocean of ether, takes thousands and thousands of light years to reach our little globe—we are assured by those “who are wiser than we”—all exist in order that *man* may exercise his activities upon them. Independent of the exigencies and necessities of man’s spiritual evolution, these sublime material realms would never have been rendered objective at all. They would have remained in their pristine condition, and progression would have been absolutely unknown. The objective became a necessity to evolve the subjective, and the progress and refinement of these worlds are determined by the thoughts and emotions of the human soul.

We suffer because we must sound the gamut of all feeling, in order that we may be fully equipped for our elevation to the Godhead in the grand hierarchy of the spirit. To realize all that our human compatriots and compeers can feel is essential to our high destiny. Without *practical, personal* knowledge, a man cannot be a successful instructor of others. A child destitute of *experience* is impotent and feeble indeed. There is no particularity or special favor in the evolution of the soul’s possibilities. *All must know what some can feel*, or divine justice is a misnomer, and equality of soul privilege an arbitrary rule. The brotherhood of the race is an earnest of divine justice. No discrimination can obtain in the economy of eternal progression.

Had man never come in contact with matter at all, he would have been an interesting personality—the spirit-body describing a soul, but that soul *asleep*; mature in form externally, but mentally and spiritually a child; sweetly innocent, pure as the driven snow, but with all the attributes that constitute a sterling, noble, dignified, powerful, intellectual manhood congealed within the labyrinths of the mysterious eternal being. As the giant oak, evolved from the acorn, becomes mighty indeed to subserve the requirements of civilized man because of coöperation with the raging whirlwind, the roaring tempest, the lashings of the furious storm, so does man evolve

from within latent possibilities, indefinite and inexhaustible by virtue of adversity, trial, bereavement, soul anguish, and mental lacerations—until eventually as a philosophic observer of the purpose of existence he towers head and shoulders over the conditions that assail him, and he laughs to scorn external opposition. Once he was subservient to Nature, and the weak vassal of her masterly will; but now he bids defiance to her mandates, and stands forth a very god indeed. Without material embodiment he could never have asserted supremacy over the external, but by repeated grapplings with the physical he becomes strong in spirit and proclaims himself absolute lord of all.

The reflective, analytical wisdom that augurs of the future from the past—that marshals side issues and precedents in calm, thoughtful deliberation in the elucidation of problems diplomatic, international, and for the general good—is an aspect of the unfoldment of spirit power that elicits our profound admiration, because it is an earnest and a prophecy of the divine possibilities within. But how would we feel if the child upon whom we had lavished all our affection should ever remain a child mentally and spiritually, even though a physically mature being? It is because “the child is father of the man” that we note with pride and pleasure the blossoming of the spirit; and intelligence, will, and power promise full expression as the material form can minister to their call. It is by contrast we acquire knowledge, by sorrow we appreciate joy, by adversity we strengthen the powers of resistance, and by thought we render Nature subservient to our will.



“It is the privilege of faithfulness to be led forward to weightier responsibilities, and in more strenuous tasks to find the sympathy and support of God. This expansion of its powers is no arbitrary reward; it is the spiritual consequence of the energies and affections of its whole career, and springs from them as the flower from the root.”

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### ANARCHISM AND ATHEISM.

THE ease with which a valuable and beneficent principle may be carried to unreasonable extremes is well illustrated in the so-called atheist and the anarchist—those modern types of negation and reaction. In such minds the concept of *individualism* becomes grossly exaggerated and dominant; it colors all their thought, renders the mere personality aggressively obtrusive, and precludes any idea of the natural law of relationship.

The anarchist, like the atheist, is first of all an egotist, due to a morbid brooding upon a single subject—his imagined self-importance. As the former resents the existence of authority, governmental or personal, even when constituted by the common consent of his fellows, so the latter repudiates the suggestion that there may exist anywhere in the universe a Being superior to himself. These apostles of “freedom” are themselves the veriest slaves—to a form of vanity that is only augmented in subtlety by scholastic education. As manifested in anarchism, it has an impelling force that leads its victim actually to court death at the hands of the public executioner as a means of gaining notoriety; while in atheism it varies from the desire to be considered “eccentric” to self-glorification, as in the case of the editor of an infidel weekly in Kentucky who prints his own portrait in every issue of his paper.

Perverted mental appetites, like physical ones, grow by feeding. Certain kinds of pabulum, fed persistently to either mind or body, tend to create a necessity for themselves. Bodily indulgence is always preceded by intellectual dissipation, which may outpicture itself in the form of mental aberration as well as in

that of physical disease. Sometimes a single thought, incident, or emotion will give rise to this propensity, which if unchecked may dominate and nullify the usefulness of a life. Why its impulses are invariably in the direction of iconoclasm is one of the problems of psychology; yet, to those capable of discerning an ultimate purpose of good underlying human events that have even the most forbidding superficial aspects, the utility of the "tearing down" process is not always hidden.

In anarchism, however, we frequently encounter an individual of the "philosophic" type, who may be described as an economic agnostic. He "does not know" of the existence of a righteous government anywhere, and is unwilling to concede the possibility of establishing one; hence, he is no more fertile in constructive suggestions than is his egotistic brother who preaches the gospel of destruction. Their states of mind are identical, having a common cause and source, but they differ in their methods of expression. Their doctrines are wholly negative, even when applied to a positive condition and in the light of the proved essential positivity of every creative act. The revolutionary socialist is more rational and consistent: he would destroy only to build anew. Yet "you cannot overthrow falsehood by negation," as Robertson says, "but by establishing the antagonistic truth." Progress is achieved through affirmation, not denial.

"Everything has a cause." This applies to the unreal or passing conditions as well as to the realities of life. What directs the mind of the anarchist toward the exclusive contemplation of his personal comfort, his restricted license, and his individual importance and elevation? Is it not due to the *artificial* distinctions in human society; to the survival of caste and privilege; to injustice, oppression, and the greed of those who have seized the natural sources of wealth and the reins of power; to the denial of human rights that are instinctive; to monopoly of the natural opportunities to life, liberty, and mental development—in a word,

to the pathetic egotism of enforced ignorance? These and similar questions are being irresistibly thrust upon the attention of our social and political economists, some of whom already discern that the scientific way to repress anarchy is to establish justice.

What leads the atheist to scoff at religion, to deny its necessity, and to declare that God and the hereafter are myths? In other words, what has inhibited the growth of the faculty of spiritual discernment in the atheistic mind? Is it not lacking because for centuries Christianity was represented by a tyrannical Church in league with a despotic State—a Church that enslaved the minds of the race while the State kept its bodies in serfdom?

As worship of the symbol supplanted religion, ecclesiasticism began to ape the methods of royalty and to adopt the militant idea and plan. But what degree of success has followed Luther's attempt to rescue from the oblivion of formalism and corruption the primitive truths of Christ's religion? The historic institution still flourishes,—minus the Inquisition,—side by side with an orthodoxy that subscribes to hundreds of varying beliefs; and the "proofs" thus offered to the skeptic have neither increased in number nor improved in kind. While the Protestant world refrains from idolatry, technically so called, it makes a fetish of a Book; and, when one considers the qualities ascribed to Deity by some of its official representatives, the vanity of the atheist that leads him to regard himself as a vastly superior being does not seem so monumental. The alliance of the Church with at least the "world" and the "flesh" is by no means non-existent to-day. The institution is not far behind in the race for wealth and power. Its "organization" has been largely diverted to commercial uses, and many of its teachings are based upon the demands of a refined but sordid materialism. It seeks participation and emolument in matters that are not properly within its scope, and that through its interference often operate to the disadvantage of the community and the infringement of natural rights.

It is such spiritual and economic conditions as those above outlined that have given rise to the New Thought, which is in reality a new reformation. By virtue of its freedom from tradition, preconception, dogma, and personal authority, it is prepared not to antagonize but to avail itself of the discoveries of modern science. To these it has contributed its own beneficent quota: knowledge of the law of mind, of the spiritual constitution of man, of the immanency and impersonality of God, of the mental origin of disease and other ills, of the reality of the ideal, and of justice as a natural principle. In this teaching is embedded a platform that can be made to serve as a rational and scientific common ground for humanity, individual and collective; and its wider adoption will abolish every excuse for the existence of either anarchism or atheism, for its advocates will be enabled acceptably to affirm the opposing truth.

J. E. M.

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#### UPLAND FARMS.

WE are glad to report that the new Summer School of the New Thought, at Oscawana-on-Hudson, N. Y., has been most successful from the start. For a few days the demand for accommodations was so great as to cause embarrassment to the management, and the opening address on July 2d, by Charles Brodie Patterson, who spoke on "Practical Idealism," was delivered to an audience outnumbering the first-day attendance at any similar gathering in the history of the movement. The program is an excellent one, and has thus far been carried out in accordance with the arrangement scheduled two months ago, with the single exception of the lecture announced for July 9th, by the Rev. Adolph Roeder, who was unavoidably absent but whose place was filled by Mr. Patterson. Mr. Roeder, however, spoke on the 23d on "The Myths of the Nation" and on the following day on "Symbolism of the Bible." Those present speak in the

highest terms of the natural beauties of Oscawana and its vicinity, and are enthusiastic in their praise of the discourses given thus far. Among the speakers already heard and yet to appear are many of the ablest and most prominent advocates of the New Thought.

Our readers will be interested to learn that the October issue of *MIND*, with which our Eleventh Volume will open, will be a special "Upland Farms" number. It will contain verbatim reports of the principal addresses, in addition to much valuable information concerning the School and its work as an educational agency. A limited number of copies will be handsomely bound in cloth, for preservation as souvenirs of the first summer session of an enterprise that seems destined to fill an important place in the development of the New Thought.

J. E. M.

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### THE LEAGUE CONVENTION.

The Third Annual Convention of The International Metaphysical League will be held in Chicago in October. It is expected that the sessions will last for three days and will be more largely attended than either of the preceding gatherings. This Convention will exceed the others also in both interest and importance, as the subjects to be discussed are of vital significance not only to the future of the Metaphysical movement but to the welfare of humanity as a whole. The list of speakers who have already promised to attend includes the names of those whose work as lecturers or teachers has given them deserved prominence in the new spiritual development of our era, and the Convention will afford a rare opportunity for inquirers and students of the New Thought to acquaint themselves with its philosophy. Full particulars as to dates, addresses, etc., will be given in the next issue of *MIND*. Programs will be mailed in due time to all members of the League, and may be had by others on application to the Secretary, E. Burt Beckwith, 571 Fifth Avenue, New York.



## OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

"My time," he wrote to me, "is wasted here in getting a living at others' cost; while in Great Britain my brethren do so much. In Germany the unrest begins to seethe, and in New Zealand there is actual progress toward the equal rights of men."

My own hands were sore with toil and the dark hour was on me too, for God had given me only the desire of battle and none of the joy of war. I thought all I had done had gone for naught—only to bring disgrace on those that are dear to me, and failure on myself.

The end of liberty seems near. Monopoly strengthens its hands, and Plutocracy grows strong; while few appeal in vain to the unthinking or call upon the deaf. If I were out of it all, I thought, reform would go on just the same. I but waste my life.

And in the dark I bowed my head. It was very still, and I heard my own tears falling one by one. Then, in the loneliness, my tongue began to speak. It said:

"This man builds a monument, such as has not been in the dreams of men; but the hands are doing all the work—I have no part in it. Even the feet support his frame, but I, the tongue, am idle in the work. Nay, I waste the fund of strength by talk that profits naught. If I were cold and still, the work would prosper none the less."

Then my ears took up the plaint. They said:

"We have no part in this. We would be glad to hear, helping thereby, if any call; but there is none to call. Nay, to keep us nourished, little as we are, takes part of the strength that might help to build the shrine."

Then my heart made answer joyfully, beating in the dark:

"Without the ears, the man had never heard the Word that set his hands on fire to build. Without the tongue to herald it, his work had gone for naught."

For, whether he will or not, none works for himself alone, and every one works for all.

BOLTON HALL.

## SOME REMARKABLE PROPHECIES.

Wendell Phillips prophesied Marconi. On July 28, 1865, speaking in Music Hall to school-children, he said: "I expect, if I live forty years, to see a telegraph that will send messages without wire both ways at the same time." Marconi's performances do not quite realize that prediction, but they approach it—and the forty years will not have passed until the 28th of July, 1905.

History records not a few of such clairvoyant utterances. In 1789 Erasmus Darwin wrote a poem in which these two lines are found:

"Soon shall thine arm, unconquered Steam, afar  
Drive the slow barge and drag the rapid car."

This was eleven years before the first steam tug appeared on the Forth and Clyde Canal, and nearly a quarter of a century before the first locomotive was seen on rails. In one of Marlowe's plays, "Tamburline the Great," the Suez Canal was anticipated and described nearly three centuries in advance of its construction.

Patterson, the founder of the Bank of England, in a letter written almost at the close of the seventeenth century, predicted the control of the Isthmus of Darien by the people of this country and their acquisition of Cuba and Hawaii. Patterson's prophecy concluded as follows: "Stationed thus in the middle, on the east, and on the west sides of the New World, the English-Americans will form the most potent and singular empire that has appeared, because it will consist not in the dominion of a part of the land of the globe, but in the dominion of the whole ocean."

This recalls a later prophecy of New York's great Senator Seward, who in 1856 declared that the last European power "will withdraw and disappear from this hemisphere within half a century." Since that date Russia, France, Spain, and Denmark have ceased to be American powers. Only Great Britain remains, and the fulfilment of Seward's forecast is not due till 1906.—*New York World*.

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

*Conducted by*

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

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*FOR THE PARENTS.*

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A CHAT ABOUT BOOKS.

For the children who love to read, for the rainy days and the dull days, there must be provided suitable literature. A great deal is included in the word *suitable*. That which will not only interest and instruct but *educate* (or draw out) the thought and feeling of the child, and aid in the building of character, is covered by it.

In the first place, a book should have enough of that quality sometimes called *substance* to nourish and strengthen the moral fiber of a child's mind, but it must be artistically concealed. As we are well aware, it must not be too evident or too boldly emphasized. The children of to-day, with a suspicious sniff, disdainfully reject what they call "goody-goody" or "preachy" stories. And we cannot wonder when we remember the effect of *over-teaching* in this regard in our own childhood. Never shall I forget the awful depression and fearful forebodings that seized me while reading, under my grandmother's eye, such books as "Early Piety," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" (which is beautiful when rightly interpreted), Baxter's "Saints' Rest," etc. I have the keenest sympathy, therefore, for the child who may be similarly placed—although in the present advanced generation this is hardly possible.

Childhood and youth, being *in* the light and *of* the light, cannot and will not see the darkness which is their interpretation of anything serious; therefore, what is done toward building the solid foundation of character should be done to the sound of the fife and drum, with dancing, laughter, and flowers. And this means that, in the stories that are heard and books that are read, there should be joy and beauty as well as *breath*, with the breath (which represents the *real life* of the story) so regular and even that there is no consciousness of its presence.

\* \* \*

Special attention in the selection of books should be paid to the language. It should be natural, yet simple, pure, and beautiful. The idea that in order to be true to life a book must contain all its slang phrases and commonplace realism is passing away. Note the simplicity and charm of Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Tales," especially the first one. There you find, in the Law of the Jungle, the very life-breath of which we have spoken. You find also the charming interest that Nature and imagination, combined with truth, only can give. The language is of the purest and simplest. Everything stands out as though in real life, yet withal the smallest child cannot fail to know that it is only an assumption that the animals talk.

The lively interest and keen sympathy incited by such books present living ideals that years cannot efface, and that will as surely do their part in the molding of character as the life experiences that come to every child.

\* \* \*

Cultivate the right taste in the children and they will delight in the right kind of reading. With this in view give the younger ones such books as Emily Poulsson's "In the Child's World," Hans Christian Andersen's "Fairy Tales," Weed's "Stories of Insect Life," "Stories of the Flower People," "Story of Patsy," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, books by Mary Mapes Dodge and by Susan Coolidge, Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," Mary E. Burt's "Stories from Plato and Other Classics," Hamilton Gibson's "Sharp Eyes," "Animals I Have Known," by E. S. Thompson (both most charming Nature books), and "In and Out of the Nursery," by Eva E. Rowland.

These two essentials, right moral tone and pure language, should be the first things to examine in choosing books. Of course, there are many of the old stand-bys that have not been mentioned, and that ought to be the mental pabulum, sooner or later, of every child. Among these, Kingsley's "Water Babies" takes the first rank. There is much in this book that is rousing to the intellect and character, though as for style it is in many places far from simple. This is a good book to be told as a continued story by the parent. It can be as thrilling in its interest and at the same time as subtle in its inferential teaching as any book I know. Once I held a class of twenty-two children, for many consecutive afternoons, with this story as a dessert to the Sunday-school proper. They apparently never tired of "Water Babies."

For the older ones there are the tried and true "Little Men and Women," "Tom Brown at Rugby," "The Blue and the Gray," the J. Fenimore Cooper series, many books by such writers as Richard Harding Davis (whose language, by the way, is exceptional in books of his style), Robert Louis Stevenson, Dickens, etc.

\* \* \*

Among some of the late books I notice several that seem very good, as "The Youngest Girl in School," by Evelyn Sharpe, "The Open Air Boy," by G. M. A. Hewett, "Fortune's Boots," by Barbara Zechton, "Only Dollie," by Nina Rhodes, "A Little Coventry Girl," by Susan Coolidge, and many that may be equally good. "The Story of a Cat," by Margaret Benson, is very interesting; and a book about cats by Agnes Repplier, the exact title of which I have forgotten ("The Fireside Sphinx," I think), is charmingly fascinating and instructive as well.

Such books are suitable for the young person who may like something besides fiction; and this, by the way, is a good taste to cultivate. Essays, biography, books of travel, and Nature stories are most valuable in stimulating intellectual and esthetic tastes. Then the subtle charm and beauty of a well-expressed thought often carry the potent suggestion of perfection to be attained which the most carefully prepared and elaborate sermon could never inspire. It is in literature, as in Nature, the immense *suggestiveness* that works the marvel of moral change. The subtle influence of Nature's beauty, the beauty of the sea, sky, hill,

and dale, the matchless tints and shades of color, the winding curves and undulations that meet the eye—these insensibly draw the soul to imitate and aspire.

It is not from one or a few sources that we find the beautiful expressed in literature or art, but everywhere, even in "the mud and scum of things, something always, always sings," as Emerson said. But the taste to appreciate, the judgment to discern, must be developed, else would the eyes be blinded and the taste depraved. Open, therefore, your child's eyes to that which is good and true and beautiful, even though he may not know by these names the good qualities of the stories he loves to hear, or the books he likes to read, until long after his taste is formed. By feeding his mind with good books, he will reject those which are not good as quickly as he would reject unwholesome or unsavory food presented to the palate.

This little chat is only suggestive, dear friends. There are many, many good books that have not been mentioned, and could not be in an article of this kind; but with the fundamental idea of what constitutes good literature for the young you will be able to provide a real feast for your dear ones, and also to enter upon the reading and enjoyment with them of the many rare treasures in store for their eager minds.

Read with your child and thoroughly interpret a beautiful poem occasionally. It will be a pleasure and a lasting inspiration to both of you. Lowell's "Sir Launfal" has wrought wonders with a boy who was brought to see its beauties when he was fourteen. It was so impressed upon his mind and heart that for years it has been a type of the whole Gospel, so great was the significance of its lesson. A verse or poem well learned, often repeated, and at any moment to issue from the lips, will often be like a strain of music, a breath of spring-time, or an invigorating breeze to the one who entertains it in his mind as a beautiful guest.

The twin sister of literature is art; and beautiful pictures, artistic decorations, harmonious environments, and all that appeals to the finer sensibilities will supplement and emphasize the ennobling influence of good books.

(REV.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

—  
"Apples in the orchard,  
Mellowing one by one;  
Strawberries upturning  
Soft cheeks to the sun;  
Roses faint with sweetness,  
Lilies fair of face,  
Drowsy scents and murmurs  
Haunting every place;  
Lengths of golden sunshine,  
Moonlight bright as day—  
Don't you think that summer's  
Pleasanter than May?"

—Selected.

PHILOSOPHY FOR CHILDREN.

(III.)

Suppose you go near a pond or a brook to play. You may hear a frog, but you may not know what it is. Listen, so that you may recognize the sound next time. You may see a frog. Observe the color of its back, and if it has the same tint on the under side of its body. Notice its shape. Then ask some one what it is. At another time you may see something that resembles the frog, yet you are sure it is not one. Find out the difference for yourself; then ask the name.

Watch the horses and cows. Find out how the grasshoppers and crickets make their sounds. You are thus fixing the habit of observation; you are learning for yourself from the great teacher, Nature. When books are placed before you for you to learn these things you already know them. You can go on to other things that you have not been able to examine for yourself.

Study the trees and learn to know the different kinds by sight. All of these things will soon become like play to you. Now you turn from one foolish play to another, as many of us older ones do from a little reading, a little sewing, a little music, a little cooking—to pass the time, as we say; the precious time that is going only too fast, and that we can never recall when we wish, too late, we had made better use of it.

We learn nothing perfectly. If we did our knowledge always would be ready for us.

The city child will say, "I have not much chance to study Nature." You have the flies, spiders, mice, and such things. You have trees. You can get out in the suburbs occasionally, and you always have the parks. Nearly every large city has a park in which there are animals. What a chance that gives! Every time you go to see them learn thoroughly some one thing.

I lately watched a bug crawling up the wall very, very slowly. It first put the front leg on one side forward, then the one on the other side; then the middle ones the same way. It then drew up the back legs. I wished I knew what it was going for, but it would take all day to watch him at that rate of speed, when, lo! as I watched, it spread two sets of wings, as if to stretch them, and continued to crawl! How like so many people, who crawl along when they might fly!

Upon the same wall was an inch worm, waving its head about, then putting it down in some chosen place, humping up its body and bringing its tail up to its head, moving along inch by inch.

A little world was here on the wall, and the inhabitants had each its purpose.

Some children play with pets half of their time; and yet, let any one ask them something about the habits or characteristics of these creatures, and they can scarcely tell a thing. They have played with them; that is all. MARY ATWOOD HARDING.



### OUR WEATHER-MAN.

The Weather-man in Washington keeps many different kinds  
And deals it out not always according to our minds,

But says 'twill rain or sleet or snow,

That fogs will come or winds will blow—

That 'twill be fair or hot or cold as he the weather finds.

But we've a Weather-man at home who makes us always glad,  
For with our little Weather-man the weather's never bad,

Of his own face he makes a sun

And round about the house does run;

So since he came there's not a day but sunshine we have had.

LILLA THOMAS ELDER.



## CLARA.

The Feast of John the Baptist was being celebrated many, many years ago in a pleasant little village on the border of a large forest. All was gaiety and merriment. The older people were scattered about in groups, talking cheerfully of the prosperity of their hamlet, the news of the outside world, and, as they gazed at their sons and daughters dancing on the green before them, of the days when they too were young. The musicians were indefatigable, playing one tune after another while all the young folks danced as if there were no such thing as fatigue. *All* did I say? There were two who stood outside the group: one a bright, pleasant-faced lad, the other a little girl of twelve or thirteen, whose pretty face was disfigured by the pout on her lips and the look of discontent in her eyes.

"Why are you not dancing, Fritz and Clara?" called one of the boys from the merry group in front of them.

"Because Clara is so disagreeable," answered Fritz, shrugging his shoulders whimsically and looking askance at the flushed face of his little companion.

She turned angrily away, and with a parting "I hate you!" ran down the street across the outlying meadow, through which flowed the brook that turned the mill, and where the grass was as soft and thick as moss and the violets in the springtime grew in such large clusters as to seem a reflection of the sky above. Over the bridge into the dense wood, which, after the bright June sunshine and merry voices, seemed gloomier and more silent than ever, Clara ran on, until wearied she sank down under an old tree and buried her face in her hands.

"It is always so," she cried; "every one hates me; I never have a pleasant time anywhere. There's Anna, and Margaret too: every one loves them. How happy they always seem! And I—" Here she burst into tears.

Oh, Clara! You, the rich farmer's daughter, with everything to make life happy,—kind parents, a pleasant home,—do you envy Anna and Margaret, the poor widow's children?

The only sound in the forest besides the angry sobs of the little girl was the sighing of the wind among the trees. The sun-

shine struggled bravely, but only a glint here and there succeeded in getting through the thick leafy branches to lie in golden waves on the moss and dried leaves below. Little of the beauty around her does Clara see. All her life long she has cared for nothing but herself. She is a favorite with no one; for she has none of that gentle tact which comes from a loving heart. Even her parents see her faults and pray over them with bitter tears.

But now she sits up and dries her eyes; it must be time for her to go home. No, she will not go; she will stay here until she dies—and she takes a mournful pleasure in imagining the whole village searching for her and finding her lying under the trees. They will carry her home, she thinks, and all will mourn for her; even Fritz, the miller's son, will regret his unkind words.

Here her attention was attracted to an odd little woman who was quietly picking up the dried sticks lying under the trees. As she came near Clara she looked kindly at her and said:

"What are you doing here, my child? You are a long distance from the village and the night is coming on."

"I do not care to go home," said Clara, sulkily.

"Not care to go home!" said the old woman. "How is that?"

Clara began to cry again. "I am so unhappy," she answered; "every one dislikes me."

The old woman smiled knowingly. "That is very sad; and you—do you too dislike every one?"

Clara gazed at her through her tears. "They are so unkind to me!" she exclaimed.

The old woman smiled again, and drawing from her bosom a few dried leaves said: "Child, you are walking through the world with closed eyes."

Clara put her hands to her face, wonderingly. "I can see," she said.

"Very little, I fear," answered the old woman; and drawing the little girl to her she rubbed the leaves lightly over her closed lids. "Now, go home, little one; such thoughts as you have been indulging in are wicked and useless. Come here again next Midsummer's day and tell me what you think of my gift."

Clara opened her eyes and looked about her. Nothing could be seen but the familiar trees and shrubs, and no sound could she hear but the gentle sighing of the summer breeze.

"It is Midsummer's day," she said; "can she have been a fairy?" But, though she waited a few minutes, she saw nothing; and so she turned her face toward home.

As Clara emerged from the forest the sun was setting over the roofs of the village. She paused and gazed upon the scene before her: the houses clustered about the old church, the green meadow, the stream with the wooden bridge, and the picturesque mill shaded by a group of willows. Peace filled Clara's heart. "Strange I never noticed before how beautiful it is!" she thought. "But I must hurry, for supper will be waiting." As she neared her home—the pleasant farm-house at the other end of the village—her mother met her.

"You are late, my child," she said, as she bent and kissed her.

Clara looked up in her mother's face. How kind it was; how gentle! "How sweet my mother looks," she thought; "but how careworn! I never noticed it before. I will try to be a better child in the future."

The next day was Sunday, and as Clara walked to church behind her parents she found herself looking with new eyes at all her old companions. "How sad the widow Karel looks!" she thought; "and Anna's face is so pale and thin. I fear they are very poor. I will ask my mother to let me carry them something nice occasionally; strange I never thought of it before!" And as the miller's family came toward them she noticed how the miller's wife leaned on her son's arm. "How good Fritz is to his mother!" thought Clara; and the unkind words of yesterday were wholly forgotten.

All through the week it was the same; everything appeared to Clara under an entirely new aspect. Her father and mother gazed at her in wondering surprise. How changed the child was! She seemed to have forgotten self and to live for others.

It would take too long to tell you of Clara's life during the next twelve months. Before Midsummer day came round again she was the best loved child in the village. The sad widow Karel received many substantial gifts from the farm; but better

than these, she said, was to see Clara's sweet face and to hear the sound of her pleasant voice. And gentle Anna was often cheered by a visit from her friend as she sat spinning for her daily bread. Poor lame Elsa, who lived in a little house just outside the village, called Clara "Sunshine;" for like a sunbeam she seemed to the lonely woman, as she came blithely in at the door. As for Fritz, when he broke his leg at harvest time and fretted and lost his appetite, she carried him little dainties and tried to cheer him by telling him all the pleasant things she could think of, until he said, "There's not a sweeter girl in all the village than Clara."

All the very little children loved her and would place their hands in hers and put up their baby faces to be kissed whenever they met her. Why, the very dogs and cats came to her for the kind pat and gentle word they were sure of receiving! And at home—but words fail me to describe that happy home of which she was the sunlight.

Often, during the year, Clara thought of the old woman of the wood and her fairy gift, and when the afternoon of Midsummer day came round again she started to fulfil her promise. Very different was her going from that of last year. "Do not leave us, Clara," the children cried. "Rest with me under the trees," said Anna. "Nay, Clara, stay and dance with me," called Fritz. But Clara laughingly shook her head and went down the village street toward the forest.

As she crossed the meadow she looked down at the wild-flowers in her path. "I must pick some of these beauties for poor old Elsa, when I come back," she thought; "she sees so little of the summer." She crossed the bridge and walked through the wood until she came to the place where, just a year ago, she had thrown herself down in petulant rage. There under the trees was the little woman, just as odd-looking as she had been last Midsummer day. She smiled as Clara drew near.

"Well, my child, how have things fared with you since last we met? Are you as unhappy as you were then?"

"No, no, no!" said Clara, vehemently; "I am very happy."

"You do not dislike your companions as you did last year?"

Clara blushed. "I fear I was to blame; every one is so kind."

The fairy smiled, as she said: "And so, my dear, you have learned that love begets love, and loving service brings its own reward."

As Clara crossed the bridge and looked toward the village, the sun had sunk behind the houses, but its beams were shining in her heart.

WYANDER VON ASCH.

### THE INSECTS' MUSIC.

When you hear the grasshoppers fiddle, or the crickets chirp, or the cicadas—"locusts," most people call them—sing, do you ever wonder how they make those sounds? Perhaps you think they use their throats and mouths and air passages, as we do. But of all the insects only the cicada uses his breathing tubes, which do not open into his mouth. No, indeed! One runs along either side of his body and ends opposite a thin, transparent skin—called a *membrane*—that is placed underneath each wing near where it joins the body. When the cicada wants to play his roll-call he pulls tight certain muscles that press against his breathing tubes, thus forcing the air to rush rapidly through them and out at the ends opposite the membranes. Now, right across that end of each breathing tube which is near the membrane are two tiny folds of skin that make the air pass through in a thin stream, which pounds against the membrane and makes a noise exactly the same way drum-sticks do on a drum. And a loud noise it is, too, for it can be heard over the water more than a mile away.

But most insects sing by briskly rubbing their wing covers together, or by drawing a leg across the edge or surface of a wing cover. These wing covers are hard outside wings that keep the soft gauzy ones underneath from being destroyed, and very many insects have these two sets of wings.

Some time, when you are in the meadow, lie down in the deep grass and keep very quiet. Perhaps one of those big green meadow grasshoppers will come quite near you, and then you can watch him fiddle. Yes, he really fiddles! You will see him rub his leg, which is his bow, against the edge of his wing, which is his fiddle. On his leg are eighty or ninety teeth-shaped points of skin; but these you can see only through a microscope. They are

what make his notes so shrill, just as the big veins in a cricket's wing cover make his song so very loud when he rubs across them.

What a summer orchestra the insects make for us! I wonder if the little grasshoppers ever pout because they have to practise on their fiddles?

F. P. P.

—•••••—  
A BEDTIME SONG.

Sleep, children, sleep,  
While angels vigil keep.  
In western sky does set the sun—  
Another day its course has run.  
The evening breeze sighs through the trees,  
The moon is creeping o'er the hill;  
Now is all Nature hushed and still,  
Save for the moths and funny things  
That flutter round on restless wings.  
The "froggies" croak down in the pool,  
Where lilies grow, so white and cool,  
That fairies guard by silv'ry moon  
While lullabies they to them croon;  
And perfume-sprites with showers  
Now scent the sleeping flowers;  
Then myriads of twinkling stars  
Peep down at you through Heaven's bars,  
And blink and wink with all their might  
To cheer you in the hours of night.  
The tired bird, with fluffy breast,  
Now flits into his twig-built nest  
And chirps his twitt'ring song of pray'r  
That flutters softly on the air:  
Ti-u-we-le-ree, tu-wit, tiuwit—  
I'm not afraid a wee wee bit  
Here in my cozy little bed,  
God and the starlight overhead.  
So shut your eyes, too, little dear,  
Until my morning song you hear  
Of *Ti-u-we-le-ree—ti-u-we-le-reer*, the day is here!  
ELISE TRAUT.

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

**HISTORY OF MEDICINE.** By Alexander Wilder, M.D. 946 pp. Cloth, \$2.75. New England Eclectic Publishing Company, New Sharon, Me.

This splendid work marks an epoch in the advancement of human knowledge. Its author is one of the ablest, most conscientious, and best informed writers in America—a man with an impartial mind and a keen sense of justice: a scholar, a philosopher, and a thinker of profound research and vast information. One less equipped should not have essayed the tremendous task that Dr. Wilder has just accomplished. The work comprises not only an "outline of medical history and sects of physicians from the earliest historic period, with an extended account of the new schools of the healing art in the nineteenth century," but a "history of the American eclectic practise of medicine," which represents a synthetic school that deserves not a little credit for the rationalizing of old-line orthodox methods of cure. The radical changes in its alleged facts and conclusions that have characterized *materia medica* throughout its development are amazing—even to-day it is not a science, but a process of experiment based upon "opinions." Our author does not ignore this, while analyzing and emphasizing the divine office of the healer of disease in all ages. As presented by Dr. Wilder, even the driest facts become interesting, and many of these are drawn from archaic sources—a result of the writer's erudition and linguistic skill. The growth of metaphysical healing is fittingly recognized and the ever-recurring struggle for medical liberty is sympathetically described. The volume is not a mere record of events and statistics, but an epitome of the world's knowledge of evolution as applied to therapeutics. It is the work of a master mind—a condensed encyclopedia of facts pertaining to a vast subject.

**THE SCIENCE OF SCIENCES.** By Hannah More Kohaus. 262 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. Published by the author, Chicago.

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# A Summer School of the New Thought

—AT—

## UPLAND FARMS.

OSCAWANA-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.



**R**ICH in wooded hills and fertile valleys that abound in brooks and springs, **Upland Farms** forms a needful center of the summer interests of the New Thought movement. It commands a charming view of the Hudson and the distant mountains, being over 800 feet above sea level and affording a cool and health-giving atmosphere. Located only 38 miles from the Grand Central Station, New York, the place is easily accessible for those in the larger cities of the East, as the New York Central trains to Oscawana are frequent—the Summer School being but two miles from the station.

The formal opening will take place on July 1st, 1902.

Those desiring to build camps or summer homes may lease land for a number of years at a nominal rental. Farmers in the vicinity will furnish board and room at from \$6 to \$8 a week, and furnished tents may be rented from the management at from \$4 to \$5 a week, and unfurnished tents at from \$2.50 to \$3.50 a week; but those desiring to bring their own tents may do so. Provision will be made whereby all may enjoy a pleasant social life and wholesome amusement, such as musicales, games, etc. Those desiring to go frequently back and forth from the metropolis may secure railroad tickets of the management at reduced rates.

### EXERCISES.

There will be two free public lectures each week by distinguished expounders of advanced thought, and plans are already under way for paid classes in Mental Science and all cognate subjects, which will be held by prominent New Thought teachers.

Among the lecturers and instructors to be present during July are the following: Charles Brodie Patterson, Ursula N. Gestefeld, the Rev. Adolph Roeder, the Rev. Frank E. Mason, Warren A. Rodman, F. W. Ruckstuhl, Ellen M. Dyer, H. B. Jeffery, and Florence P. Perry.

In August, in addition to Mr. Patterson, there will be the following teachers: E. M. Chesley, Annie Rix Militz, Augustus Thomas, Bolton Hall, Edwin Markham, W. J. Colville, Emma Gray, and others.

Devotional exercises every morning and evening, under the direction of different leaders.

Resident practitioners of metaphysical healing will be available at all times for those needing their services.

**COURSE IN NATURE STUDY.**—For six weeks, beginning July 3, Miss Mabel L. Robinson (Radcliffe College), a pupil of Mr. C. J. Maynard, the well-known naturalist, will conduct classes in practical Nature Study. For five days each week the class will spend two hours out of doors with Nature. Terms for the course of six weeks, \$10. Special arrangements will be made for those who cannot take the whole course.

**THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT.**—This will be under the direction of Miss Mary G. Burd, of Flemington, N. J. Miss Burd has studied and mastered the methods of scientific teaching under the tuition of Mr. Emile Schoen, of New York, who recommends her very highly. Terms: \$15 for two months' course of instruction (two half-hour lessons per week). Single lessons, \$1.

### SPECIAL COURSES.

The Mesdemoiselles Yersin, authors of the "Phono-Rhythmic French Method," will spend July and August at Upland Farms. They will give lectures on their Method, and recitals, and will take a limited number of pupils.

Madame Giulia Valda, the celebrated prima donna from the Royal Operas of Paris, London, and Italy, and pupil of the Mesdemoiselles Yersin, will make a sojourn with them. She was for ten years a pupil of the great Lamperti, and will accept a few pupils during the summer.

Miss Louise Karr, one of the authorized teachers of the Yersin Method, will hold classes of French for children.

In August Mlle. Marie de Palkowska will give lessons in mental and physical poise through dynamic breathing and bodily exercises.

Applications for membership in any of the above classes or for accommodations should be sent at once to the undersigned, who will furnish circulars, programs, and all other information on request.

(Miss) **A. M. GLEASON**, *Secretary*.

OSCAWANA-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.